



P. B. Hughes Jr.



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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

C A D O G A N.

S I R,

IN the character of Guardian it behoves me to do honour to such as have deserved well of society, and laid out worthy and manly qualities, in the service of the public. No man has more eminently distinguished himself this way than Mr Cadogan; with a contempt of pleasure, rest, and ease, when called to the duties of your glorious profession, you have lived in a familiarity with dangers, and with a strict eye upon the final purpose of the attempt, have wholly disregarded what should befall yourself in the prosecution of it; thus has life risen to you, as fast as you resigned it, and every new hour, for having so frankly lent the preceding moments to the cause of justice and of liberty, has come home to you, improved with honour: this happy distinction, which is so very peculiar to you, with the addition of industry, vigilance,

DEDICATION.

patience of labour, thirst and hunger, in common with the meanest soldier, has made your present fortune unenvied. For the public always reap greater advantage, from the example of successful merit, than the deserving man himself can possibly be possessed of; your country knows how eminently you excel in the several parts of military skill, whether in assigning the encampment, accommodating the troops, leading to the charge, or pursuing the enemy: the retreat being the only part of the profession which has not fallen within the experience of those who learned their warfare under the Duke of Marlborough. But the true and honest purpose of this epistle is to desire a place in your friendship, without pretending to add any thing to your reputation, who, by your own gallant actions, have acquired that your name through all ages shall be read with honour, where-ever mention shall be made of that illustrious captain.

I am, S I R,

your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

The GUARDIAN.

THE
GUARDIAN.

N^o 1. THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1713.

—“Ille quem requiris.”

Matt. Epig. II. l. i. v. l.

He, whom you seek.

THERE is no passion so universal, however diversified or disguised under different forms and appearances, as the vanity of being known to the rest of mankind, and communicating a man's parts, virtues or qualifications to the world: this is so strong upon men of great genius, that they have a restless fondness for satisfying the world in the mistakes they might possibly be under, with relation even to their physiognomy. Mr Airs, that excellent penman, has taken care to affix his own image opposite to the title-page of his learned treatise, wherein he instructs the youth of this nation to arrive at a flourishing hand. The author of “The Key to Interest, both simple and compound, containing practical rules, plainly expressed in words at length, for all rates of interest and times of payment for what time soever,” makes up to us the misfortune of his living at Chester, by following the example of the above-mentioned Airs,

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and coming up to town, over-against his title-page, in a very becoming periwig, and a flowing robe or mantle, inclosed in a circle of foliages; below his portraiture, for our farther satisfaction as to the age of that useful writer, is subscribed *Johannes Ward de civitate Cestria, ætat. sue 58. An. Dom. 1766.* The serene aspect of these writers, joined with the great encouragement I observe is given to another, or what is indeed to be suspected, in which he indulges himself, confirmed me in the notion I have of the prevalence of ambition this way. The author whom I hint at shall be nameless, but his countenance is communicated to the public in several views and aspects drawn by the most eminent painters, and forwarded by engravers, artists by way of mezzo-tinto, etchers, and the like. There was, I remember, some years ago, one John Gale, a fellow that played upon a pipe, and diverted the multitude by dancing in a ring they made about him, whose face became generally known, and the artists employed their skill in delineating his features, because every man was judge of the similitude of them. There is little else than what this John Gale arrived at, in the advantages men enjoy from common fame; yet do I fear it has always a part in moving us to exert ourselves in such things as ought to derive their beginnings from nobler considerations. But I think it is no great matter to the public what is the incentive which makes men bestow time in their service, provided there be any thing useful in what they produce: I shall proceed therefore to give an account of my intended labours, not without some hope of having my vanity, at the end of them, indulged in the sort above-mentioned.

I should not have assumed the title of GUARDIAN, had I not maturely considered, that the qualities

necessary for doing the duties of that character, proceed from the integrity of the mind; more than the excellence of the understanding: the former of these qualifications it is in the power of every man to arrive at, and the more he endeavours that way, the less will he want the advantages of the latter. To be faithful, to be honest, to be just, is what you will demand in the choice of your guardian; or if you find added to this, that he is pleasant, ingenious, and agreeable, there will overflow satisfactions which make for the ornament, if not so immediately to the use, of your life. As to the diverting part of this Paper, by what assistance I shall be capacitated for that, as well as what proofs I have given of my behaviour as to integrity in former life, will appear from my history to be delivered in ensuing discourses. The main purpose of the work shall be to protect the modest, the industrious; to celebrate the wise, the valiant; to encourage the good, the pious; to confront the impudent, the idle; to condemn the vain, the cowardly; and to disappoint the wicked and profane. This work cannot be carried on but by preserving a strict regard not only to the duties, but civilities of life, with the utmost impartiality towards things and persons. The unjust application of the advantages of breeding and fortune, is the source of all calamity both public and private; the correction, therefore, or rather admonition, of a guardian in all the occurrences of a various being, if given with a benevolent spirit, would certainly be of general service.

In order to contribute as far as I am able to it, I shall publish in respective papers whatever I think may conduce to the advancement of the conversation of gentlemen, the improvement of ladies, the wealth of traders, and the encouragement of arti-

ficers. The circumstance relating to those who excel in mechanics, shall be considered with particular application. It is not to be immediately conceived by such as have not turned themselves to reflections of that kind, that Providence, to enforce and endear the necessity of social life, has given one man's hands to another man's head; and the carpenter, the smith, the joiner, are as immediately necessary to the mathematician, as my amanuensis will be to me, to write much fairer than I can myself. I am so well convinced of this truth, that I shall have a particular regard to mechanics; and to shew my honour for them, I shall place at their head the painter. This gentleman is, as to the execution of his work, a mechanic, but as to his conception, his spirit and design, he is hardly below even the poet, in liberal art. It will be from these considerations useful to make the world see the affinity between all works which are beneficial to mankind is much nearer than the illiberal arrogance of scholars will, at all times, allow: but I am from experience convinced of the importance of mechanic heads, and shall therefore take them all into my care, from Rowley, who is improving the globes of the earth and heaven in Fleet-street, to Bat. Pigeon the hair-cutter in the Strand.

But it will be objected upon what pretensions I take upon me to put in for the *prochain ami*, or nearest friend of all the world. How my head is accomplished for this employment towards the public, from the long exercise of it in a private capacity, will appear by reading me the two or three next days with diligence and attention. There is no other paper in being which tends to this purpose. They are most of them histories, or advices of public transactions; but as those representations affect

the passions of my readers, I shall sometimes take care, the day after a foreign mail, to give them an account of what it has brought. The parties amongst us are too violent, to make it possible to pass them by without observation. As to these matters, I shall be impartial, though I cannot be neuter: I am, with relation to the government of the church, a Tory, with regard to the state, a Whig.

The charge of intelligence, the pain in compiling and digesting my thoughts in proper stile, and the like, oblige me to value my paper a halfpenny above all other half-sheets. And all persons who have any thing to communicate to me, are desired to direct their letters (postage paid) to *Nesstor Ironside, Esq;* at *Mr. Tenson's* in the Strand. I declare beforehand, that I will at no time be conversed with any other way than by letter; for as I am an ancient man, I shall find enough to do to give orders proper for their service, to whom I am by will of their parents Guardian, though I take that to be too narrow a scene for me to pass my whole life in. But I have got my Wards so well off my hands, and they are so able to act for themselves, that I have little to do but give an hint; and all that I desire to be amended is altered accordingly.

My design, upon the whole, is no less than to make the pulpit, the bar, and the stage, all act in concert in the care of piety, justice and virtue; for I am past all the regards of this life, and have nothing to manage with any person or party, but to deliver myself as becomes an old man, with one foot in the grave, and one who thinks he is passing to eternity. All sorrows which can arrive at me are comprehended in the sense of guilt and pain; if I can keep clear of these two evils, I shall not be apprehensive of any other. Ambition, lust, envy,

and revenge, are excrescencies of the mind which I have cut off long ago; but as they are excrescencies which do not only deform, but also torment those on whom they grow, I shall do all I can to persuade all others to take the same measures for their cure which I have.

N^o 2. FRIDAY, MARCH 13.

THE readiest way to proceed in my great undertaking, is to explain, who I am myself, that I promise to give the town a daily half-sheet: I shall therefore enter into my own history, without losing any time in preamble. I was born in the year 1642, at a lone house within half a mile of the town of Brentford, in the county of Middlesex; my parents were of ability to bestow upon me a liberal education, and of an humour to think that a great happiness, even in a fortune which was but just enough to keep me above want. In my sixteenth year I was admitted a commoner of Magdalen-hall in Oxford. It is one great advantage, among many more, which men educated at our universities do usually enjoy above others, that they often contract friendships there, which are of service to them in all the parts of their future life. This good fortune happened to me; for during the time of my being an under-graduate, I became intimately acquainted with Mr Ambrose Lizard, who was a fellow-commoner of the neighbouring college. I have the honour to be well known to Mr Joseph Pullen, of our hall above-mentioned, and attribute the florid old age I now enjoy, to my constant morning-walks

up Hedington-hill in his chearful company. If the gentleman be still living, I hereby give him my humble service. But as I was going to say, I contracted in my early youth an intimate friendship with young Mr Lizard of Northamptonshire. He was sent for a little before he was of bachelor's standing, to be married to Mrs Jane Lizard, an heiress, whose father would have it so for the sake of the name. Mr Ambrose knew nothing of it till he came to Lizard-hall on the Saturday night, saw the young lady at dinner the next day, and was married by order of his father Sir Ambrose, between eleven and twelve the Tuesday following. Some years after, when my friend came to be Sir Ambrose himself, and finding upon proof of her, that he had lighted upon a good wife, he gave the curate who joined their hands the parsonage of Welt, not far off Wellinborough. My friend was married in the year 1662, and every year following, for eighteen years together, I left the college, (except that year wherein I was chosen fellow of Lincoln) and sojourned at Sir Ambrose's for the months of June, July, and August. I remember very well, that it was on the 4th of July, in the year 1674, that I was reading in an arbour to my friend, and stopped of a sudden, observing he did not attend. "Lay by your book," said he, "and let us take a turn in the grass-walk, for I have something to say to you." After a silence for above forty yards, walking both of us with our eyes downward, one big to hear, the other to speak a matter of great importance, Sir Ambrose expressed himself to this effect: "My good friend," said he, "you may have observed that from the first moment I was in your company at Mr Willis's chambers at University College, I ever after fought and court-

"ed your that inclination towards you has im-
 "proved from similitude of manners, if I may so
 "say, when I tell you I have not observed in any
 "man a greater candour and simplicity of mind
 "than in yourself. You are a man that are not
 "inclined to launch into the world, but prefer se-
 "curity and ease in a collegiate or single life, to
 "going into the cares which necessarily attend a
 "public character, or that of a master of a family.
 "You see within my son Marmaduke, my only
 "child; I have a thousand anxieties upon me con-
 "cerning him, the greater part of which I would
 "transfer to you, and when I do so, I would make
 "it, in plain English, worth your while." He would
 not let me speak, but proceeded to inform me, that
 he had laid the whole scheme of his affairs upon
 that foundation. As soon as we went into the
 house, he gave me a bill upon his goldsmith in Lon-
 don, of two thousand pounds, and told me with
 that he had purchased me, with all the talents I
 was master of, to be of his family, to educate his
 son, and to do all that should ever ly in my power
 for the service of him and his to my life's end, ac-
 cording to such powers, trusts and instructions as I
 should hereafter receive.

The reader will here make many speeches for me,
 and without doubt suppose I told my friend he had
 retained me with a fortune to do that which I
 should have thought myself obliged to by friend-
 ship; but as he was a prudent man, and acted up-
 on rules of life, which were least liable to the va-
 riation of humour, time or season, I was contented
 to be obliged by him his own way; and believed
 I should never enter into any alliance which should
 divert me from pursuing the interests of his family,
 of which I should hereafter understand myself a

member. Sir Ambrose told me he should lay no injunction upon me, which should be inconsistent with any inclination I might have hereafter to change my condition: all he meant was in general, to insure his family from that pest of great estates, the mercenary men of business who act for them, and in a few years become creditors to their masters in greater sums than half the income of their lands amounts to, though it is visible all which gave rise to their wealth was a slight salary, for turning all the rest, both estate and credit of that estate, to the use of their principals. To this purpose we had a very long conference that evening, the chief point of which was, that his only child Marmaduke was from that hour under my care, and I was engaged to turn all my thoughts to the service of the child in particular, and all the concerns of the family in general. My most excellent friend was so well satisfied with my behaviour, that he made me his executor, and guardian to his son. My own conduct during that time, and my manner of educating his son Marmaduke to manhood, and the interest I had in him to the time of his death also, with my present conduct towards the numerous descendents of my old friend, will make possibly a series of history of common life, as useful as the relations of the more pompous passages in the lives of princes and statesmen. The widow of Sir Ambrose, and the no less worthy relict of Sir Marmaduke, are both living at this time.

I am to let the reader know, that his chief entertainment will arise from what passes at the tea-table of my Lady Lizard. That lady is now in the forty-sixth year of her age, was married in the beginning of her sixteenth, is blessed with a numerous offspring of each sex, no less than four sons

and five daughters. She was the mother of this large family before she arrived at her thirtieth year; about which time she lost her husband Sir Marquise Lizard, a gentleman of great virtue and generosity: he left behind him an improved paternal estate of six thousand pounds a-year to his eldest son, and one year's revenue in ready money as a portion to each younger child. My Lady's Christian name is Aspasia; and as it may give a certain dignity to our stile to mention her by that name, we beg leave at discretion to say Lady Lizard or Aspasia, according to the matter we shall treat of. When she shall be consulting about her cash, her rents, her household affairs, we will use the more familiar name; and when she is employed in the forming the minds and sentiments of her children, exerting herself in the acts of charity, or speaking of matters of religion or piety, for the elevation of stile we will use the word Aspasia. Aspasia is a lady of a great understanding and noble spirit: she has passed several years in widowhood, with that abstinent enjoyment of life, which has done honour to her deceased husband, and devolved reputation upon her children. As she has both sons and daughters marriageable, she is visited by many on that account, but by many more for her own merit. As there is no circumstance in human life, which may not directly or indirectly concern a woman thus related, there will abundant matter offer itself from passages in this family, to supply my readers with diverting, and perhaps useful notices for their conduct in all the incidents of human life. Placing money on mortgages, in the funds, upon bottomery, and almost all other ways of improving the fortune of a family, are practised by my Lady Lizard with the best skill and advice.

The members of this family, their cares, passions, interests and diversions, shall be represented from time to time, as news from the tea-table of so accomplished a woman as the intelligent and discreet Lady Lizard.

N^o 3. SATURDAY, MARCH 14.

"Quicquid est illud, quod sentis, quod sapis, quod vult, quod viget,
"coeleste et divinum est, ob eamque rem aeternum sic necesse est."

Cicero.

Whatever that be which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine, and, upon that account, must necessarily be eternal.

I AM diverted from the account I was giving the town of my particular concerns, by casting my eye upon a treatise, which I could not overlook without an inexcusable negligence, and want of concern for all the civil, as well as religious interests of mankind. This piece has for its title, "A Discourse of Free-thinking, occasioned by the rise and growth of a sect called Free-thinkers." The author very methodically enters upon his argument, and says, "By Free-thinking I mean the use of the understanding in endeavouring to find out the meaning of any proposition whatsoever, in considering the nature of the evidence for or against, and in judging of it according to the seeming force or weakness of the evidence." As soon as he has delivered this definition, from which one would expect he did not design to shew a particular inclination for or against any thing before he had considered it, he gives up all title to the

character of a Free-thinker, with the most apparent prejudice against a body of men, whom of all other a good man would be most careful not to violate, I mean men in holy orders. Persons who have devoted themselves to the service of God, are venerable to all who fear Him; and it is a certain characteristic of a dissolute and ungoverned mind, to rail or speak disrespectfully of them in general. It is certain, that in so great a croud of men some will intrude, who are of tempers very unbecoming their function; but because ambition and avarice are sometimes lodged in that bosom which ought to be the dwelling of sanctity and devotion, must this unreasonable author vilify the whole order? He has not taken the least care to disguise his being an enemy to the persons against whom he writes, nor any where granted, that the institution of religious men to serve at the altar, and instruct such who are not as wise as himself, is at all necessary or desirable; but proceeds, without the least apology, to undermine their credit, and frustrate their labours. Whatever clergymen, in disputes against each other, have unguardedly uttered, is here recorded in such a manner as to affect religion itself, by wresting concessions to its disadvantage from its own teachers. If this be true, as sure any man that reads the discourse must allow it is, and if religion is the strongest tie of human society, in what manner are we to treat this our common enemy, who promotes the growth of such a sect as he calls Freethinkers? He that should burn a house, and justify the action, by asserting he is a free agent, would be more excusable than this author in uttering what he has from the right of a Free-thinker. But there are a set of dry, joyless, dull fellows, who want capacities and talents to make a figure amongst

mankind, upon benevolent and generous principles; that think to surmount their own natural meanness, by laying offences in the way of such as make it their endeavour to excel upon the received maxims and honest arts of life. If it were possible to laugh at so melancholy an affair as what hazards salvation, it would be no unpleasant inquiry to ask, what satisfactions they reap, what extraordinary gratification of sense, or what delicious libertinism this sect of Free-thinkers enjoy, after getting loose of the laws which confine the passions of other men? Would it not be a matter of mirth to find, after all, that the heads of this growing sect are sober wretches, who prate whole evenings over coffee, and have not themselves fire enough to be any further debauchees, than merely in principle? These stages of iniquity are, it seems, themselves only speculatively wicked, and are contented that all the abandoned young men of the age are kept safe from reflection by dabbling in their rhapsodies, without tasting the pleasures for which their doctrines leave them unaccountable. Thus do heavy mortals, only to gratify a dry pride of heart, give up the interests of another world, without enlarging their gratifications in this; but it is certain there are a sort of men that can puzzle truth, but cannot enjoy the satisfaction of it. This same Free-thinker is a creature unacquainted with the emotions which possess great minds when they are turned for religion, and it is apparent that he is untouched with any such sensation as the rapture of devotion. Whatever one of these scorers may think, they certainly want parts to be devout; and a sense of piety towards Heaven, as well as the sense of any thing else, is lively and warm in proportion to the faculties of the head and heart.

This gentleman may be assured he has not a taste for what he pretends to decry, and the poor man is certainly more a blockhead than an Atheist. I must repeat, that he wants capacity to relish what true piety is; and he is as capable of writing an heroic poem, as making a fervent prayer. When men are thus low and narrow in their apprehensions of things, and at the same time vain, they are naturally led to think every thing they do not understand, not to be understood. Their contradiction to what is urged by others, is a necessary consequence of their incapacity to receive it. The atheistical fellows who appeared the last age did not serve the devil for nought, but revelled in excesses suitable to their principles; while in these unhappy days mischief is done for mischief's sake. These Free-thinkers, who lead the lives of recluse students, for no other purpose but to disturb the sentiments of other men, put me in mind of the monstrous recreation of those late wild youths, who, without provocation, had a wantonness in stabbing and defacing those they met with. When such writers as this, who has no spirit but that of malice, pretend to inform the age, mohocks and cut-throats may well set up for wits and men of pleasure.

It will be perhaps expected, that I should produce some instances of the ill intention of this Free-thinker, to support the treatment I here give him. In his 52d page, he says,

Secondly, The priests throughout the world differ about scriptures, and the authority of scriptures. The Bramins have a book of scripture called the Shaster. The Perses have their Zundavastaw. The Bonzes of China have books written by the disciples of Fo-he, whom they call

' the " God and Saviour of the world, who was
" born to teach the way of salvation, and to give
" satisfaction for all men's sins.' The Talapoints of
" Siam have a book of scripture written by Som-
" monocodom, who, the Siamese say, was " born
" of a virgin, and was the God expected by the
" universe.' The Dervises have their Alcoran.'

I believe there is no one will dispute the author's great impartiality in setting down the accounts of these different religions. And I think it is pretty evident he delivers the matter with an air which betrays that the history of " one born of a virgin" has as much authority with him from St Sommonocodom as from St Matthew. Thus he treats revelation. Then as to philosophy, he tells you, p. 136. " Cicero produces this as an instance of " a probable opinion, that they who study philo-
" sophy do not believe there are any Gods;" and then, from consideration of various notions, he affirms Tully concludes, " That there can be no-
" thing after death."

As to what he misrepresents of Tully, the short sentence on the head of this paper is enough to oppose; but who can have patience to reflect upon the assemblage of impostures among which our author places the religion of his country? As for my part, I cannot see any possible interpretation to give this work, but a design to subvert and ridicule the authority of scripture. The peace and tranquillity of the nation, and regards even above those, are so much concerned in this matter, that it is difficult to express sufficient sorrow for the offender, or indignation against him. But if ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of " A Discourse of
" Free-thinking."

N^o 4. MONDAY, MARCH 16.

It matters not how false or fore'd,
 So the best things be said o' th' world;
 It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
 Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
 Whether it be a swan or goose
 They level at; So Mephistopheles
 To set the same mark on the hip
 Both of their sound and rotten sheep. *Hudibras.*

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confessed and absolved in that single word Custom; yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous tendency, at thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of DEDICATIONS, which is of so much the worse consequence, as it is generally used by people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of praise is not only a deceit upon the goss of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving: nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it, but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even truth itself in a dedication is like an

honest man in a disguise, or vizor-mask, and will appear a cheat by being dressed so like one. That the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason that because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praises in his face. 'Tis just the reverse of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph for his services: As they hired people to rail at him in that circumstance to make him as humble as they could, we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a Dedication, than to thank a painter for that on a sign-post; except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this point, but the patron's permission beforehand, that I should draw him as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dawber I have heard of, who not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion of the thing in a word: to say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest; and without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity, at once, think himself in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with considering dedications in no very common light. By observing what qualities our writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with,

one may form some judgement which are most so to themselves; and, in consequence, what sort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few dedications but will give us cause to wonder, either how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons. I have known an hero complimented upon the decent majesty and state he assumed after victory, and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me, but that I happened to know the authors. He who made the first compliment was a lofty gentleman, whose air and gait discovered when he had published a new book; and the other tripped every night with the fellows who laboured at the press while his own writings were working off. It is observable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that here (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqued upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated stile than is used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authoress of a famous modern romance begs a young nobleman's permission to pay him her kneeling adorations, I am far from censuring the expression, as some critics would do, as deficient in grammar or sense; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that posture are what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but as they would be done unto; for as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours; so it is certain none are so guilty of flattery to others, as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts, was a dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader must understand that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity with respect, in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repositories of learning in the lining of bandboxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are no where else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribbands, brought by her firewoman, with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the title there extant) by one of the fair sex. What was most legible was the dedication; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those gothic ornaments of flourishes and foilage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader, as follows.

* * * * Though it is a kind of profanation to
• approach your grace with so poor an offering, yet
• when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first-
• fruits was to Heaven, in the earliest and purest
• ages of religion, that they were honoured with
• solemn feasts, and consecrated to altars by a di-
• vine command, * * * upon that consideration,
• as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate

*** It is impossible to behold you without adoring : yet dazzled and awed by the glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred power, that refines their flames, and renders them pure as those we ought to offer to the deity. *** The shrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your grace we see what woman was before she fell, how nearly allied to the purity and perfection of angels. And **WE ADORE AND BLESS THE GLORIOUS WORK !**

Undoubtedly these, and other periods of this most pious dedication, could not but convince the duchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the end, that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of stile, not yet taken notice of by the critics, which is above the sublime, and may be called the **Celestial** ; that is, when the most sacred phrases appropriated to the honour of the deity are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer of a new kind of dedication, very different from hers and most others, since it has not a word but what the author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book, either prose or verse, that has, is, or shall be published, and might run in this manner.

The **AUTHOR** to **HIMSELF**.

Most honoured Sir,

THESSE labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none as to you : first as it was your most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public : then as I

am secure (from that constant indulgence you have ever shewn to all which is mine) that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. Moreover, there is none can so soon discover their beauties; and there are some parts, which it is possible few besides yourself are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expression; as great, I am sure, or greater, than any man else can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and should not but those persons are actuated purely by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in public; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could inscribe into with more pleasure than your panegyric. But since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing so much I desireous to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service; but till then can only assure you that I shall continue to be as I am more than any man alive,

dearest SIR,

your affectionate Friend, and

the greatest of your Admirers,

N° 54. TUESDAY, MARCH 17.

I HAVE in my second paper mentioned the family, into which I was retained by the friend of my youth; and given the reader to understand, that my obligations to it are such, as might well naturalize me into the interests of it. They have, indeed, had their deserved effect; and if it were possible for a man who has never entered into the state of marriage to know the mind of a kind father to an honourable and numerous house, I may say I have done it. I do not know but my regards, in some considerations, have been more useful than those of a father; and as I wanted all that tenderness, which is the bias of inclination in men towards their own offspring, I have had a greater command of reason when I was to judge of what concerned my wards, and consequently was not prompted, by any partiality and tenderness towards their persons, to transgress against their interests.

As the female part of a family is the more constant and immediate object of care and protection, and the more liable to misfortune or dishonour, as being in themselves more sensible of the former, and by custom and opinion for less offences more exposed to the latter; I shall begin with the more delicate part of my guardianship, the women of the family of Lizard. The ancient and religious lady, the dowager of my friend Sir Ambrose, has

for some time estranged herself from conversation, and admits only of the visits of her own family. The observation, that old people remember best those things which entered into their thoughts when their memories were in their full strength and vigour, is very remarkably exemplified in this good lady and myself when we are in conversation; I chuse indeed to go thither, to divert any anxiety or weariness, which at any time I find grow upon me from any present business or care. It is said that a little mirth and diversion are what recreate the spirits upon those occasions; but there is a kind of sorrow from which I draw a consolation that strengthens my faculties and enlarges my mind beyond any thing that can flow from merriment. When we meet, we soon get over any occurrence which passed the day before, and are in a moment hurried back to those days which only we call good ones; the passages of the times when we were in fashion, with the countenances, behaviour and jollity, so much, forsooth, above what any appear in now, are present to our imaginations, and almost to our very eyes. This conversation revives to us the memory of a friend, that was more than my brother to me; of a husband, that was dearer than life to her; discourses about that dear and worthy man, generally send her to her closet, and me to the dispatch of some necessary business, which regards the remains. I would say the numerous descendants of my generous friend. I am got, I know not how, out of what I was going to say of this lady, which was, that she is far gone towards a better world; and I mention her (only with respect to this) as she is the object of veneration to those who are derived from her; whose behaviour towards her may be an example to

others, and make the generality of young people apprehend, that when the ancient are past all offices of life, it is then the young are to exert themselves in their most laudable duties towards them.

The widow of Sir Marchmont is to be considered in a very different view. My lady is not in the shining bloom of life, but at those years, wherein the gratification of an ample fortune, those of pomp and equipage, of being much esteemed, much visited, and generally admired, are usually more strongly pursued than in younger days: in this condition she might very well add the pleasures of courtship, and the grateful persecution of being followed by a crowd of lovers; but she is an excellent mother and great economist; which considerations, joined with the pleasure of living her own way, preserve her against the intrusion of love. I will not say that my lady has not a secret vanity in being still a fine woman, and neglecting those addresses, to which perhaps we in part owe her constancy in that her neglect.

Her daughter Jane, her eldest child of that sex, is in the twenty-third year of her age, a lady who forms herself after the pattern of her mother; but in my judgment, as she happens to be extremely like her, she sometimes makes her court unskilfully, in affecting that likeness in her very mien, which gives the mother an uneasy sense, that Mrs Jane really is what her parent has a mind to continue to be; but it is possible I am too observing in this particular, and this might be overlooked in them both, in respect to greater circumstances: for Mrs Jane is the right hand of her mother; it is her study and constant endeavour to assist her in the management of her household, to keep all idle whispers from her, and discourage them before they can

come at her from any other hand; to enforce every thing that makes for the good of her brothers and sisters; to guard her, as well as the diligence and cheerfulness of her service. It is by Mrs. Jane's management, that the whole family is governed; neither my love nor sister have a certain reverence, which is composed of both. Mrs. Jane is what one would call a perfect good young woman; but neither strict piety, diligence in domestic affairs, or any other attention, have preserved her against love, which she bears to a young gentleman of great expectations but small fortune; at the same time, that men of very great estates ask her of her mother. My lady tells her that prudence must give way to passion; so that Mrs. Jane, if I cannot accommodate the matter, must conquer more than one passion, and out of prudence banish the man, the lover, and marry the man she hates.

The next daughter is Mrs. Annabella, who has a very lively wit, a great deal of good sense, is very pretty; but gives me much trouble for her from a certain dishonest cunning I know in her; she can seem blind and careless, and full of herself only; and entertain with twenty affected vanities, whilst she is observing all the company, laying up store for ridicule; and, in a word, selfish and interested under all the agreeable qualities in the world. Alas, what shall I do with this girl?

Mrs. Cornelia passes away her time very much in reading, and that with so great an attention, that it gives her the air of a student, and has an ill effect upon her as she is a fine young woman; the giddy part of the sex will have it she is in love; none will allow that she affects so much being alone, but for want of particular company.

have failed at Romances before her, for fear of her falling into those deep studies: she has fallen in with my humour that way for the time; but I know not how my imprudent prohibition has, it seems, only excited her curiosity; and I am afraid she is better read than I know of, for she said of a glass of water in which she was going to wash her hands after dinner, dipping her fingers with a pretty lovely ale, "It is crystalline." I shall examine further, and wait for clearer proofs.

Mrs Betty is I cannot by what means, or methods (I imagine), grown mightily acquainted with what passes in the town; she knows all that matter of my Lord Such-a-one's leading my Lady Such-a-one out from the play; she is prodigiously acquainted, all of a sudden, with the world, and asked her sister Jane the other day in an argument, "Dear sister, how should you know any thing, that hear nothing but what we do in our own family?" "I do not much like her maid."

Mrs Mary, the youngest daughter, whom they rally and call Mrs Leonide, because I have named her The Sparkler, is the very quintessence of good nature and generosity; she is the perfect picture of her grandfather; and if one can imagine all good qualities which adorn human life become feminine, the seeds, nay, the blossom of them, are apparent in Mrs Mary. It is a weakness I cannot get over, (for how ridiculous is a regard to the bodily perfections of a man who is dead!) but I cannot resist my partiality to this child, for being so like her grandfather, how often have I turned from her, to hide the melting of my heart, when she has been talking to me! I am sure the child has no skill in it, for artifice could not dwell under that visage; but if I am absent a day from the family, she is

sure to be at my lodging the next morning to know what is the matter.

As the head of these children, who have very plentiful fortunes, provided they marry with mine and their mother's consent, is my Lady's husband, who, you cannot doubt, is very well valued. Sir William Ogge, and his son almost at age, are frequently at our house, on a double consideration. The Knight is willing (for so he very gallantly expresses himself) to marry the mother, or he will consent, whether that be so or not, that his son Oliver shall take any one of the daughters. Noll likes best.

Mr. Rigburt of the same county, who gives in his estate much larger, and his family more ancient, offers to deal with us for two daughters.

Sir Harry Pandolf has writ word from his seat in the country, that he also is much inclined to an alliance with the Ligards, which he has declared in the following letter to my Lady: she shew'd it me this morning.

MADAM,

I HAVE heard your daughters very well spoken of; and though I have very great offers in my own neighbourhood, and heard the small-pox is very rare at London, I will send my eldest son to see them, provided that by your Ladyship's answer, and your liking of the rent-roll which I send herewith, your Ladyship assures me he shall have one of them, for I do not think to have my son refused by any woman; and so, Madam, I conclude.

Your most humble servant,

HARRY PANDOLF.

1847 MONDAY MARCH 16

No. 6. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18

I HAVE dispatched my young women, and the town has them among them. It is necessary for the elucidation of my future discourses, which I desire may be denominated, as they are the precepts of a Guardian, Mr. Ironside's PRECAUTIONS. I say it is, after what has been already declared, in the next place necessary to give an account of the males, of this worthy family, whose annals I am writing. The affairs of women being chiefly domestic, and not made up of so many circumstances as the duties of men are, I fear I cannot dispatch the account of the males under my care in so few words as I did the explanation which regarded my women.

Sir Harry Lizard, of the county of Northampton, son and heir of the late Sir Marmaduke, is now entered upon the twenty-sixth year of his age, and is now at his seat in the country.

The estate at present in his hands is above three thousand a year, after payment of taxes, and all necessary charges whatsoever. He is a man of good understanding, but not at all what is usually called a man of many parts. His virtues are much greater than his accomplishments, as to his conversation. But when you come to consider his conduct with relation to his manners and fortune, it would be a very great injury not to allow him a very fine gentleman. It has been carefully provided in his education, that he should be very ready at calculations. This gives him a quick alarm in

wardly upon all undertakings, and in a much shorter time than is usual with men who are not versed in business, he is master of the question before him, and can instantly inform himself with great exactness in the matter of profit or loss that shall arise from any thing proposed to him. The same capacity, joined to an honest nature, makes him very just to other men, as well as to himself. His payments are very punctual, and I dare answer he never did, nor ever will, undertake any piece of building, or any ornamental improvement of his house, garden, park or lands, before the money is in his own pocket, wherewith he is to pay for such undertaking. He is too good to purchase labourers or artificers (as by this means he certainly could) at an under rate; but he has by this means what I think he deserves from his superior prudence, the choice of all who are most knowing and able to serve him. With his ready money the builder, mason and carpenter are enabled to make their market of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who inconsiderately employ them, and often pay their undertakers by sale of some of their land: whereas, were the lands on which those improvements are made, sold to the artificers, the buildings would be rated as lumber in the purchase. Sir Harry has for ever a year's income, to extend his charity, serve his pleasures, or regale his friends. His servants, his cattle, his goods speak their master a rich man. Those about his person, as his bailiff, the groom of his chamber, and his butler, have a cheerful, not a gay air; the servants below them seem to live in plenty, but not in wantonness. As Sir Henry is a young man, and of an active disposition, his best figure is on horseback. But before I speak of that I should acquaint you, that during his infancy all

the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood were welcome to a part of the house, which was called the school; where, at the charge of the family, there was a grammar master, a plain sober man, maintain'd (with a salary, besides his diet of fifty pounds a year) to instruct all such children of gentlemen, or lower people, as would partake of his education. As they grew up, they were allowed to ride out with him upon his horses. There were always ten or twelve for the saddle in readiness to attend him and his favourites, in the choice of whom he shew'd a good disposition, and distributed his kindness among them, by turns, with great good-nature. All horses, both for the saddle, and swift draught, were very well bit, and a skilful rider, with a riding-horse, wherein he (the riding-master) commanded, had it in orders to teach any gentleman's son of the county that would please to learn that exercise. We found our account in this proceeding, as well in real profit, as in esteem and power in the country; for as the whole shire is now possessed by gentlemen, who owe Sir Harry a part of education, which they all value themselves upon, (their horsemanship) they prefer his horses to all others, and it is, *à peu près*, in the price of a freed, which appears to come out of his riding-house.

By this means it is, that Sir Harry, as I was going to say, makes the best figure on horseback, for his usual hours of being in the field are well known; and at those seasons the neighbouring gentlemen, his friends and schoolfellows, take a pleasure in giving him their company, with their servants well behaved, and horses well commanded.

I cannot enough applaud Sir Harry for a particular care in his horses. He not only bits all

which are ridden, but also all which are for the coach or swift draught, for grace and mightily to the price of strength; and he finds his account in it at all markets, more especially for the coach or troop horses, of which that county produces the most strong and ostentations. To keep up a breed for any use whatever, he gives plates for the best performing horse in every way in which that animal can be serviceable. There is such a prize for him that trows best, such for the best walker, such for the best galloper, such for the best pacer; then for him who draws most in such a time to such a place; then to him that carries best such a load on his back. He delights in this, and has an admirable fancy in the dress of the riders: some admired country girl is to hold the prize, her lovers to trot, and not so mend their pace into a gallop, when they are over-trotted by a rival; some known country wit to come upon the best pacer; chest and the like little joyful arts, gain him the love of all who do not know his worth, and the esteem of all who do. Sir Harry is no friend to the race-horse; he is of opinion it is inhumane, that animals should be put upon their utmost strength and mettle for our diversion only. However, not to be particular, he pays in for the Queen's plate every year, with orders to his rider never to win or be distanced; and, like a good country gentleman, says, it is a fault in all ministries that they encourage no kind of horses but those which are swift.

As I once lives, I dwell upon small matters, being of opinion with Plutarch, that little circumstances show the real man better than things of greater moment. But good economy is the characteristic of the Lizards. I remember a circumstance about six years ago, that gave me hopes he

would one time or other make a figure in parliament; for he is a landed man, and considers his interest, though he is such, to be impaired or promoted according to the state of trade. When he was but twenty years old, I took an opportunity in his presence, to ask an intelligent woollen drapper, what he gave for his shop, the corner of Change Alley. The shop is I believe fourteen foot long, and eight broad. I was answered, Ninety pound a year. I took no notice, but the thought descended into the breast of Sir Harry, and I saw on his table the next morning a computation of the value of land in an island, consisting of so many miles, with so many good ports, the value of each part of the said island, as it lay to such ports, and produced such commodities. The whole of his working was to know why so few yards near the Change, was so much better than so many acres in Northamptonshire, and what those acres in Northamptonshire would be worth, were there no trade at all in this island. I gazed upon it, and said to myself, what a

It makes my heart ache, when I think of this young man, and consider upon what plain maxims, and in what ordinary methods, men of state may do good where ever they are seated; that so many should be what they are. It is certain, that the art which purchase wealth or fame, will maintain them; and I attribute the splendor and long continuance of this family, to the policy of having the genius of the founder of it run through all his male line. Old Sir Harry, the great grandfather of this gentleman, has written in his own hand upon all the deeds, which he ever signed, in the honour of that beneficent age, this sentence: There are four good mothers, of whom are often born four unhappy daughters; truth, beauty, talent, happy.

"necessity, security, danger, and familiarity con-

"tempt." *He is a landed man, and considered*

though he is such to be impaired or promoted

considering the state of the world. When he is

twenty years old, he is a young man, and

there, he is a young man, and

he gave him his money, and

The book is I believe to be

brod. I was answered, I was

took no notice, but the

piece of Sir Henry, and

morning a comparison in the value of

in the morning did myself the honour to visit

lady Lizard, and took my chair as the

table, at the upper end of which that graceful

man, with her daughters about her, appeared to

me with greater dignity than ever any figure, either

of Venus, attended by the Graces, Diana, with her

nymphe, or any other celestial who owes her being

to poetry, is what we were to be worth, were

The discourse we had there, none being present

but our own family, consisted of private matters,

which tended to the establishment of these young

ladies in the world. My lady, I observed, had a

mind to make mention of the proposal to Mrs. Lane,

of which she is very fond, and I, as much avoided

as being equally against it; but it is by no means

proper the young ladies should observe me ever dis-

sent; therefore I turned the discourse, by saying,

It was time enough to think of marrying a young

lady, who was but to be had twenty, ten years hence.

The whole table was alarmed at the assertion, and

the Sparkles scolded her fingers, by leaving sudden-

ly forward to look in my face, but my business at

present, was to make my court to the mother;

therefore, without regarding the resentment in the

looks of the children. Madam, said I, there is a petulant and hasty manner practised in this age, in hurrying away the life of woman, and confining the grace and principal action of it to those years wherein reason and discretion are most feeble, humour and passion most powerful. From the time a young woman of quality has first appeared in the drawing room, raised a whisper and curiosity of the men about her, had her health drank in gay companies, and been distinguished at public assemblies: I say, Madam, if within three or four years of her first appearance in town, she is not disposed of, her beauty is grown familiar, her eyes are disarmed, and we seldom after hear her mentioned but with indifference. What doubles my grief on this occasion is, that the more discreetly the lady behaves herself, the sooner is her glory extinguished. Now, Madam, if merit had a greater weight in our thoughts, when we form to ourselves agreeable characters of women, men would think, in making their choices, of such as would take care of, as well as supply children for the nursery. It was not thus in the illustrious days of good Queen Elizabeth. I was this morning turning over a folio, called, "The Complete Ambassador," consisting chiefly of letters from Lord Burleigh, Earl of Leicester, and Sir Thomas Smith. Sir Thomas writes a letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, full of learned gallantry, wherein you may observe he promises himself the French King's brother (who it seems was but a cold lover) would be quickened by seeing the Queen in person, who was then in the thirty-ninth year of her age. A certain sobriety in thoughts, words and action, which was the praise of that age, kept the fire of love alive; and it burnt so equally, that it warmed and preserved, without tormenting and

consuming our blights. The latter I mention is as follows.

To the right honourable Mr. Francis Walsingham, Ambassador, Resident in France.

SIR,

I am sorry that so good a matter should, upon so nice a point be deferred. We may say that the lover will do little, if he will not take the pains to see his love; but the most fit reply is, before he see her, or the time twenty days might be devised why he might come over, and be welcome, and possibly do more in an hour than he may in two years. Cupido ille qui vinct omnia, in oculos infidet, & ex oculis ejaculari, & in oculos utriusque videndo non solum ut ait poeta, femina virum, sed vir in feminam; that powerful being Cupid, who conquers all things, resides in the eyes, he sends out all his darts from the eyes: by throwing glances at the eyes (according to the poet) not only the woman captivates the man, but also the man the woman. What force, I pray you, can I bear say, and I think, and I trust, do in comparison of that. cum praeiens praesentem tue, & tue de amplexibus & future forsitan amoris huius amplexibus. When they face to face see and converse with each other, and the lover in an ecstasy, not to be commanded, matches an embrace, and falls to himself, and openly, that he may hear, someone, i.e. an etiamnum blind volunt fuisse videri cogit ad id quod maximum captivum. Are you in my arms, my dear one, or do we both dream, and will women even in their sleep seem forced to what they most desire?

if we be cold, it is our part, besides the person, the sex requireth it. Why are you cold? Is it not a young man's part to be bold, courageous, and to adventure? if he should have, he should have but "honorificum repugnans," even a repulse here is glorious; the worst that can be said of him is but as of Phaeton, "*Quam si non tenent, magnis tamen excidit aulis*." Though he could not command the chariot of the sun, his fall from it was illustrious. So far as I conceive, "*Hæc est sola nostra anchora, hæc facienda est in nobis alca*," this is our only anchor, this die must be thrown. In our instability, "*Unum momentum est uno momento perfectum factum, ac dictam stabilitatem facere potest*," one lucky moment would crown and fix all. This, or else nothing is to be looked for but continual dalliance and doubtfulness, so far as I can see.

From Killingworth, 18th Decemr.

AUG. 22. 1713.

Your assured Friend,

THOMAS SMITH.

Though my Lady was in very good humour upon the insinuation that, according to the Elizabeth scheme, she was but just advanced above the character of a girl; I found the rest of the company as much disheartened, that they were still but mere girls: I went on, therefore, to attribute the immature marriages which are solemnized in our days to the importunity of the men, which made it impossible for young ladies to remain virgins so long as they wished from their own inclinations, and the freedom of a single life.

There is no time of our life, under what character soever, in which men can wholly divest themselves of an ambition to be in the favour of women.

Cardan, a grave philosopher and physician, confesses in one of his chapters, that though he had suffered poverty, repulses, calumnies, and a long series of afflictions, he never was thoroughly dejected, and impatient of life itself, but under a calamity which he suffered from the beginning of his twenty-first to the end of his thirtieth year. He tells us, that the raillery he suffered from others, and the contempt which he had of himself, were afflictions beyond expression. I mention this only as an argument extorted from this good and grave man, to support my opinion of the irresistible power of women. He adds, in the same chapter, that there are ten thousand afflictions and disasters attend the passion itself; that an idle word imprudently repeated by a fair woman, and vast expences to support her folly and vanity, every day reduce men to poverty and death; but he makes them of little consideration to the miserable and insignificant condition of being incapable of their favour.

I make no matter of difficulty of professing I am not surprized that the author has expressed himself after this manner, with relation to love: the heroic chastity so frequently professed by humorists of the fair sex, generally ends in an unworthy choice, after having overlooked overtures to their advantage. It is for this reason that I would endeavour to direct, and not pretend to eradicate the inclinations of the sexes to each other. Daily experience shows us, that the most rude rustic grows humane as soon as he is inspired by this passion; it gives a new grace to our manners, a new dignity to our minds, a new visage to our persons; whether we are inclined to liberal arts, to arms, or address in our exercise, our improvement is hastened by a particular object whom we would

please. Cheerfulness, gentleness, fortitude, liberality, magnificence, and all the virtues which adorn men, which inspire heroes, are most conspicuous in lovers: I speak of love as when such as are in this company are the objects of it, who can bestow upon their husbands (if they follow their excellent mother) all its joys without any of its anxieties.

N° 8. FRIDAY, MARCH 20.

Animus regis—*Her. Ep. l. 1. v. 62.*
Govern the mind.

A GUARDIAN cannot bestow his time in any office more suitable to his character, than in representing the disasters to which we are exposed by the irregularity of our passions. I think I speak of this matter in a way not yet taken notice of, when I observe that they make men do things unworthy of those very passions. I shall illustrate this by a story I have lately read in the Royal Commentaries of Peru, wherein you behold an oppressor, a most contemptible creature after his power is at an end; and a person he oppressed so wholly intent upon revenge till he had obtained it, that in the pursuit of it he utterly neglected his own safety; but when that motive of revenge was at an end, returned to a sense of danger, in such a manner, as to be unable to lay hold of occasions which offered themselves for certain security, and exposed himself from fear to apparent hazard. The motives which I speak of are not indeed so much to

be called passions, as ill habits arising from passions, such as pride and revenge, which are improvements of our infirmities, and are methinks but fears and anger regularly conducted. But to my story.

Licenciado Ezequiel, governor of the city Potosí, commanded two hundred men to march out of that garrison towards the kingdom of Tucumán, with strict orders to use no Indians in carrying their baggage, and placed himself at a convenient station without the gates, to observe how his orders were put in execution; he found they were wholly neglected, and that Indians were laden with the baggage of the Spaniards, but thought fit to let them march by till the last rank of all came up, out of which he seized one man, called Aguire, who had two Indians laden with his goods: within a few days after he was taken in arrest, he was sentenced to receive two hundred stripes. Aguire represented by his friends, that he was the brother of a gentleman, who had in his country an estate, with a vassalage of Indians, and hoped his birth would exempt him from a punishment of so much indignity. Licenciado persisted in the kind of punishment he had already pronounced: upon which Aguire petitioned that it might be altered to one that he should not survive; and, though a gentleman, and from that quality not liable to suffer so ignominious a death, humbly besought his Excellency that he might be hanged. But though Licenciado appeared all his life, before he came into power, a person of an easy and tractable disposition, he was so changed by his office, that these applications from the unfortunate Aguire did but the more gratify his insolence; and during the very time of their mediation for the prisoner, he insulted them also, by commanding, with a haughty

tone, that his orders should be executed that very instant. This, as it is usual on such occasions, made the whole town flock together; but the principal inhabitants, abhorring the severity of Licenciado, and pitying a gentleman in the condition of Aguire, went in a body, and besought the governor to suspend, if not remit the punishment. Their importunities prevailed on him to defer the execution for eight days; but when they came to the prison with his warrant, they found Aguire already brought forth, stripped, and mounted on an ass, which is the posture wherein the basest criminals are whipped in that city. His friends cried out, Take him off, take him off, and proclaimed their order for suspending his punishment; but the youth, when he heard that it was only put off for eight days, rejected the favour, and said, "All my endeavours
" have been to keep myself from mounting this
" beast, and from the shame of being seen naked;
" but since things are come thus far, let the sentence proceed, which will be less than the fears
" and apprehensions I shall have in these eight
" days ensuing; besides, I shall not need to give
" farther trouble to my friends for intercession on
" my behalf, which is as likely to be ineffectual as
" what hath already passed." After he had said this, the ass was whipped forward, and Aguire ran the gantlet according to the sentence. The calm manner in which he resigned himself, when he found his disgrace must be, and the scorn of dallying with it under a suspension of a few days, which mercy was but another form of the governor's cruelty, made it visible that he took comfort in some secret resolution to avenge the affront. After this indignity, Aguire could not be persuaded (though the inhabitants of Potosi often

importuned him, from the spirit they saw in him) to go upon any military undertaking, but excused himself with a modest sadness in his countenance, saying, "That after such a shame as his was, death must be his only remedy and consolation, which he would endeavour to obtain as soon as possible."

Under this melancholy he remained in Peru, until the time in which the office of Esquivel expired; after which, like a desperate man, he pursued and followed him, watching an opportunity to kill him, and wipe off the shame of the late affront. Esquivel being informed of this desperate resolution by his friends, endeavoured to avoid his enemy, and took a journey of three or four hundred leagues from him, supposing that Aguire would not pursue him at such a distance; but Esquivel's flight did but increase Aguire's speed in following. The first journey which Esquivel took was to the city of Los Reyes, being three hundred and twenty leagues distant; but in less than fifteen days Aguire was there with him: whereupon Esquivel took another flight, as far as to the city of Quito, being four hundred leagues distant from Los Reyes; but in a little more than twenty days Aguire was again with him; which being intimated to Esquivel, he took another leap as far as Cozco, which is five hundred leagues from Quito; but in a few days after he arrived there, came also Aguire, travelling all the way on foot, without shoes or stockings, saying, That it became not the condition of a whipped rascal to travel on horseback, or appear amongst men. In this manner did Aguire haunt and pursue Esquivel for three years and four months; who being now tired and wearied with so many long and tedious journeys, resolved to fix his abode at

Cozco, where he believed that Aguire would scarce adventure to attempt any thing against him, for fear of the judge who governed that city, who was a severe man, impartial and inflexible in all his proceedings; and accordingly took a lodging in the middle of the street of the great church, where he lived with great care and caution, wearing a coat of mail under his upper coat, and went always armed with his sword and dagger, which were weapons not agreeable to his profession. However, Aguire followed hither also, and having in vain dogged him from place to place, day after day, he resolved to make the attempt upon him in his own house, which he entered, and wandered from room to room, till at last he came into his study where Licenciado lay on a couch asleep. Aguire stabbed him with his dagger with great tranquillity, and very leisurely wounded him in other parts of the body, which were not covered with his coat of mail. He went out of the house in safety; but as his resentment was sated, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable temper of the governor of the place. Under this apprehension he had not composure enough to fly to a sanctuary, which was near the place where he committed the fact; but ran into the street, frantic and distracted, proclaiming himself a criminal, by crying out, Hide me, hide me.

The wretched fate and poor behaviour of Licenciado, in flying his country to avoid the same person whom he had before treated with so much insolence, and the high resentment of a man so inconsiderable as Aguire, when much injured, are good admonitions to little spirits in exalted stations, to take care how they treat brave men in low condition.

N^o 9. SATURDAY, MARCH 21.

They rose in a short time to that pitch of wealth and grandeur, by means of an extensive commerce both by sea and land, by an increase of the people, and by the rigour of their laws and discipline.

MANY of the subjects of my papers will consist of such things as I have gathered from the conversation, or learned from the conduct of a gentleman, who has been very conversant in our family, by name Mr. Charwell. This person was formerly a merchant in this city, who by exact economy, great frugality, and very fortunate adventures, was about twenty years since, and the fortieth year of his age, arrived to the estate which we usually call a plum. This was a sum so much beyond his first ambition, that he then resolved to retire from the town, and the business of it together. Accordingly he laid out one half of his money upon the purchase of a nobleman's estate, not many miles distant from the country-seat of my Lady Lizard. From this neighbourhood our first acquaintance began, and has ever since been continued with equal application on both sides. Mr Charwell visits very few gentlemen in the country; his most frequent airings in the summer time are visits to my Lady Lizard. And if ever his affairs bring him up to town during the winter, as soon as these are dispatched, he is sure to dine at her

house, or to make one at her tea-table, to take her commands for the country.

I shall hardly be able to give an account how this gentleman has employed the twenty years since he made the purchase I have mentioned, without first describing the conditions of the estate.

The estate then consisted of a good large old house, a park of two thousand acres, eight thousand acres more of land divided into farms. The land not barren, but the country very thin of people, and these the only consumers of the wheat and barley that grew upon the premises. A river running by the house, which was in the centre of the estate, but the same not navigable, and the rendering it navigable had been opposed by the generality of the whole country. The roads excessive bad, and no possibility of getting off the tenants corn, but at such a price of carriage as would exceed the whole value when it came to market. The underwoods all destroyed to lay the country open to my Lord's pleasures; but there was indeed the less want of this fuel, there being large coal-pits in the estate, within two miles of the house, and such a plenty of coals as was sufficient for whole counties. But then the want of water-carriage made these also a mere drug, and almost every man's for fetching. Many timber trees were still standing only for want of chapmen, very little being used for building in a country so thin of people, and those at a greater distance being in no likelihood of buying pennyworths, if they must be at the charge of land-carriage. Yet every tree was valued at a much greater price than would be given for it in the place; so was every acre of land in the park; and as for the tenants, they were all racked to extremity, and almost every one of them

beggars. All these things Mr Charwell knew very well, yet was not discouraged from going on with his purchase.

But in the first place, he resolved that a hundred in family should not ruin him, as it had done his predecessor. Therefore pretending to dislike the situation of the old house, he made choice of another at a mile distance, higher up the river, at a corner of the park, where, at the expence of four or five thousand pound, and all the ornaments of the old house, he built a new one, with all convenient offices more suitable to his revenues, yet not much larger than my Lord's dog kennel, and a great deal less than his Lordship's stables.

The next thing was to reduce his park. He took down a great many pales, and with these inclosed only two hundred acres of it near adjoining to his new house. The rest he converted to breeding cattle, which yielded greater profit.

The tenants began now to be very much dissatisfied with the loss of my Lord's family, which had been a constant market for great quantities of their corn, and with the disparting so much land, by which provisions were likely to be increased in so dispeopled a country. They were afraid they must be obliged themselves to consume the whole product of their farms, and that they should be soon undone by the oeconomy and frugality of this gentleman.

Mr Charwell was sensible their fears were but too just; and that if neither their goods could be carried off to distant markets, nor the markets brought home to their goods, his tenants must run away from their farms. He had no hopes of making the river navigable, which was a point that could not be obtained by all the interest of his predecessor,

and was therefore not likely to be yielded up to a man who was not yet known in the country. All that was left for him was to bring the market home to his tenants, which was the very thing he intended before he ventured upon his purchase. He had even then projected in his thoughts the plan of a great town just below the old house: he therefore presently set himself about the execution of his project.

The thing has succeeded to his wish. In the space of twenty years he is so fortunate as to see one thousand new houses upon his estate, and at least five thousand new people, men, women and children, inhabitants of those houses, who are comfortably supplied by their own labour, without charge to Mr Charwell, and to the great profit of his tenants.

It cannot be imagined that such a body of people can be supplied at less than 5 l. per head, or 25,000 l. *per annum*, the greatest part of which sum is annually expended for provisions among the farmers of the next adjacent lands. And as the tenants of Mr Charwell are nearest of all others to the market, they have the best prices for their goods by all that is saved in the carriage.

But some provisions are of that nature, that they will not bear a much longer carriage than from the extreme parts of his lands: and I think I have been told, that for the single article of milk, at a pint every day for every house, his tenants take from this town not much less than 500 l. *per annum*.

The soil of all kinds, which is made every year by the consumption of so great a town, I have heard has been valued at 200 l. *per annum*. If this be true, the estate of Mr Charwell is so much

improved in this very article, since all this is carried out upon his lands by the back carriage of those very carts, which were loaded by his tenants with provisions and other necessities for the people.

A hundred thousand bushels of coals are necessary to supply to great a multitude with yearly fuel. And as these are taken out of the coal-pits of Mr Charwell, he receives a penny for every bushel; so that this very article is an addition of 400 l. *per annum* to his revenues. And as the town and people are every year increasing, the revenues in the above-mentioned, and many other articles, are increasing in proportion.

There is now no longer any want of the family of the predecessor. The consumption of five thousand people is greater than can be made by any fifty of the greatest families in Great Britain. The tenants stand in no need of distant markets, to take off the product of their farms. The people so near their own doors are already more than they are able to supply; and what is wanting at home for this purpose is supplied from places at greater distance, at whatsoever price of carriage.

All the farmers every where near the river are now, in their turn, for an act of parliament to make it navigable, that they may have an easy carriage for their corn to so good a market. The tenants of Mr Charwell, that they may have the whole market to themselves, are almost the only persons against it. But they will not be long able to oppose it: their leases are near expiring; and as they are grown very rich, there are many other persons ready to take their farms at more than double the present rents, even though the river should be made navigable, and distant people let in to sell their provisions together with these farmers.

As for Mr. Charles himself, he is in no manner of pain, let his lands should fall in their value by the cheap carriage of provisions from distant places to this town. He knows very well, that the cheapness of provisions was one great means of bringing together so great numbers, and that they must be held together by the same means. He seems to have nothing more in his thoughts, than to increase his town to such an extent, that all the country for ten miles round about him, be little enough to supply it. He considers, that at how great a distance so ever provisions shall be brought thither, they must end at last in so much toil for his estate, and that the farmers of other lands will by this means contribute to the improvement of his own.

But by what encouragement and rewards, by what arts and policies, and what sort of people he has invited to live upon his estate, and how he has enabled them to subsist by their own labour, to the great improvement of his lands, will be the subjects of some of my future PRECAUTIONS.

To the GUARDIAN.

S I R,

March 16.

BY your paper of Saturday last, you give the town hopes that you will dedicate that day to religion. You could not begin it better than by warning your pupils of the poison vented under a pretence to Free-thinking. If you can spare room in your next Saturday's paper for a few lines on the same subject, these are at your disposal. I happened to be present at a public conversation of some of the defenders of this Discourse of Free-thinking, and others that differed from

them; where I had the diversion of hearing the same man in one breath persuade us to freedom of thought and in the next offer to demonstrate that we had no freedom in any thing. One would think men should blush to find themselves entangled in a greater contradiction than any the Disbon is ridiculous. This principle of free fatality or necessary liberty is a worthy fundamental of the new sect; and indeed this opinion is an evidenced and cleanness so nearly related to Transubstantiation, that the same genius seems requisite for either. It is fit the world should know how far reason abandons men that would employ it against religion; which intention, I hope, justifies this trouble from,

S. J. R.

your hearty Well-wisher,

MISARHES.

No 10. MONDAY, MARCH 23.

Veni ad me super claustrum.

Vestis nigrum induges, nimium ineptus es.

Nimium hinc est durus praeter acquirere et bonum.

For. Adolph. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.

He is perpetually coming to me, and ringing in my ears, that I do wrong to indulge him so much in the article of dress; but the fault lies in his own excessive and unreasonable severity.

WHEN I am in deep meditation in order to give my Words proper PEXATIONS, I have a principal regard to the prevalence of things which people of merit neglect, and from which those

of no merit raise to themselves an esteem. Of this nature is the bulliness of Dress. It is weak in a man of thought and reflection to be either depressed or exalted from the perceptions or disadvantages of his person. However, there is a respective conduct to be observed in the habit, according to the eminent distinction of the body, either way. A gay youth in the possession of an ample fortune could not recommend his understanding to those who are not of his acquaintance more suddenly, than by sobriety in his habit; as this is winning at first sight, so a person gorgeously fine, which in itself should avoid the attraction of the beholders eyes, gives as immediate offence.

I make it my business, when my Lady Lizard's youngest daughter, Miss Molly, is making clothes, to consider her from head to foot, and cannot be easy when there is any doubt lies upon me concerning the colour of a knot, or any other part of her head-dress, which by its darkness or liveliness might too much allay or brighten her complexion. There is something loose in looking as well as you possibly can; but it is also a vice not to take care how you look.

The indiscretion of believing that great qualities make up for the want of things less considerable, is punished too severely in those who are guilty of it. Every day's experience shews us, among variety of people with whom we are not acquainted, that we take impressions too favourable, and too disadvantageous of men at first sight from their habit. I take this to be a point of great consideration, and I shall consider it in my future *PARAVATIONS* as such. As to the female world, I shall give them my opinion at large by way of comment upon a new suit of the Sparkler's, which is to come home

next week. I design it a model for the Ladies: she and I have had three private meetings about it. As to the men, I am very glad to hear, being myself a fellow of Lincoln College, that there is at last in one of our universities a happy genius for little things. It is extremely to be lamented that hitherto we come from the College as unable to put on our own clothes as we do from nurse. We owe many misfortunes, and an unhappy backwardness in urging our way in the world, to the neglect of these little matters. For this reason I shall authorize and support the gentleman who writes me the following letter: and though out of diffidence of the reception his proposal should meet with from me, he has given himself too ludicrous a figure: I doubt not but from his notices to make men who cannot arrive at learning in that place, come from thence without appearing ignorant, and such as can, to be truly knowing without appearing bookish.

To the GUARDIAN

St. Paul, March 10, 1773.

I FORESEE that you will have many correspondents in this place: but as I have often observed with grief of heart, that scholars are wretchedly ignorant in the science I profess, I flatter myself that my letter will gain a place in your papers. I have made it my study, Sir, in these seats of learning, to look into the nature of dress, and am what they call an Academical Beau. I have often lamented that I am obliged to wear a grave habit, since by that means I have not an opportunity to introduce fashions amongst our young gentlemen; and to am forced con-

contrary to my own inclinations, and the expectation
 of all who know me, to appear in print. I have
 indeed met with some success in the project I
 have communicated to some sparks with whom
 I am intimate, and I cannot without a secret
 triumph confess, that the sleeves turned up with
 green velvet, which now flourish throughout the
 university, sprung originally from my invention.
 As it is necessary to have the head clear, as
 well as the complexion, to be perfect in this part
 of learning, I rarely mingle with the men, for
 I abhor them, but frequent the tea-tables of the
 ladies. I know every part of their dress, and
 can name all their things by their names. I am
 consulted about every ornament they buy; and
 I speak it without vanity, have a very pretty
 fancy in knots and the like. Sometimes I take a
 needle, and foot a piece of muslin for a pretty
 Patty Cross, which, who is my present favourite,
 which, she says, I do nearly enough to read
 one of your papers, and explain the motto,
 which they all like mightily. But then I am a
 sort of petty tyrant amongst them, for I own I
 have my humours. If any thing be amiss, they
 are sure Mr. Slick will find fault; if any dirty
 toity things make a tins, they are sure to be ta-
 ken to pieces the next visit. I am the dread of
 poor Celia, whose wrapping-gown is not right
 India; and am avoided by Thalestris in her se-
 cond-hand mantua, which several Masters of
 Arts think very fine, whereas I perceived it had
 been scoured with milk an eye.
 I have endeavoured to improve my un-
 derstanding, and am desirous to communicate my
 innocent discoveries to those who, like me, may
 distinguish themselves more to advantage by their

bodies than their minds. I do not think the pains I have taken, in these my studies, thrown away, since by these means, though I am not very valuable, I am, however, not disagreeable. Would gentlemen but reflect upon what I say, they would take care to make the best of themselves: for I think it intolerable that a blockhead should be a squire. Though every man cannot fill his head with learning, it is, in any one's power, to wear a pretty perwig; let him who cannot say a witty thing, keep his teeth white at least: he who hath no knack at writing sonnets, may however have a soft hand; and he may arch his eye-brows, who hath not strength of genius for the mathematics.

After the conclusion of the peace we shall undoubtedly have new fashions from France; and I have some reason to think, that some particularities in the garb of their Abbés may be transplanted hither to advantage. What I find becoming in their dress I hope I may, without the imputation of being popishly inclined, adopt into our habits; but would willingly have the authority of the Guardian to countenance me in this harmless design. I would not hereby assume to myself a jurisdiction over any of our youth, but such as are incapable of improvement any other way. As for the awkward creatures that mind their studies, I look upon them as irreclaimable. But over the aforementioned order of men, I desire a commission from you to exercise full authority. Hereby I shall be enabled from time to time to introduce several pretty oddnesses in the talking and tucking up of gowns, to regulate the dimensions of wigs, to vary the tufts upon caps, and to enlarge or

fulish he will do what you like, without saying any thing which argues he does it for your sake; the most winning circumstance in the world being the conformity of manners. I will speak of this as a practice necessary in gaining people of sense, who are not yet given up to self-conceit; those who are far from insatiation of themselves need not be treated with so much delicacy. The following letter puts this matter in a pleasant and unobscure light. The author of it attacks this vice with the kind of complaisance, and glories in it, himself is by exhorting to it, so to speak, very proud of it. I shall here give you a specimen of his next to keeping the number of words. To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

AS you profess to encourage all those who any way contribute to the public good, I flatter myself I may claim your countenance and protection. I am by profession a mad doctor, but of a peculiar kind, not of those whose aim it is to remove phrenzies, but one who makes it my business to confer an agreeable madness on my fellow-creatures, for their mutual delight and benefit. Since it is agreed by the philosophers, that happiness and misery consist chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more necessary to mankind in general than this pleasing delirium, which renders every one satisfied with himself, and persuades him that all others are equally so.

I have for several years, both at home and abroad, made this science my particular study, which I may venture to say I have improved in almost all the courts of Europe, and have reduced it into so safe and easy a method, as to practise it

on both sexes, of what disposition, age or quality, governs with success. What enables me to perform this great work, is the use of my *OS-SEQUIUM CATHOLICON*, or the *Grand Elixir*, to support the spirits of human nature. This remedy is of the most grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all tastes whatever. It is delicate to the senses, delightful to the operation, may be taken at all hours without confinement, and is as properly given at a ball or play-house as in a private chamber. It restores and vivifies the most dejected minds, corrects and extracts all that is painful in the knowledge of a man's self. One dose of it will instantly disperse itself through the whole animal system, dissipate the first motions of distrust so as never to return, and so exhilarate the brain and rouse the gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a new flow of spirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a pleasing dependence upon their own capacities.

Let a person be ever so far gone, I advise him not to despair; even though he has been troubled many years with restless reflections, which by long neglect have hardened into settled consideration. Those that have been stung with satire may here find a certain antidote, which infallibly disperses all the remains of poison that has been left in the understanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart against the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy of epigrams, and the mortification of lampoons; as has been often experienced by several persons of both sexes, during the seasons of Tunbridge and the Bath.

I could, as farther instances of my success, produce certificates and testimonials from the favourites and ghostly fathers of the most emi-

gent princes of Europe; but shall content myself with the mention of a few cures, which I have performed by this my Grand Universal Restorative, during the practice of one month only since I came to this city.

George Spondee, Esq. poet, and inmate of the parish of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, fell into violent fits of the spleen upon a thin race night. He had been frightened into a vertigo by the sound of cat-calls on the first day, and the frequent killings on the second made him unable to endure the bare promulgation of the later S. I searched into the causes of his distemper, and by the prescription of a dose of my Universal, prepared *Secundum artem*, recovered him to his natural state of madness. I call in at proper intervals the words, "IBY, IBY, IBY," and the like. He is so perfectly cured, that he has promised to bring another play upon the stage next winter.

A Lady of professed virtue, of the parish of St. James's, Westminster, who hath desired her name may be concealed, having taken offence at a phrase of double meaning in conversation, undisturbed by any other in the company, suddenly fell into a cold fit of modesty. Upon a right application of prais of her virtue, I threw the Lady into an agreeable waking dream, scalded the fermentation of her blood into a warm humanity, so as to make her look with patience on the very gentleman that offended.

Philicia, of the parish of St. Giles's in the fields, a coquette of long practice, was by the reperi-

mand of an old maiden reduced to look grave in company, and deny herself the play of the fan. In short, she was brought to such melancholy circumstances, that she would sometimes unawares fall into devotion at church. I advised her to take a few innocent freedoms with occasional kisses, prescribed her the exercise of the eyes, and immediately raised her to her former state of life. She on a sudden recovered her dimples, curled her fan, threw round her glances, and for these two Sundays last past has not once been seen in an attentive posture. This the church wardens are ready to attest upon oath.

Andrew Terror, of the middle Temple, monk, was almost induced by an aged benchor of the same house to leave off bright conversation, and pore over coke upon Littleton. He was so ill that his hat began to flap, and he was seen one day in the last term at Westminster-hall. This patient had quite lost his spirit of contradiction; I, by the distillation of a few of my vivifying drops in his ear, drew him from his lethargy, and restored him to his usual vivacious misunderstanding. He is at present very easy in his condition.

I will not dwell upon the recital of the innumerable cures I have performed within twenty days last past; but rather proceed to exhort all persons of whatever age, complexion or quality, to take as soon as possible of this my intellectual oil; which applied at the ear seizes all the senses with a most agreeable transport, and discovers its effects, not only to the satisfaction of the patient, but all who converse with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly infection. It is often administered by cham-

ber-maids, valets, or any the most ignorant domestic; it being one peculiar excellence of this my oil, that it is most prevalent, the more useful the person is, or appears who applies it. It is absolutely necessary for Ladies to take a dose of it just before they take coach to go a-visiting.

But I offend the public, as Horace said, when I trespass on any of your time. Give me leave when, Mr Ironside, to make you a present of a drachm or two of my oil: though I have cause to fear my prescriptions will not have the effect upon you I could wish; therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in my favour by the present of my oil, but wholly depend upon your public spirit and generosity, which I hope will recommend to the world the useful endeavours.

of your most obedient, most faithful, most devoted, most humble servant and admirer, G. GARRICK.

* * * Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad. N. B. I teach the arcana of my art at reasonable rates to gentlemen of the universities, who desire to be qualified for writing dedications; and to young lovers and fortune-hunters, to be paid at the day of marriage. I instruct persons of bright capacities to flatter others, and those of the meanest to flatter themselves. I was the first inventor of pocket looking-glasses. any way relate to him or her that receives kindly infection. It is often administered by chain.

No. 12. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25.

IMITATED.

You'd think an fool disown'd the former reign,
 Did not some grave examples yet remain,
 Who force a fool should watch his father's fall,
 And having once been wrong, will be so still. Pope.

WHEN a poem makes its first appearance in the world, I have always observed, that it gives employment to a greater number of critics, than any other kind of writing. Whether it be that most men, at some time of their lives, have tried their talent that way, and thereby think they have a right to judge; or whether they imagine that their making shrewd observations upon the polite arts, gives them a pretty figure; or whether there may not be some jealousy and caution in bestowing applause upon those who writ chiefly for fame. Whatever the reasons be, we find few discouraged by the delicacy and danger of such an undertaking.

I think it certain that most men are naturally not only capable of being pleased with that which raises agreeable pictures in the fancy, but willing also to own it. But then there are many, who, by false applications of some rules ill-understood, or out of deference to men whose opinions they value, have formed to themselves certain schemes and

systems of satisfaction, and will not be pleased out of their own way. These are not critics themselves, but readers of critics; who, without the labour of perusing authors, are able to give their characters in general; and know just as much of the several species of poetry, as those who read books of geography do of the genius of this or that people or nation. These gentlemen deliver their opinions tentatively, and in general terms; to which it being impossible readily to frame complete answers, they have often the satisfaction of leaving the board in triumph. As young persons, and particularly the ladies, are liable to be led astray by these tyrants in wit, I shall examine two or three of the many stratagems they use, and subjoin such precautions as may hinder candid readers from being deceived thereby. **W**hen I shall take notice of an objection commonly offered, viz. "That such a poem hath indeed some good lines in it, but it is not a regular piece." This for the most part is urged by those whose knowledge is drawn from some famous French critics, who have written upon the epic poem, the drama, and the great kinds of poetry, which cannot subsist without great regularity; but ought by no means to be required in odes, epistles, panegyrics, and the like, which naturally admit of greater liberties. The enthusiasm in odes, and the freedom of epistles, is rarely disputed; but I have often heard the poems upon public occasions written in heroic verse, which I choose to call panegyrics, severely censured upon this account; the reason whereof I cannot guess, unless it be that because they are written in the same kind of numbers and spirit as an epic poem, they ought therefore to have the same regularity. Now an epic poem con-

sisting chiefly in narration, it is necessary that the incidents should be related in the same order that they are supposed to have been transacted. But in works of the above-mentioned kind, there is no more reason that such order should be observed, than that an oration should be as methodical as a history. I think it sufficient that the great hints, suggested from the subject, be so disposed, that the first may naturally prepare the reader for what follows, and so on: and that their places cannot be changed without disadvantage to the whole. I will add further, that sometimes gentle deviations; sometimes bold and even abrupt digressions, where the dignity of the subject seems to give the impulse, are proofs of a noble genius; as winding about and returning artfully to the main design, are marks of address and dexterity.

Another artifice made use of by pretenders to criticism, is an insinuation, "That all that is good is borrowed from the ancients." This is very common in the mouths of pedants, and perhaps in their hearts too; but is often urged by men of no great learning, for reasons very obvious. Now nature being still the same, it is impossible for any modern writer to paint her otherwise than the ancients have done. If, for example, I was to describe the general's horse at the battle of Blenheim as my fancy represented such a noble beast, and that description should resemble what Virgil hath drawn for the horse of his Hero, it would be almost as ill-natured to urge that I had stolen my description from Virgil, as to reproach the Duke of Marlborough for fighting only like Æneas. All that the most exquisite judgment can perform is, out of that great variety of circumstances, wherein natural objects may be considered, to select the most beauti-

ful; and to place images in such views and lights, as will affect the fancy after the most delightful manner. But over and above a just painting of nature, a learned reader will find a new beauty superadded in a happy imitation of some famous ancient, as it revives in his mind the pleasure he took in his first reading such an author. Such copyings as these give that kind of double delight which we perceive when we look upon the children of a beautiful couple; where the eye is not more charmed with the symmetry of the parts, than the mind by observing the resemblance transmitted from parents to their offspring, and the mingled features of the father and mother. The phrases of Holy Writ, and allusions to several passages in the inspired writings, (though not produced as proofs of doctrine) add majesty and authority to the noblest discourses of the pulpit: in like manner, an imitation of the air of Homer and Virgil raises the dignity of modern poetry, and makes it appear stately and venerable.

The last observation I shall make at present is upon the disgust taken by those critics, who put on their clothes prettily, and dislike every thing that is not written with ease. I hereby, therefore, give the genteel part of the learned world to understand, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expressed in language suitable to it, is written with ease. There are some things which must be written with strength, which nevertheless are easy. The statue of the gladiator, though represented in such a posture as strains every muscle, is as easy as that of Venus; because the one expresses strength and fury as naturally as the other doth beauty and softness. The passions are sometimes to be roused, as well as the fancy to be en-

tertained : and the soul to be exalted and enlarged, as well as soothed. This often requires a raised figurative stile ; which readers of low apprehensions or soft and languid dispositions (having heard of the words, fustian and bombast) are apt to reject as stiff and affected language. But nature and reason appoint different garbs for different things ; and since I write this to the men of dress, I will ask them if a soldier who is to mount a breach, should be adorned like a beau, who is spruced up for a ball ?

N° 13. THURSDAY, MARCH 26.

ut Phidre et liberalitate liberis

Retinere, satius esse credo, quam metu."

Ter. Adelp. Act 1. Sc. 1.

I esteem it better to keep children in awe by a sense of shame, and a condescension to their inclinations, than by fear.

THE reader has had some account of the whole family of the Lizards, except the younger sons. These are the branches which ordinarily spread themselves, when they happen to be hopeful, into other houses, and new generations, as honourable, numerous, and wealthy, as those from whence they are derived. For this reason it is, that a very peculiar regard is to be had to their education.

Young men, when they are good for any thing, and left to their own inclinations, delight either in those accomplishments we call their exercise, in the sports of the field, or in letters. Mr Thomas, the second son, does not follow any of these with too

deep an attention, but took to each of them enough never to appear ungraceful or ignorant. This general inclination makes him the more agreeable, and saves him from the imputation of pedantry. His carriage is so easy, that he is acceptable to all with whom he converses; he generally falls in with the inclination of his company; is never assuming, or prefers himself to others. Thus he always gains favour without envy, and has every man's good wishes. It is remarkable, that from his birth to this day, though he is now four and twenty, I do not remember that he has ever had a debate with any of his play-fellows or friends.

His thoughts, and present applications, are to get into a court-life; for which, indeed, I cannot but think him peculiarly formed. For he has joined to this complacency of manners, a great natural sagacity, and can very well distinguish between things and appearances. That way of life, wherein all men are rivals, demands great circumspection to avoid controversies arising from different interests; but he who is by nature of a flexible temper has his work half done. I have been particularly pleased with his behaviour towards women; he has the skill, in their conversation, to converse with them as a man would with those from whom he might have expectations, but without making requests. I do not know that I ever heard him make what they call a compliment, or be particular in his address to any lady; and yet I never heard any woman speak of him but with a peculiar regard. I believe he has been often beloved, but know not that he was ever yet a lover. The great secret among them is to be amiable without design. He has a voluble speech, a vacant countenance, and easy action, which represents the fact which he is

relating with greater delight than it would have been to have been present at the transaction he recounts. For you see it not only your own way by the bare narration, but have the additional pleasure of his sense of it by this manner of representing it. There are mixed in his talk so many pleasant ironies, that things which deserve the severest language are made ridiculous instead of odious; and you see every thing in the most good-natured aspect it can bear. It is wonderfully entertaining to me to hear him so exquisitely pleasant, and never say an ill-natured thing. He is with all his acquaintance the person generally chosen to reconcile any difference, and if it be capable of accommodation, Tom Lizard is an unexceptionable Referee. It has happened to him more than once, that he has been employed by each opposite, in a private manner, to feel the pulse of the adversary; and when each has proposed the decision of the matter by any whom the other should name, he has taken hold of the occasion, and put on the authority assigned by them both, so seasonably, that they have begun a new correspondence with each other, fortified by his friendship to whom they both owe the value they have for one another, and consequently confer a greater measure of their good-will upon the interposer. I must repeat that, above all, my young man is excellent at raising the subject on which he speaks, and casting a light upon it more agreeable to his company, than they thought the subject was capable of. He avoids all emotion and violence; and never is warm but on an affectionate occasion. Gentleness is what peculiarly distinguishes him from other men, and it runs through all his words and actions.

Mr William, the next brother, is not of this

smooth make, nor so ready to accommodate himself to the humours and inclinations of other men, but to weigh what passes with some severity. He is ever searching into the first springs and causes of any action or circumstance, insomuch, that if it were not to be expected that experience and conversation would allay that humour, it must inevitably turn him to ridicule. But it is not proper to break in upon an inquisitive temper, that is of use to him in the way of life which he proposes to himself, to wit, the study of the law, and the endeavour to arrive at a faculty in pleading. I have been very careful to kill in him any pretensions to follow men already eminent; any farther than as their success is an encouragement; but make it my endeavour to cherish, in the principal and first place, his eager pursuit of solid knowledge in his profession: for I think that clear conception will produce clear expression, and clear expression proper action: I never saw a man speak very well, where I could not apparently observe this, and it shall be a maxim with me, till I see an instance to the contrary. When young and unexperienced men take any particular person for their pattern, they are apt to imitate them in such things, to which their want of knowledge makes them attribute success, and not to the real causes of it. Thus one may have an air, which proceeds from a just sufficiency and knowledge of the matter before him, which may naturally produce some motion of his head and body, which might become the bench better than the bar. How painfully wrong would this be in a youth at his first appearance, when it is not well even for the serjeant of the greatest weight and dignity. But I will, at this time, with an hint only of his way of life, leave Mr William at his study in the Temple.

The youngest son, Mr John, is now in the twentieth year of his age, and has had the good fortune and honour to be chosen last election fellow of All-Souls college in Oxford. He is very graceful in his person; has height, strength, vigour, and a sort of love, which people at first sight observe is ripening into esteem. He has a sublime vein in poetry, and a warm manner in recommending, either in speech or writing, whatever he has earnestly at heart. This excellent young man has devoted himself to the service of his Creator; and with an aptitude to every agreeable quality, and every happy talent, that could make a man shine in a court, or command in a camp, he is resolved to go into holy orders. He is inspired with a true sense of that function, when chosen from a regard to the interests of piety and virtue, and a scorn of whatever men call great in a transitory being, when it comes in competition with what is unchangeable and eternal. Whatever men would undertake from a passion to glory, whatever they would do for the service of their country, this youth has a mind prepared to atchieve for the salvation of souls. What gives me great hopes that he will one day make an extraordinary figure in the Christian world, is, that his invention, his memory, judgment and imagination, are always employed in this one view; and I do not doubt but in my future PRECAUTIONS to present the youth of this age with more agreeable narrations, compiled by this young man on the subject of heroic piety, than any they can meet with in the legends of love and honour.

N^o 14. FRIDAY, MARCH 27.

"Nec secl, qua sit iter, nec si sciat imperet."

Ovid. Met. l. 2. v. 170.

Nor did he know

Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;

Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.

To the GUARDIAN:

SIR,

YOU having in your first paper declared, among other things, that you will publish whatever you think may conduce to the advancement of the conversation of gentlemen, I cannot but hope you will give my young masters, when I have told you their age, condition, and how they lead their lives, and who, though I say it, are as docile as any youths in Europe, a lesson which they very much want, to restrain them from the infection of bad company, and squandering away their time in idle and unworthy pursuits. A word from you, I am very well assured, will prevail more with them than any remonstrances they will meet with at home. The eldest is now about seventeen years of age, and the younger fifteen, born of noble parentage, and to plentiful fortunes. They have a very good father and mother, and also a governor, but come very seldom (except against their will) in the sight of any of them. That which I observe they have most relish to, is horses and cock-fighting, which they too well understand, being almost positive at first sight to tell you which

horse will win the match, and which cock the battle; and if you are of another opinion, will lay you what you please on their own, and it is odds but you lose. What I fear to be the greatest prejudice to them, is their keeping much closer to their horses heels than their books, and conversing more with their stablemen and laqueys than with their relations and gentlemen; and I apprehend, are at this time better skilled how to hold the reins, and drive a coach, than to translate a verse in Virgil or Horace. For the other day taking a walk abroad, they met accidentally in the fields with two young ladies, whose conversation they were very much pleased with, and being desirous to ingratiate themselves further into their favour, prevailed with them, though they had never seen them before in their lives, to take the air in a coach of their father's which waited for them at the end of Gray's-Inn-Lane. The youths ran with the wings of love, and ordered the coachman to wait at the town's end till they came back. One of our young gentlemen got up before, and the other behind, to act the parts they had long, by the direction and example of their comrades, taken much pains to qualify themselves for, and so galloped off. What these mean entertainments will end in, it is impossible to foresee; but a PRECAUTION upon that subject might prevent very great calamities in a very worthy family, who take in your papers, and might perhaps be alarmed at what you lay before them upon this subject.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T. S.

To the GUARDIAN.

S^r.

I WRIT to you on the 21st of this month, which you did not think fit to take notice of; it gives me the greater trouble that you did not, because I am confident the father of the young lads, whom I mentioned, would have considered how far what was said in my letter concerned himself; upon which it is now too late to reflect. His ingenious son, the coachman, aged seventeen years, has since that time run away with, and married one of the girls I spoke of in my last. The manner of carrying on the intrigue, as I have picked it out of the younger brother, who is almost sixteen, still a bachelor, was as follows. One of the young women whom they met in the fields seemed very much taken with my master the elder son, and was prevailed with to go into a cake-house not far off the town. The girl it seems acted her part so well, as to enamour the boy, and make him inquisitive into her place of abode, with all other questions which were necessary toward further intimacy. The matter was so managed, that the lad was made to believe there was no possibility of conversing with her, by reason of a very severe mother, but with the utmost caution. What, it seems, made the mother, forsooth, the more suspicious was, that because the men said her daughter was pretty, somebody or other would persuade her to marry while she was too young to know how to govern a family. But what I can learn from pretences as shallow as this, she appeared so far from having a design upon her lover, that it seemed impracticable to

him to get her, except it were carried on with much secrecy and skill. Many were the interviews; these, however, had an hour and twenty hours time: for it was managed by the mother, that he should come in and out as unobserved by her, and the girl be called in every other instant into the next room, and rated that she could not stay in a place in his hearing. The young gentleman, it was said, so much in love, as to be thought by his father engaged far enough to put it to the measure, that he could not live without her. It was now time for the mother to appear, who surprised the lovers together in private, and banished the youth from her house. What is not in the power of love, the charioteer, attended by his faithful friend, the younger brother, got out the other morning a little earlier than ordinary, and having made a sudden friendship with a lad of their own age by the force of ten shillings, who drove an hackney coach, the elder brother took his post in the coach-box, where he could act with a great deal of skill and dexterity, and waited at the corner of the street where his mistress lived, in hopes of carrying her off under that disguise. The whole day was spent in expectation of an opportunity; but in many parts of it he had kind looks from a distant window, which was answered by a brandish of his whip, and a compass taken to drive round and show his activity, and readiness to convey her where she should command him. Upon the approach of the evening, a note was thrown into his coach by a porter, to acquaint him that his mistress and her mother should take coach exactly at seven o'clock; but that the mother was to be set down, and the daughter to go further, and call again. The happy minute came

at last, when our hack had the happiness to take
 in his expected fare, attended by her mother, and
 the young lady with whom he had first met her.
 The mother was set down in the Strand, and her
 daughter ordered to call on her when she came
 from her cousin's an hour afterwards. The mo-
 ther was not so unskilful as not to have instructed
 her daughter whom to send for, and how to be-
 have herself when her lover should urge her con-
 sent. We yet know no further particulars, but
 that my young master was married that night at
 Knightsbridge, in the presence of his brother and
 two or three other persons; and that just before
 the ceremony he took his brother aside, and asked
 him to marry the other young woman. Now,
 Sir, I will not harangue upon this adventure, but
 only observe, that if the education of this com-
 pound creature had been more careful as to his
 rational part, the animal life in him had not,
 perhaps, been so forward, but he might have
 waited longer before he was a husband. How-
 ever, as the whole town will in a day or two
 know the names, persons and other circumstances,
 I think this properly lyes before your guardian-
 ship to consider for the admonition of others;
 but my young master's fate is irrevocable.

I am,

Sir,

your most humble servant.

Vol. I.

G

18
No. 10, Saturday, March 23, 1890

order to write early, it is necessary to find place
to be added to (and not a plain sheet of paper).
Add a small note, and how to write as well.
All men will try, and hope to write as well.
As there is an early men, and call them peculiarly
that is opposed to what is called of "Aristotle".
Hic. Ars Poet. v. 300.

I CAME yesterday into the parlour, where I found Mrs. Cornelia, my lady's third daughter, all alone, reading a paper, which, as I afterwards found, contained a copy of verses upon love and friendship. She, I believe, apprehended that I had glanced my eye upon the paper, and by the order and disposition of the lines might distinguish that they were poetry; and therefore, with an innocent confusion in her face, she told me I might read them if I pleased, and so withdrew. By the hand at first sight, I could not guess whether they came from a boy or a lady, but having put on my spectacles, and perused them carefully, I found by some peculiar modes in spelling, and a certain negligence in grammar, that it was a female sonnet. I have since learned, that she hath a correspondent in the country who is as bookish as herself; that they write to one another by the names of Althea and Dorinda, and are mightily admired for their early lines. As I should be loth to have a poetess in our family, and yet am unwilling harshly to cross the bent of a young lady's genius, I chose rather to throw together some thoughts upon that kind of poetry which is distinguished by the name of Easy, than to risk the fame of Mrs. Cornelia's friend, by exposing her work to public view.

I have said in a foregoing paper, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expressed in a language suitable to it, is written with ease: which I offered in answer to those who ask for ease in all kinds of poetry; and it is so far true, as it states the notion of easy writing in general, as that is opposed to what is forced or affected. But as there is an easy man, and easy dress, peculiarly so called; so there is an easy sort of poetry. In order to write easily, it is necessary in the first place to think easily. Now, according to different subjects, men think differently: anger, fury, and the rough passions, awaken strong thoughts: glory, grandeur, power, raise great thoughts: love, melancholy, solitude, and whatever gently touches the soul, inspire easy thoughts.

Of the thoughts suggested by these gentle subjects, there are some which may be let off by stile and ornament: Others there are, which the more simply they are conceived, and the more clearly they are expressed, give the soul proportionably the more pleasing emotions. The figures of stile added to them serve only to hide a beauty, however gracefully they are put on, and are thrown away like paint upon a fine complexion. But here not only liveliness of fancy is requisite to exhibit a great variety of images; but also niceness of judgment to cull out those which, without the advantage of foreign art, will shine by their own intrinsic beauty. By these means, whatsoever seems to demand labour being rejected, that only which appears to be easy and natural will come in: and so art will be hid by art, which is the perfection of easy writing. I will suppose an author to be really possessed with the passion which he writes upon, and then we shall see how he would acquit himself. This I

take to be the safest way to form a judgment of him: since if he be not truly moved, he must at least work up his imagination as near as possible to resembling reality. I shall to instance in love, which is observed to have produced the most finished performances in this kind. A lover will be full of sincerity, that he may be believed by his mistress: he will therefore think simply; he will express himself perspicuously, that he may not perplex her: he will therefore write unaffectedly. Deep reflections are made by a head undisturbed; and points of wit and fancy are the work of an heart at ease: These two dangers then, into which poets are apt to run, are effectually removed out of the lover's way. The selecting proper circumstances, and placing them in agreeable lights, are the finest secrets of all poetry; but the recollection of little circumstances is the lover's sole meditation, and relating them pleasantly, the business of his life. Accordingly we find that the most celebrated authors of this rank excel in love-verses. Out of ten thousand instances I shall name one, which I think the most delicate and tender I ever saw.

To myself I sigh often, without knowing why;

"And when absent from Phyllis, methinks I could die."

A man who hath ever been in love will be touched at the reading of these lines; and every one, who now feels that passion, actually feels that they are true.

From what I have advanced it appears how difficult it is to write easily. But when easy writings fall into the hand of an ordinary reader, they appear to him so natural and unlaboured, that he immediately resolves to write, and fancies that all he hath to do is to take no pains. Thus he thinks

indeed empty, but the thoughts, not being chosen with judgment, are not beautiful: He, it is true, expresses himself plainly, but hardly withal. Again, if a man of vivacity takes it in his head to write this way, what self-denial must he undergo, when bright points of wit occur to his fancy! How difficult will he find it to reject florid phrases, and pretty embellishments of style! To true it is, that simplicity of all things is the hardest to be copied, and easy to be acquired with the greatest labour. Our family knows very well how ill Lady Plaine looked, when she imitated Mrs. Jane in a plain black-suit. And, I remember, when Frank Courtly was saying the other day, that any man might write easily, I only asked him, if he thought it possible that Squire Hawthorn should ever come into a room as he did! He made me a very handsome bow, and answered with a smile, Mr. Troubridge, you have convinced me.

I shall conclude this paper by observing, that Pastoral poetry, which is the most considerable kind of easy writing, hath the oftenest been attempted with ill success of any sort whatsoever. I shall therefore, in a little time, communicate my thoughts upon that subject to the public.

A man who hath ever been in love will be touched at the reading of these lines: and every one, who now feels that passion, actually feels that they are true. From what I have advanced it appears how difficult it is to write easily. But when easy writings fall into the hand of an ordinary reader, they appear to him as natural and unlaboured, that he immediately resolves to write, and fancies that he hath to do a thing which is not so difficult as it is.

and even it should be my fortune to have
poetical lover. The Gentleman continued;
accordingly Mrs Annabella the very next morning
when she was alone, she read the following
poem which she had received from a friend of hers.

No 101. MONDAY, MARCH 30.

"No forte pudori

"Sic tibi musa licet fides, et cetera."

Hor. Art. Poet. v. 496

Must not to patronize the muse's skill.

TWO mornings ago a gentleman came in to
my Lady Lizard's table, who is distin-
guished in town by the good taste he is known to
have in polite writings, especially such as relate to
love and gallantry. The figure of the man had
something odd and pretentious in it, though his air
and manner were genteel and easy, and his wit
agreeable. The ladies in company to him,
turned the discourse to poetry. This soon gave
him an occasion of producing two new songs to the
company; which, he said, he would venture to
recommend as complete performances. The first,
continued he, is by a Gentleman of an unriyal'd
reputation in every kind of writing; and the second
by a Lady who does me the honour to be in love
with me, because I am not handsome. Mrs Anna-
bella upon this (who never lets slip an occasion of
doing sprightly things) gives a twitch to the paper
with a finger and a thumb, and snatches it out of
the gentleman's hands: then casting her eye over
it with a seeming impatience, she read us the songs;
and in a very obliging manner, desired the Gentle-
man would let her have a copy of them, together
with his judgement upon songs in general: that I
may be able, said she, to judge of gallantries of this

nature, if ever it should be my fortune to have a poetical lover. The Gentleman complied; and accordingly Mrs Annabella the very next morning, when she was at her toilet, had the following packet delivered to her by a spruce valet de chambre.

The First SONG

ON Belvidera's bosom lying,
Whining, panting, sighing, dying,

With unavailing pray'rs I sue,
You first have taught me how to love.
An' though I never shall be true,
Yet I'll be true to you alone.
For I have found, that in your arms,
I find the bliss I never found before.
And though I know, that I am but a worm,
Yet I'll be true to you, my dear.
If I be true, you shall be true,
And I'll be true to you, my dear.
You quickly would forget to love,
If I were not, my dear, my dear.

The Second SONG

BEST not, my dear, my dear,
To please my partial eyes,
The charms that I have seen before,
And her who has been true to me.
With me, because I am not true,
You shall be true to me, my dear.
Doing things, which I have never done,
With a finger and a thumb,
Perhaps, my dear, you will be true,
In conduct I do trust.
And in a way, which I have never seen,
You shall be true to me, my dear.
I'll be true to you, my dear, my dear,
And you shall be true to me, my dear.

positions. It is true, they do not require an elaborate action of thought, and they are not an extensive demand upon the powers of the mind. When I no more admit an exact parity of wit, with one of the greater works of genius and of polished diction; but a long list of it is not to be considered as a long list of it. The most perfect of the whole value of it is, like a jewel, taken from the mine, and the most perfect of the whole value of it is, like a jewel, taken from the mine. To let you see, how absolute your commands are over me, and to convince you of the opinion I have of your goodness, I mean, without any preamble of compliments, give you my thoughts upon Song-writing, in the same order as they have occurred to me. Only allow me, in my own defence, to say, that I do not remember ever to have met with any piece of criticism upon this subject, so that if I err, or seem singular in my opinions, you will be the more at liberty to differ from them, since I do not pretend to support them by any authority. In all ages, and in every nation where poetry has been in fashion, the tribe of sonneteers hath been very numerous. Every pert young fellow that has a moving fancy, and the least glimpse of verse in his head, sets up for a writer of songs, and resolves to immortalize his bottle or his mistress. What a world of inferior productions in this kind have we been pestered with since the revolution, to go no higher! This, no doubt, proceeds in a great measure from not forming a right judgment of the nature of these little com-

positions. It is true, they do not require an elevation of thought, nor any extraordinary capacity, nor an extensive knowledge; but then they demand great regularity, and the strictest fidelity; an exact purity of stile, with the most easy and flowing numbers; an elegant and unaffected turn of wit, with one uniform and simple design. Greater works cannot well be without some inequalities and oversight, and they are in them pardonable; but a song loses all its lustre if it be not polished with the greatest accuracy. The smallest blemish in it, like a flaw in a jewel, takes off the whole value of it. A song is, as it were, a little image in enamel, that requires all the nice touches of the pencil, a gloss and a smoothness, with those delicate finishing strokes, which would be superfluous and thrown away upon larger figures, where the strength and boldness of a masterly hand gives all the grace.

Since you may have recourse to the French and English translations, you will not accuse me of pedantry, when I tell you that Sappho, Anacreon, and Horace in some of his shorter Lyrics, are the completest models for little odes or sonnets. You will find them generally pursuing a single thought in their songs, which is driven to a point, without those interruptions and deviations so frequent in the modern writers of this order. To do justice to the French, there is no living language that abounds so much in good songs. The genius of the people, and the idiom of their tongue, seems adapted to compositions of this sort. Our writers generally crowd into one long material enough for several; and so they starve every thought, by endeavouring to nurse up more than one at a time. They give

to you a string of imperfect sonnets, instead of the finished pieces, which is a fault Mr. Waller (whose beauties cannot be too much admired) sometimes falls into. But, of all our countrymen, none are more defective in their songs, through a redundancy of wit, than Dr. Donne, and Mr. Cowley. In them, one point of wit flashes so full upon another, that the reader's attention is dazzled by the continual sparkling of their imagination; you find a new delight started almost in every line, and you come to the end without the satisfaction of seeing any one of them executed.

A song should be conducted like an epigram; and the only difference between them is, that one does not require the lyric numbers, and is usually employed upon satirical occasions; whereas the business of the other, for the most part, is to express, (as my Lord Roscommon translates it from Horace)

Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine.

I shall conclude what I have to say upon this subject, by observing, that the French do very often confound the song and the epigram, and take the one reciprocally for the other. An instance of which I shall give you in a remarkable epigram which passes current abroad for an excellent song.

*Tu pailles mal partout de moi,
Je dis du bien par tout de toi;
Quel malheur est le nôtre!
L'on ne croit ni l'un ni l'autre.*

For the satisfaction of such of your friends as may not understand the original, I shall venture to translate it after my fashion, so as to keep

strictly to the turn of thought, at the expense of losing something in the poetry and verbiage. But, I am not at all sure that the world believes nor one nor another. Thus, Madam, I have endeavoured to comply with your commands, not out of vanity or ostentation, but out of an earnest desire of being thought, upon all occasions, your most obedient servant.

A long, I should be ashamed to say, a long letter.

No. 17. TUESDAY, MARCH 21.

Minimorumque libidine perant.

Loss is the smallest sin they owe.

It is not possible to bear up against the force of ridicule, which fashion has brought upon people for acknowledging a veneration for the most sacred things; a man might say that the time we now are in is set apart for humiliation; and all our actions should at present more particularly tend that way. I remember about thirty years ago an eminent divine, who was also most exactly well-bred, told his congregation at Whitehall, that if they did not vouchsafe to give their lives a new turn, they must certainly go to a place which he did not think fit to name in that courtly assembly. It is with me as with that gentleman; I would if possible translate it after my fashion to us to keep

Viz, Lent.

lible, represent the errors of life, especially those arising from what we call gallantry, in such a manner as the people of pleasure may read him. In this case I must not be rough to gentlemen and ladies, but speak of sin as a gentleman. It might not perhaps be amiss, if therefore I should call my present *Panegyric* *A Criticism upon Prostitution*, and by representing the unjust taste they have who affect that way of pleasure, bring a distaste upon it among all those who are judicious in their satisfactions. I will be bold then to lay it down for a rule, That he who follows this kind of gratification, gives up much greater delight in pursuing it, than he can possibly enjoy from it. As to the common women and the Jews, there is no one but will allow this assertion at first sight: but if it will appear, that they who deal with those of the sex who are less profligate, descend to greater basenesses than if they frequented brothels, it should, methinks, bring this iniquity under some discountenance. The rake who, without sense of character or decency, wallows and ranges in common houses, is guilty no farther than of prostituting himself, and exposing his health to diseases; but the man of gallantry cannot pursue his pleasures without treachery to some man he ought to love, and making despicable the woman he admires. To live in a continual deceit; to reflect upon the dishonour you do some husband, father, or brother, who does not deserve this of you, and whom you would destroy did you know they did the like towards you, are circumstances which pall the appetite, and give a mix of any sense of honour very painful mortification. What more need be said against a gentleman's delight, than that he himself thinks himself a base man in pursuing it? when it

up store for them: but I have better hopes of those who have not yet raised the disposition and advantage of a good education and fortune: they may be assured, that whoever wholly gives themselves up to lust, will find in the last hour they are guilty of. They are not only guilty, but they are also guilty of an irreconcilable hatred to those they have injured, mean shifts to cover their offences, envy and malice to the innocent, and a general satisfaction of all that is good-natured or praise-worthy when it interrupts them, will possess all their faculties, and make them utter strangers to the noble pleasures which flow from honour and virtue. Happy are they, who from the visitation of sickness, or any other accident, are awakened from a course which leads to an insensibility of the greatest enjoyments in human life.

A French author, giving an account of a very agreeable man, in whose character he mingles good qualities and infirmities, rather than vices or virtues, tells the following story:—
 "Our knight," says he, "was pretty much addicted to the most fashionable of all faults. He had a loose regard for a lacquey, not a dale in his favour, though he had no other name for him when he spoke of him but 'the rascal,' for to him, but Sirrah. One morning when he was dressing, Sirrah, says he, be sure you bring home this evening a pretty wench. The fellow was a person of diligence and capacity, and had for some time addressed himself to a decayed old gentlewoman, who had a young maiden to her daughter, beautiful as an angel, not yet sixteen years of age. The mother's extreme poverty, and the insinuations of this artful lacquey, concerning the lost disposition and generosity of his

master, made her consent to deliver up her
 daughters. But many were the intreaties and re-
 presentations of the mother to gain her child's
 consent to the action, which she said she abhor-
 red; as the same time she exhorted her to it; but
 child, says she, can you see your mother die for
 hunger? The virgin argued no longer, but burst-
 ing into tears, said she would go any where.
 The lacquy conveyed her with great obsequious-
 ness and secrecy to his master's lodging, and
 placed her in a commodious apartment till he
 came home. The knight, who knew his man,
 never failed of bringing in his prey, indulged
 his genius at a banquet, and was in high hu-
 mour at an entertainment with ladies, expecting
 to be received in the evening by one as agree-
 able as the best of them. When he came home,
 his lacquy met him with a saucy and joyful fa-
 miliarity, crying out, she is as handsome as an an-
 gel; (for there is no other simile on these occa-
 sions) but the tender fool has wept till her eyes
 are swelled and bloated; for she is a maid, and a
 gentlewoman. With that he conducted his
 master to the room where she was, and retired.
 The knight, when he saw her bathed in tears,
 said in some surprise, do not you know, young
 woman, why you are brought hither? The un-
 happy maid fell on her knees, and with many
 interruptions of sighs and tears, said to him, I
 know, alas! too well, why I am brought hither;
 my mother, to get bread for her and myself, has
 sent me to do what you pleased; but would it
 would please heaven I could die before I am
 added to the number of those miserable wretches
 who live without honour! With this reflection
 she wept anew, and beat her bosom. The knight

Waking back from her, said I am not so abandon-
 yed as to hurt your innocence against your will.
 If the novelty of the accident surpris'd him into
 toivide, and leaving the young maid with a
 blush, he led her to a relaxing house, to whose
 care he recommended her for that night. The
 next morning he sent for her mother, and asked
 her, if her daughter was a maid? The mother
 assured him, that when she delivered her to his
 servant, she was a stranger to him. Are not
 you then, replied the knight, a wicked woman
 to contrive the debauchery of your own child?
 She held down her face with fear and shame, and
 in her confusion uttered some broken words con-
 cerning her poverty. Far be it, said the gen-
 tleman, that you should relieve yourself from
 want by a much greater evil: your daughter is
 a fine young creature, do you know of none
 that ever spok'd of her for a wife? The mother
 answered, there is an honest man in our neigh-
 bourhood that loves her, who has often said he
 would marry her with two hundred pounds.
 The knight ordered his man to reckon out that
 sum, with an addition of fifty to buy the bride-
 clothes, and fifty more as a help to her mother.

I appeal to all the gallants in the town, whether
 possessing all the beauties in Great Britain could
 give half the pleasure as this young gentleman
 had in the reflection of having relieved a miserable
 parent from guilt and poverty, an innocent virgin
 from public shame, and bestowing a virtuous
 wife upon an honest man?

Tho' all men who are guilty this way have not
 fortunes or opportunities for making such atone-
 ments for their wices; yet all men may do what
 is certainly in their power at this good season.

and reflections, and meth with so many amusements and felicitates, as divert our thoughts from dwelling upon an evil, which, by reason of its seeming distance, makes but languid impressions upon the mind. But how distant soever that time of our death may be, since it is certain that we must die, it is necessary to allot some portions of our life to consider the end of it; and it is highly convenient to fix some stated times to meditate upon the final period of our existence here. The principle of self-love, as we are many will make us enquire, what is like to become of us after our dissolution and our conscience; as we are Christians, will inform us, that according to the good or evil of our actions here, we shall be translated to the mansions of eternal bliss or misery. When this is seriously weighed, we must think it madness to be unprepared against the black moment; but, when we reflect, that perhaps that black moment may be to-night, how watchful ought we to be.

I was wonderfully affected with a discourse I had lately with a clergyman of my acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect: "The consideration," said the good man, "that my being is precarious, moved me many years ago to make a resolution, which I have diligently kept, and to which I owe the greatest satisfaction that a mortal man can enjoy. Every night before I address myself in private to my Creator, I lay my hand upon my heart, and ask myself, whether if God should require my soul of me this night, I could hope for mercy from him? The bitter agonies I underwent in this my first acquaintance with myself, were so far from throwing me into despair of that mercy which is over all God's works, that they rather proved motives to greater circumspec-

"tion in my future conduct. The office of a
 "saint is to meditate on this kind of life
 "was my society; and by looking the thoughts of
 "death familiar, what was at first so terrible and
 "shocking is become the sweetest of my enjoyments.
 "These contemplations have indeed made me for a
 "but not fallen; nay, they are so far from having
 "soured my temper, that as I have a mind perfectly
 "composed, and a secret spring of joy in my heart, so
 "my conversation is pleasant, and my countenance
 "serene. I taste all the innocent satisfactions of life
 "pure and sincere; I have no share in pleasures that
 "leave a sting behind them, nor am I haunted with
 "that kind of mirth, in the midst of which there
 "is heaviness.

Of all the professions of men, a soldier's chiefly
 should put him upon this religious vigilance. His
 duty exposes him to such hazards, that the evil
 which to men in other stations may seem far distant,
 to him is instant, and ever before his eyes. The
 consideration, that what men in a martial life pur-
 chase, is gained with danger and labour, and must
 perhaps be parted with very speedily, is the cause
 of much licence and riot. As, moreover, it is neces-
 sary to keep up the spirits of those who are to en-
 counter the most terrible dangers, offences of this
 nature meet with great indulgence. But there is a
 courage better founded than this animal fury. The
 secret assurance, that all is right within, that if he
 falls in battle, he will the more speedily be crowned
 with true glory, will add strength to a warrior's
 arms, and intrepidity to his heart.

One of the most successful stratagema, whereby
 Mahomet became formidable, was the assurance that
 impostor gave his votaries, that whoever was slain in
 battle should be immediately conveyed to that luxu-

rious Paradise his wanton fancy had invented. The ancient Druids taught a doctrine which had the same effect, though with this difference from Mahomet's, That the souls of the slain should transmigrate into other bodies, and in them be rewarded according to the degrees of their merit; this is told by Lucan with his usual spirit.

You teach that souls, from fleshy chains unbound,
Seek not pale shades and Erebus profound;
But fleeing hence to other regions stray,
Once more to mix with animated clay;
Hence death's a gap (if men may trust the lore)
Twixt lives behind and ages yet before.
A blest mistake! which Fate's dread power disarms;
And spurs its votaries on to war's alarms;
Lavish of life, they rush with fierce delight
Amidst the legions, and provoke the fight;
O'er-matching death, and freely call away
That loan of life the gods are bound to pay.

Our gallant countryman, Sir Philip Sidney, was a noble example of courage and devotion. I am particularly pleased to find that he hath translated the whole book of Psalms into English verse. A friend of mine informs me, that he hath the manuscript by him, which is said, in the title, to have been done "By the most noble and virtuous Gent. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, Knight." They having been never printed, I shall present the public with one of them, which my correspondent assures me he hath faithfully transcribed, and wherein I have taken the liberty only to alter one word.

P S A L M CXXXVII.

NIGH seated where the river flows,
That water Babel's thankful plains,
Which then our tears, in pearly rows,
Did help to water with the rain:

world, so seized with the desire of being richer, that they shall startle at indifferent things, and live in a continual guard and watch over themselves from a remote fear of expence. No pious man can be so circumspect in the care of his conscience, as the covetous man is in that of his pocket.

If a man would preserve his own spirit, and his natural approbation of higher and more worthy pursuits, he could never fall into this littleness, but his mind would be still open to honour and virtue, in spite of infirmities and relapses. But what extremely discourages me in my *PARADOXES* as a GUARDIAN, is, that there is an universal defection from the admiration of virtue. Riches and outward splendour have taken up the place of it; and no man thinks he is mean, if he is not poor. But alas! this despicable spirit debases our very being, and makes our passions take a new turn from their natural bent.

It was a cause of great sorrow and melancholy to me some nights ago at a play, to see a crowd in the habits of the gentry of England stupid to the noblest sentiments we have. The circumstance happened in the scene of distress betwixt Piercy and Anna Bullen. One of the centinels who stood on the stage, to prevent the disorders which the most unmannerly race of young men that ever were seen in any age frequently raise in public assemblies, upon Piercy's beseeching to be heard, burst into tears; upon which the greatest part of the audience fell into a loud and ignorant laughter; which others, who were touched with the liberal compassion in the poor fellow, could hardly suppress by their clapping. But the man, without the least confusion or shame in his countenance for what had happened, wiped away the tears, and was still in-

sat upon the play. The distress full rising the soldier was so much moved, that he was obliged to turn his face from the audience, for their no small excitement. Pierry had the gallantry to take notice of his honest heart; and, as I am told, gave him a crown to help him in his affliction. It is certain this poor fellow, in his humble condition, had such a lively compassion as a soul unwedded to the world; were it otherwise, gay lights and dresses, with appearances of people of fashion and wealth, to which his fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his attention and admiration.

It is every thing that is praise-worthy, as well as pure religion, (according to a book too sacred for me to quote) to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction; and to keep himself unspotted from the world. Every step that a man makes beyond moderate and reasonable provision, is taking so much from the worthiness of his own spirit; and he that is entirely set upon making a fortune, is all that while undoing the man. He must grow deaf to the wretched, estrange himself from the agreeable, learn hardness of heart, disrelish every thing that is noble, and terminate all in his despicable self. Indulgence in any one immoderate desire or appetite engrodes the whole creature, and his life is sacrificed to that one desire or appetite; but how much otherwise is it with those that preserve alive in them something that adorns their condition, and shews the man, whether a prince or a beggar, above his fortune.

I have just now recorded a foot soldier for the politest man in a British audience, from the force of nature untainted with the singularity of an ill-applied education. A good spirit, that is

not abused, can add new glories to the highest state in the world, as well as give beauties to the meanest. I shall exemplify this by inserting a prayer of Harry the Fourth of France just before a battle, in which he obtained an entire victory.

O LORD of hosts, who canst see through the thickest veil and closest disguise, who viewest the bottom of my heart, and the deepest designs of my enemies, who hast in thy hands, as well as before thine eyes, all the events which concern human life, if thou knowest that my reign will promote thy glory and the safety of thy people, if thou knowest that I have no other ambition in my soul, but to advance the honour of thy holy name, and the good of this state, favour, O great God, the justice of my arms, and redress all the rebels to acknowledge him whom thy sacred decrees, and the order of a lawful succession, have made their sovereign; but if thy good providence has ordered it otherwise, and thou seest that I should prove one of those kings whom thou givest in thine anger, take from me, O merciful God, my life and my crown, make me this day a sacrifice to thy will, let my death end the calamities of France, and let my blood be the last that is spilt in this quarrel.

The king uttered this generous prayer in a voice, and with a countenance, that inspired all who heard and beheld him with like magnanimity: then turning to the squadron, at the head of which he designed to charge, 'My fellow soldiers,' said he, 'as you run my fortune, so do I yours; your safety consists in keeping well your ranks; but if the heat of the action should force you to disorder, think of nothing but rallying again; if you

lose the sight of your colours and standards, look round for the white plume in my beaver; you shall see it wherever you are, and it shall lead you to glory and to victory.

The magnanimity of this illustrious prince was supported by a firm reliance on Providence, which inspired him with a contempt of life, and an assurance of conquest. His generous scorn of royalty, but as it consisted with the service of God, and good of his people, is an instance, that the mind of man, when it is well disposed, is always above its condition, even though it be that of a monarch.

N^o 20. FRIDAY, APRIL 3.

Semper et infirmi est animi exiguae voluptas
 "Ultio" *For. Ser. 13. p. 189.*

*Revenge, which still we find,
 The weakest frailty of a feeble mind.* *Creach.*

ALL gallantry and fashion, one would imagine, should rise out of the religion and laws of that nation wherein they prevail; but alas! in this kingdom, gay characters, and those which lead in the pleasure and inclinations of the fashionable world, are such as are readiest to practise crimes the most abhorrent to nature, and contradictory to our faith. A Christian and a gentleman are made inconsistent appellations of the same person; you are not to expect eternal life, if you do not forgive injuries; and your mortal life is uncomfortable, if you are not ready to commit a murder in

resentment for an affront. For good sense as well as religion is so utterly banished the world, that men glory in their very passions, and pursue trifles with the utmost vengeance; so little do they know that to forgive is the most arduous pinch human nature can arrive at: a coward has often fought, a coward has often conquered; but a coward never forgave. The power of doing that flows from a strength of soul conscious of its own force; whence it draws a certain safety, which its enemy is not of consideration enough to interrupt: for it is peculiar in the make of a brave man to have his friends seem much above him, his enemies much below him.

Yet though the neglect of our enemies may, so intense a forgiveness as the love of them is not to be in the least accounted for by the force of constitution; but is a more spiritual and refined moral; introduced by him who died for those that persecuted him; yet very justly delivered to us, when we consider ourselves offenders, and to be forgiven on the reasonable terms of forgiving; for who can ask what he will not bestow? especially when that gift is attended with a redemption from the truest slavery to the most acceptable freedom: for when the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation; and they who profess a sweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate bliss of reconciliation: at such an instant the false ideas we received unravel, and the shadows, the distrust, the secret scorn, and all the base satisfactions men had in each others faults and deformities, are dispelled, and their souls appear in their native whiteness, without the least streak of that malice or distaste which sullied them: and perhaps this

very actions, which (when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always see things) were horrid and odious, when observed with honest and open eyes, are beautiful and ornamental.

But if men are averse to us in the most violent degree, and we can never bring them to an amicable temper, then indeed we are to exert an obstinate opposition to them; and never let the malice of our enemies have so effectual an advantage over us, as to escape our good will: for the neglected and despised tenets of religion are so generous, and in so transcendent and heroic a manner disposed for public good, that it is not in a man's power to avoid their influence; for the Christian is as much inclined to your service when your enemy, as the moral man when your friend.

But the followers of a crucified Saviour must root out of their hearts all sense that there is any thing great and noble in pride or haughtiness of spirit; yet it will be very difficult to fix that idea in our souls, except we can think as worthily of ourselves, when we practise the contrary virtues: we must learn and be convinced, that there is something sublime and heroic in true meekness and humility, for they arise from a great, not a grovelling idea of things; for as certainly as pride proceeds from a mean and narrow view of the little advantages about a man's self, so meekness is founded on the extended contemplation of the place we bear in the universe, and a just observation how little, how empty, how wavering are our deepest resolves and counsels. And as (to a well-taught mind) when you have laid an haughty and proud man, you have spoke a narrow conception, little spirit, and despicable carriage; so when you have said a man is meek and humble, you have acquaint-

ed us that such a person has arrived at the hardest task in the world, in an universal observation round him, to be quick to see his own faults, and other men's virtues, and at the height of pardoning every man sooner than himself; you have also given us to understand, that to treat him kindly, sincerely, and respectfully, is but a mere justice to him that is ready to do us the same offices. This temper of soul keeps us always awake to a just sense of things, teaches us that we are as well a kin to worth as to angels; and as nothing above them, so nothing below those. It keeps our understanding right about us, so that all things appear to us great or little, as they are in nature and the sight of Heaven, not as they are gilded or sullied by accident or fortune.

It were to be wished that all men of sense would think it worth their while to reflect upon the dignity of Christian virtues; it would possibly enlarge their souls into such a contempt of what fashion and prejudice have made honourable, that their duty, inclination and honour would tend the same way, and make all their lives an uniform act of religion and virtue.

As to the great catastrophe of this day, on which the Mediator of the world suffered the greatest indignities, and death itself, for the salvation of mankind, it would be worth gentlemen's consideration, whether from his example it would not be proper to kill all inclinations to revenge; and examine whether it would not be expedient to receive new notions of what is great and honourable.

This is necessary against the day wherein he who died ignominiously for us, shall descend from

† Good Friday.

"Heaven to be our judge, in majesty and glory." How will the man who shall die by the sword of pride and wrath, and in contention with his brother, appear before him, at whose presence nature shall be in an agony, and the great and glorious bodies of light be obscured; when the sun shall be darkened, the moon turned into blood, and all the powers of Heaven shaken; when the heavens themselves shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements dissolve with fervent heat; when the earth also, and all the works that are therein shall be burnt up?"

What may justly damp in our minds the diabolical madness, which prompts us to decide our petty animosities by the hazard of eternity, is, that in that one act the criminal does not only highly offend, but forces himself into the presence of his judge; that is certainly his case who dies in a duel. I cannot but repeat it, he that dies in a duel knowingly offends God, and in that very action rushes into his offended presence. Is it possible for the heart of man to conceive a more terrible image than that of a departed spirit in this condition? Could we but suppose it has just left its body, and struck with the terrible reflection, that to avoid the laughter of fools, and being the by-word of idiots, it has now precipitated itself into the din of demons, and the howlings of eternal despair; how willingly now would it suffer the imputation of fear and cowardice, to have one moment left not to tremble in vain!

The scriptures are full of pathetic and warm pictures of the condition of an happy or miserable futurity; and I am confident that the frequent reading of them would make the way to an happy eternity so agreeable and pleasant; that he who

perhaps he had the most regular and most governed imagination of any man that ever lived; and observed the greatest decorum in his characters and descriptions. But who can declare the great things of God; but he to whom God shall reveal them?

This observation was worthy a most polite man, and ought to be of authority with all who are such, so far as to examine whether he spoke that as a man of a just taste and judgment, or advanced it merely for the service of his doctrine as a clergyman.

I am very confident whoever reads the Gospels, with an heart as much prepared in favour of them as when he sits down to Virgil or Homer, will find no passage there which is not told with more natural force than any episode in either of those wits, which were the chief of mere mankind.

The last thing I read was the xxivth chapter of St. Luke, which gives an account of the manner in which our blessed Saviour, after his resurrection, joined with two disciples on the way to Emmaus as an ordinary traveller, and took the privilege as such to inquire of them what occasioned a sadness he observed in their countenances; or whether it was from any public cause? Their wonder that any man so near Jerusalem should be a stranger to what had passed there; their acknowledgment to one they met accidentally that they had believed in this prophet; and that now, the third day after his death, they were in doubt as to their pleasing hope, which occasioned the heaviness he took notice of, are all represented in a style which men of letters call "the great and noble simplicity." The attention of the disciples when he expounded the scriptures concerning himself, his offering to take his leave of them, their fondness of his stay, and the ma-

nifestation of the great guest whom they had entertained while he was yet at meat with them, and all incidents which wonderfully please the imagination of a Christian reader; and give to him something of that touch of mind which the brethren felt, when they said one to another, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?"

I am very far from pretending to treat these matters as they deserve; but I hope those gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and consider that I speak as a mere secular man, impartially considering the effect which the sacred writings will have upon the soul of an intelligent reader; and it is some argument, that a thing is the immediate work of God, when it so infinitely transcends all the labours of man. When I look upon Raphael's picture of our Saviour appearing to his disciples after his resurrection, I cannot but think the just disposition of that piece has in it the force of many volumes on the subject. The Evangelists are easily distinguished from the rest by a passionate zeal and love which the painter has thrown in their faces; the huddle group of those who stand most distant are admirable representations of men abashed with their late unbelief and hardness of heart. And such endeavours as this of Raphael, and of all men not called to the altar, are collateral helps not to be despised by the ministers of the gospel.

It is with this view that I presume upon subjects of this kind, and men may take up this paper, and be caught by an admonition under the disguise of a diversion.

All the arts and sciences ought to be employed

leave of the day, then, for the sake of the

in one confederacy against the prevailing torrent of vice and impiety; and it will be no small step in the progress of religion, if it is as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the best taste and best sense a man can have, who is cold to the beauty of holiness.

As for my part, when I have happened to attend the corpse of a friend to his interment, and have seen a graceful man at the entrance of a church-yard; who became the dignity of his function, and assumed an authority which is natural to truth, pronounced, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." I say, upon such an occasion, the retrospect upon past actions between the deceased whom I followed and myself, together with the many little circumstances that strike upon the soul, and alternately give grief and consolation, have vanished like a dream; and I have been relieved as by a voice from heaven, when the solemnity has proceeded, and after a long pause I again heard the servant of God utter, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another." How have I been raised above this world and all its regards, and how well prepared to receive the next sentence which the holy man has spoken. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

There are, I know, men of heavy temper without genius, who can read these expressions of scrip-

ture with as much indifference as they do the rest of these loose papers: however, I will not despair but to bring men of wit into a love and admiration of sacred writings; and old as I am, I promise myself to see the day when it shall be as much in fashion among men of politeness to admire a raprade of St. Paul, as any fine expression in Virgil or Horace; and to see a well-dressed young man produce an Evangelist out of his pocket, and be no more out of countenance than if it were a classic printed by Elsevier.

It is a gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by men of distinguished faculties, to praise and adore the author of their being with a spirit suitable to those faculties, and rouse slower men by their words, actions, and writings, to a participation of their transports and thanksgivings.

N^o 22. MONDAY, APRIL 6.

My heart desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life;
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.

PASTORAL poetry not only amuses the fancy the most delightfully, but is likewise more indebted to it than any other sort whatsoever. It transports us into a kind of Fairy-land, where our ears are soothed with the melody of birds,

bleating flocks, and purring streams; our eyes enchanted with flowery meadows and springing greens; we are laid under cool shades, and entertained with all the sweets and freshness of nature. It is a dream, it is a vision, which we wish may be real and we believe that it is true.

Mrs Cornelia Lizard's head was so far turned with these imaginations, when we were last in the country, that she lost her rest by listening to nightingales; she kept a pair of turtles cooking in her chamber, and had a tame lamb running after her up and down the house. I used all gentle methods to bring her to herself; as having had a design heretofore of turning shepherd myself, when I read Virgil or Theocritus at Oxford. But as my age and experience have armed me against any temptation to the pastoral life, I can now with the greater safety consider it; and shall lay down such rules, as those of my readers, who have the aforesaid design, ought to observe, if they would follow the steps of the shepherds and shepherdesses of ancient times.

In order to form a right judgment of Pastoral poetry, it will be necessary to call back our eyes on the first ages of the world. For since that way of life is not now in being, we must inquire into the manner of it when it actually did exist. Before mankind was formed into large societies, or cities were built, and commerce established, the wealth of the world consisted chiefly in flocks and herds. The tending of these, we find to have been the employment of the first princes, whose subjects were sheep and oxen, and their dominions the adjoining vales. As they lived in great affluence and ease, we may presume that they enjoyed such pleasures as that condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their

manner of life gave them vigour of body, and for
reason of mind. The abundance they were possessed
of secured them from avarice, ambition, or en-
vy; they could scarce have any anxiety or conten-
tiousness, which every one had more than he could tell
what to do with. Love indeed might occasion
some rivalries among them, because many lovers
found one object for the loss of which they will
be disturbed with no compensation. Otherwise it
was a state of ease, innocence, and contentment;
where plenty begot pleasure, and pleasure begot
singing, and singing begot poetry, and poetry be-
got pleasure again. Thus happy was the first race of men, but rude
withal and unsocialized. For before they could
make any considerable progress in arts and sci-
ences, the tranquillity of the rural life was destroyed
by turbulent and ambitious spirits, who, having
built cities, raised armies, and studied policies of
state, made rascals of the defenceless shepherds, and
rendered that which was before easy and unre-
strained, a mean, laborious, miserable condition.
Hence, if we consider the pastoral period before
learning, we shall find it unpolished; if after, we
shall find it unpleasant.

The use that I would make of this short review
of the country life shall be this: An author that
would amuse himself by writing pastorals, should
form in his fancy a rural scene of perfect ease and
tranquillity, where innocence, simplicity, and joy
abound. It is not enough that he writes about the
country; he must give us what is agreeable in that
scene, and hide what is wretched. It is indeed
commonly affirmed, that truth well painted will
certainly please the imagination; but it is some-
times convenient not to discover the whole truth.

but that part only, which is delightful. We most sometimes show only half an image to the fancy; which, if we display in a lively manner, the mind is so dexterously deluded, that it doth not readily perceive that the other half is concealed. Thus in writing pastorals, let the tranquillity of that life appear full and plain, but hide the miseries of it; represent its simplicity as clear as you please, but cover its misery. I would not hereby be so understood, as if I thought nothing that is wholesome or unpleasant should have a place in these writings; I only mean that this state of life, in general, should be supposed agreeable. But as there is no condition exempt from anxiety, I will allow shepherds to be afflicted with such misfortunes, as the loss of a favourite lamb, or a faithful mistress. He may, if you please, pick a thorn out of his foot; or vent his grief for losing the prize in dancing; but these being small torments, they recommend that state which only produces such trifling evils. Again, I would not seem so strict in my notions of innocence and simplicity, as to deny the use of a little railing, or the liberty of stealing a kid or a sheep-hook. For these are likewise such petty enormities, that we must think the country happy where these are the greatest transgressions.

When a reader is placed in such a scene as I have described, and introduced into such company as I have chosen, he gives himself up to the pleasing delusion; and since every one doth not know how it comes to pass, I will venture to tell him why he is pleased.

The first reason is, because all mankind love ease. Though ambition and avarice employ most mens thoughts, they are such uneasy habits, that we do not indulge them out of choice, but from some ne-

celicity, real or imaginary. We seek happiness, in which ease is the principal ingredient, and the end proposed in our most restless pursuits is tranquillity. We are therefore moved and delighted with the representation of it, and fancy we partake of the pleasure.

A second reason is our secret approbation of innocence and simplicity. Human nature is not so much depraved, as to hinder us from respecting goodness in others, though we ourselves want it. This is the reason why we are so much charmed with the pretty prattle of children, and even the expressions of pleasure or uneasiness in some part of the brute creation. They are without artifice or malice, and we love truth too well to resist the charms of sincerity.

A third reason is our love of the country. Health, tranquillity and pleasing objects are the growth of the country; and though men, for the general good of the world, are made to love populous cities, the country hath the greatest share in an uncorrupted heart. When we paint, describe, or any way indulge our fancy, the country is the scene which supplies us with the most lovely images. This state was that wherein God placed Adam when in Paradise; nor could all the fanciful wits of antiquity imagine any thing that could administer more exquisite delight in their Elysium.

No. 133. TUESDAY, APRIL 21. 1792.

From hence, Adonis took her flight, and the light of the sun, the points of her departing legs appear.

HAVING already conveyed my reader into the Fairy or Pastoral Land, and informed him what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead; I shall, in this day's paper, give him some marks whereby he may discover whether he is imposed upon by those who pretend to be of that country; or, in other words, what are the characteristics of a true Arcadian.

From the foregoing account of the Pastoral Life, we may discover that simplicity is necessary in the character of shepherds. Their minds must be supposed so rude and uncultivated, that nothing but what is plain and unaffected can come from them. Nevertheless we are not obliged to represent them dull and stupid, since fine spirits were undoubtedly in the world before arts were invented to polish and adorn them. We may therefore introduce shepherds with good sense, and even with wit, provided their manner of thinking be not too gallant or refined. For all men, both rude and polite, think and conceive things the same way (truth being eternally the same to all) though they express them very differently. For here lies the difference: men, who, by long study and experience

have reduced their ideas to certain classes, and consider the general nature of things abstracted from particulars, express their thoughts after a more concise, lively, surprising manner. Those who have little experience, or cannot abstract, deliver their sentiments in plain descriptions, by circumstances, and those observations which either strike upon the senses, or are the first motions of the mind. And though the former raises our admiration more, the latter gives more pleasure, and soothes us more naturally. Thus a courtly lover may say to his mistress:

"With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground hath prest!
Thou e'en from dungeons darkness canst exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude."

A shepherd will content himself to say the same thing more simply.

"Come, Rosalind, oh! come, for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me?"

Again, since shepherds are not allowed to make deep reflections, the address required is so to relate an action, that the circumstances put together shall cause the reader to reflect. Thus, by one delicate circumstance Corydon tells Alexis that he is the finest songster of the country.

"Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damonas gave;
And said, 'This, Corydon, I leave to thee.
For only thou deserv'st it after me.'"

As in another pastoral writer, after the same manner, a shepherd informs us how much his mistress likes him.

"As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay."

For the wanted thought, and should be able to find it out
 but not often stop'd, and often turn'd back, with you
 If ever a reflection be pardonable in Pastoral, it is
 where the thought is so obvious, that it seems to
 come daily to the mind; as in the following admir-
 able improvement of Virgil and Theocritus, dis-
 tinguish'd by the new, and yet so simple, and so
 "Fair is my flock, nor yet uncomely;
 If liquid fountain flatter not. And why
 Should liquid fountain flatter us, yet show
 The bounding swain a less beloved than they grow?"

A second characteristic of a true shepherd is sim-
 plicity of manners, or innocence. This is so ob-
 vious from what I have before advanced, that it
 would be but repetition to insist long upon it. I
 shall only remind the reader, that as the pastoral
 life is supposed to be where nature is not much de-
 praved, sincerity and truth will generally run thro'
 it. Some slight transgressions for the sake of va-
 riety may be admitted, which in effect will only
 serve to set off the simplicity of it in general. I
 cannot better illustrate this rule than by the fol-
 lowing example of a swain who found his mistress
 asleep.

"Once Delia slept on easy moss reclin'd,
 "Her lovely limbs half-bare, and rude the wind;
 "I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss;
 "As Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss."

A third sign of a swain is, that something of re-
 ligion, and even superstition, is part of his charac-
 ter. For we find that those who have lived easy
 lives in the country, and contemplate the works of
 nature, live in the greatest awe of their Author.
 Nor doth this humour prevail less now than of
 old: our peasants as sincerely believe the tales of
 goblins and fairies, as the heathens those of fauns,

metaphors and figures. He has not said the words of Virgil and Theocritus sprinkled with his hundred ravens, blasted oaks, witchcrafts, evil eyes, and the like. And I observe with great pleasure, that our English author of the pastoral, I have quoted hath pleased this secret with admirable judgment.

I will yet add another mark, which may be observed very often in the above named poem, which is agreeable to the character of simplicity, and nearly allied to superstition; I mean the use of proverbial sayings. I take the common similitudes in Pastoral to be of the proverbial order, which are so frequent, that it is needless and would be tiresome to quote them. I shall only take notice upon this head, that it is a nice piece of art to smile a proverb above the vulgar style, and still keep it easy and unaffected. Thus the old wish, "God rest his soul," is finely turned.

"Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherd's friend,
"Eternal blessings on his shade attend."

N^o 24. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8.

"Dicenda tacendaque calles?" *Pers. Sat. 3. v. 5.*

But, thou, so young,
Know when to speak, and when to hold thy tongue?

JACK LIZARD was about fifteen when he first entered in the university; and being a youth of a great deal of fire, and a more than ordinary application to his studies, it gave his conversation a very particular turn. He had too much

spirit to hold his tongue in company; but at the same time so little acquaintance with the world that he did not know how to talk like other people. After a year and half's stay at the university, he came down among us to pass away a month or two in the country. The first night after his arrival, as we were at supper, we were all of us very much improved by Jack's table-talk. He told us, upon the appearance of a dish of wild-fowl, that, according to the opinion of some natural philosophers, they might be lately come from the moon. Upon which the Sparkler bursting out into a laugh, he insulted her with several questions relating to the bigness and distance of the moon and stars; and after every interrogatory, would be winking upon me, and smiling at his sister's ignorance. Jack gained his point; for the mother was pleased, and all the servants stared at the learning of their young master. Jack was so encouraged at this success, that for the first week he dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jest with him to pinch one of his sister's lap-dogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the girls were sorting a set of knots, he would demonstrate to them that all the ribbons were of the same colour; or rather, says Jack, of no colour at all. My Lady Lizard herself, though she was not a little pleased with her son's improvements, was one day almost angry with him, for having accidentally burnt her fingers as she was lighting the lamp for her tea-pot, in the midst of her anguish, Jack laid hold of the opportunity to instruct her that there was no such thing as heat in fire. In short, no day passed over our heads, in which Jack did not imagine he made the whole family wiser than they were before.

That part of his conversation which gave him the most pain, was what passed among those country gentlemen that came to visit us. On such occasions Jack usually took upon him to be the mouth of the company, and thinking himself obliged to be very merry, would entertain them with many odd sayings and absurdities of their colleges. I found this fellow had made a very strong impression upon Jack's imagination, which he never considered, was not the case of the rest of the company. After many repeated trials, this fellow that his florid seldom made any body laugh but himself; and so I thought it best to leave him. I all this while looked upon Jack as a young tale shooting out into blossoms before its time; the redundancy of which, though it was a little unreasonable, seemed to foretel an uncommon fruitfulness; and I thought it best to leave him. In order to get out the vein of pedantry which ran through his conversation, I took him out with me one evening, and first of all instructed him in this rule, which I had myself learned from a very great author, "To think with the wise, but to talk with the vulgar." Jack's good sense soon made him reflect that he had exposed himself to the laughter of the ignorant by a contrary behaviour; upon which he told me, that he would take care for the future to keep his notions to himself, and converse in the common received sentiments of mankind. He at the same time desired me to give him any other rules of conversation which I thought might be for his improvement. I told him I would think of it; and accordingly, as I have a particular affection for the young, I gave him the next morning the following rules, to

writing, which may perhaps have contributed to make him the agreeable man he is now.

The faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word conversation, has always been represented by moral writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing so much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practise every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good breeding and discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the goodwill of those he converses with, because no body envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed what can we say? it would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to boast over our fancied virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how

many horses you keep in your stables, & of whether your servant is most knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engrossing all the talk, or observing a contemptuous silence.

Before you tell a story it may be generally not amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a true idea of the principal persons concerned in it: the beauty of most things consisting not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation; the reason is, that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that age itself shall make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more insupportable to men of sense, than an empty formal man who speaks in proverbs, and decides all controversies with a short sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not methinks an handsomer thing said of Mr Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great poet by his discourse: besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak

well; will often be thought no less knowing in what that tells, or where else he is, than in what he says. Women are frightened at the manner of argument, and are often convinced by the happy turn of witty expressions, than by demonstration. Show not, whenever you command, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the appearance of a man of sense from the stupidity of a clown, and admiration of good sense will always prevail. Ruffians are no longer agreeable when the whole company is pleased with the details, least of all be understood to except any person's ill manners.

Though good humour, sense, and distinction can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare yourself in particular manner for conversation, by looking a little farther than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning subject. If some armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our house of commons debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation, and history of the first, or of the reasons for and against the latter; and will have the same effect if when any single person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest incidents in his life or conversation, which though they are too fine for the observation of the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense, (as they are the best openings to a real character) than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know but one ill consequence to be feared from this method, namely, that coming full charged into company, you should resolve to unload whether an handsome opportunity offers itself or no.

Though the asking of questions may plead for

Itself the specious names of modesty, and a desire of information, it affords little pleasure to the rest of the company who are not troubled with the same doubts; besides which, he who asks a question would do well to consider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an answer.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in what they call speaking their minds. A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impossible for a man to form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humour and sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain sign of a superior genius, that can take and become whatever dress it pleases.

I shall only add, that besides what I have here said, there is something which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices; and your own observations added to these, will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse of another.

the worst of him, most glaring actions. I know he
will be surprised to be heard from this
Vol. II.

Vol. 1. The result of the most growing and one of the confidence to be derived from it, namely, that coming full charged into company, you should resolve to unload whether an opportunity offers itself or no.

trials to copy after a model, which I cannot help thinking far from complete.

As to the fidelity of the history, I have nothing to say. **THURSDAY, APRIL 9.**

position of it, and sometimes the choice of matter. I am apt to believe it will interest a little family to

grave, as well as being animated, short and clear, and so as

THE prevailing humour of crying up authors that have writ in the days of our forefathers, and of passing slightly over the merit of our contemporaries, is a grievance, that men of a free and unprejudiced thought have complained of through all ages in their writings.

I went home last night full of these reflections from a coffee-house, where a great many excellent writings were assigned, and as many very indifferent ones applauded more (as it seemed to me) upon the account of their date, than upon any intrinsic value or desert.

The conversation ended with great encomiums upon my Lord Verulam's History of Henry the VIIIth. The company were unanimous in their approbation of it. I was too well acquainted with the traditional vogue of that book throughout the whole nation, to venture my thoughts upon it. Neither would I now offer my judgment upon that work to the public, (so

great a veneration have I for the memory of a man whose writings are the glory of our nation) but that the authority of so leading a name may perpetuate a vicious taste amongst us, and betray future historians into beguile me I am obliged in my

riant to copy after a model, which I cannot help thinking far from complete.

As to the fidelity of the History, I have nothing to say; to examine it impartially in that view would require much pains and labour: but as to the composition of it, and sometimes the choice of matter, I am apt to believe it will appear a little faulty to an unprejudiced reader. A complete Historian should be endowed with the essential qualifications of a great poet. His style must be majestic and grave, as well as simple and unaffected; his narration should be animated, short and clear, and so as even to conquer the impatience of the reader, if possible. This can only be done by being very sparing and choice in words, by retrenching all told and superfluous circumstances in actions, and by dwelling upon such alone as are material, and fit to delight or instruct a serious mind. This is what we find in the great models of antiquity, and in a more particular manner in Livy, who is impossible to read without the warmest emotions. But my Lord Verulam on the contrary is ever in the tedious style of declaimers, using two words for one, even endeavouring to be witty, and as full of out-of-the-way similes as some of our old playwrights. He abounds in low phrases, beneath the dignity of History, and often condescends to style conceits and quibbles. His political reflections are frequently false, almost every where trivial and perverse. His whole manner of turning his thoughts is full of affectation and pedantry, and there appears throughout his whole work, more the air of a recluse scholar, than of a man versed in the world. After passing so free a censure upon a book which for these hundred years and upwards has met with the most universal approbation, I am obliged in my

own defence to transcribe some of the many passages I formerly collected for the use of my first charge Sir Marmaduke Lizard. It would be endless should I point out the frequent tautologies and circumlocutions that occur in every page, which do (as it were) fairly instead of condensing his thoughts and matter. It was, in all probability, his application to the law that gave him a habit of being so wordy; of which I shall put down two or three examples. That all records, wherein there was any memory or mention of the king's accidents, should be defaced, cancelled, and taken off the file—Directors secret and amiable lessons and notes, &c. to learn, teach, and discover all the circumstances and particulars. To assail, sap, and work into the constancy of Sir Robert Clifford.

I leave the following passages to every one's consideration, without making any farther remarks upon them.

He should be well enough able to scatter the Irish as a flight of birds, and rattle away this swarm of bees with their king. The rebels took their way towards York, &c. but their snowball did not gather as it went. So that (in a kind of misadventure of human fortune) he turned a brooch that had worn a crown; whereas fortune commonly doth not bring in a comedy or farce after a tragedy. The queen was crowned, &c. about two years after the marriage, like an old christening that had staid long for godfathers. Desirous to trouble the waters in Italy, that he might fish the better, casting the net not out of St Peter's, but out of Bergia's Bark. And therefore upon the first gram of incense that was sacrificed upon the altar of peace at Bulloigne, Perla was snuck'd away. This was the end of

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this little cockatrice of a King, that was able to
 destroy those that did not fear him. — It was
 observed that the great serpent, which arose
 from the East, and blew down the Golden Eagle
 from the tower of St. Paul's, and in the fall, it
 fell upon a sign of the Black Eagle, which was
 in Paul's church-yard, in the place where the
 school-house now standeth, and battered it, and
 broke it down, which was a strange flaming of
 a hawk upon a fowl. — The King began to find
 where his foe did wing him. — In whose bosom
 of budget most of Perkin's secrets were laid up. —
 One might know afar off where the owl was by
 the flight of birds. — Bold men, and circles of
 fame, and that took toll of their master's grief. —
 Euston and Dudley would have cut another
 chop out of him. — Peter Hialat, some call him
 Elias; surely he was the forerunner of a George
 Lionel, bishop of Concordia, was sent as man-
 cio, &c. but notwithstanding he had a good
 ominous name to have made a peace, nothing
 followed. — Taxing him for a great taxer of his
 people. — Not by proclamations, but by court-
 faxes, which commonly print better than printed
 proclamations. — Sir Edward Poyning's was en-
 forced to make a wild chase upon the Wild Irish
 — In sparing of blood by the bleeding of so much
 treasure. — And although his own case had both
 steel and parchment more than the others; that
 is to say, a conquest in the field, and an act of
 parliament. — That Pope, knowing that King
 Henry VI. was reputed in the world abroad, but
 for a simple man, was afraid it would but diminish
 the estimation of that kind of honour, if there
 were not a distance kept between innocents and
 saints.

Not to trouble my reader with any more instances of the like nature, I must observe that the whole work is ill-conducted, and the story of Perkin Warbeck (which should have been only like an episode in a poem) is spun out to near a third part of the book. The character of Henry VII. at the end, is rather an abstract of his history than a character. It is tedious, and diversified with so many particulars as confound the resemblance, and make it almost impossible for the reader to form any distinct idea of the person. It is not thus the ancients drew their characters: but in a few just and bold strokes gave you the distinguishing features of the mind. If I may be allowed the metaphor in so distinct a manner, and in so strong a light, that you grew intimate with your man immediately, and knew him from an hundred.

After all, it must be considered, in favour of my Lord Verulam, that he lived in an age wherein chaos and correct writing was not in fashion, and when pedantry was the mode even at court: so that it is no wonder if the prevalent humour of the times bore down his genius, though superior in force perhaps to any of our countrymen, that have either gone before or succeeded him.

"bright eyes, the fair sex, the charms, the air, and something to incense to be expected but with a sigh, that the creatures have utterly gone out of their very being, and there are no women in all the world. If they are not nymphs, the goddesses, graces, or goddesses, they are to a woman all of them the ladies. Get to a christening at any ally in the town, and at the meanest architect's and the word is, 'Well, who takes care of the ladies?' I have taken notice that even since the

W. Norton trouble my reader with any more instances of the like nature. I must observe that the whole work is ill-conducted, and the story of Perkin Warbeck (which should have been only the appendix in a paper) is spun out to make a third part of the book.

The character of Henry VIII. ascribed to him is rather an odd one, and his conduct is not what we should expect from a monarch. The story of the "Spanish Boy" is a very good one, and the story of the "Spanish Boy" is a very good one, and the story of the "Spanish Boy" is a very good one.

A healthy old fellow that is not a fool is the happiest creature living. It is a great privilege of life only men enjoy their faculties with pleasure and satisfaction. It is then we have nothing to envy, at the phrase is, we speak the downright truth, and whether the rest of the world will have the privilege or not, we have so little to ask of them that we can take it. I shall be very free with the women from this one consideration, and having nothing to desire of them, shall treat them as they stand in nature, and as they are adorned with virtue, and not as they are pleased to form and disguise themselves. A set of fops, from one generation to another, has made such a potter with "bright eyes, the fair sex, the charms, the air," and something so incapable to be expressed but with a sigh, that the creatures have utterly gone out of their very being, and there are no women in all the world. If they are not nymphs, shepherdesses, graces, or goddesses, they are to a woman all of them THE LADIES. Get to a christening at any alley in the town, and at the meanest artificer's, and the word is, "Well, who takes care of the ladies?" I have taken notice that ever since the

word Forsooth was banished for Madam, and
word Woman has been discarded for Lady. And
as there is now never a woman in England, I hope I
may talk of Women without offence to the Ladies.
What puts me in this present disposition to tell them
their own is, that in the holy week I very civilly
denied all delinquents in point of civility to make
some atonement for their freedom, by bestowing
a charity upon the miserable wretches who languish
in the Lock Hospital. But I find of very little
done in that matter; and I am informed, they are
pleased, instead of taking notice of my Precaution,
to call me an ill-bred old fellow, and say I do not
understand the world. It is not, it seems, within
the rules of good-breeding to tax the vices of people
of quality, and the commandments were made for
the vulgar. I am indeed informed of some obla-
tions sent into the house, but they are all come
from the servants of criminals or condition. A
poor chamber-maid has sent in ten shillings out
of her husband's money, to expiate her guilt of be-
ing in her mistress's secret; but says she dare not
ask her Ladyship for any thing, for she is not to
suppose that she is locked up with a young gentle-
man, in the absence of her husband, three hours
together, for any harm; but as my Lady is a per-
son of great sense, the girl does not know but that
they were reading some good book together; but
because she fears it may be otherwise, she has lent
her ten shillings for the guilt of concealing it. We
have a thimble from a country girl that owns she
has had dreams of a fine gentleman who comes to
their house, who gave her half-a-crown, and bid
her have a care of the men in this town; but she
thinks he does not mean what he says, and lends
the thimble, because she does not hate him as the

ought. The ten shillings, this thimble, and an
eccentric spoon from some other unknown person
are all the accompaniment which is made for the
body of up in London and Westminster. I have
computed that there is one in every three hundred
who is not chaste; and if that be a model computa-
tion, how great a number are those who make
no account of my admonition. It might be ex-
pected one or two of the two hundred and ninety-
nine honest might out of mere charity and com-
passion to iniquity, as it is a misfortune, have done
something upon to good a time as that wherein
they were solicited. But Major Crabtree, a stout
pot-companion of mine, says, the two hundred
ninety and nine are one way or other as little vir-
tuous as the three hundredth unchaste Woman. I
would say Lady. It is certain that we are infected
with a parcel of ill-humours, who are not capable of
being mothers of brave men, for the infant par-
takes of the temper and disposition of its mother.
We see the unaccountable effects which sudden
frights and longings have upon the offspring; and
it is not to be doubted, but the ordinary way of
thinking of the mother has its influence upon what
she bears about her nine months. Thus from the
want of care in this particular of chusing wives
you see men, after much care, labour, and study,
surprised with prodigious starts of ill-nature and
passion, that can be accounted for no other way but
from hence, that it grew upon them in embryo,
and the man was determined, surly, peevish, fro-
ward, sullen, or outrageous before he saw the
light. The last time I was in a public place I fell
in love by proxy for Sir Harry Lizard. The young
woman happens to be of quality; her father was a
gentleman of as noble a disposition, as any I ever

met with. The widow her mother, under whose wing she loves to appear, and to prove of use to a pattern to persons of condition. Good sense, heightened and exerted with good-breeding, is the parent's distinguishing character, and it would not get this young woman into our family, we think we have a much better purchase than others, who, without her good qualities, may bring into the house the greatest accession of riches. I sent Sir Harry by last night's post the following letter on the subject.

Dear Sir Harry,

ON our last parting, and as I had just mounted the little roan I am so fond of, you called me back, and when I stooped to you, you seized me by the hand, and with allusion to some pleasant discourses we had had a day or two before in the house, concerning the prudent mercantile way of contracting marriages, with a smile and a blush you bid me look upon some Women for you, and send word how they went. I did not see one to my mind till the last opportunity before Easter, I assure you I have been as busy as a bee, and I wish you were till you had other. Her height, her complexion, and every thing but her age, which is under twenty, are very much to my satisfaction; there is an ingenuousness in her eyes, which is to the mind what the bloom of youth is to the body; neither implies that there are virtuous habits and accomplishments already attained by the possessor, but they certainly shew an unprejudiced capacity towards them. As to the circumstance of this young woman's age, I am reconciled to her want of years, because she pretends to nothing above

When you do not see in her the odious forward-
 ness to know not what, as in the assured coun-
 tenances, naked bosoms, and confident glances of
 her contemporaries. I will vouch for her, that you will have her
 whole heart, if you can win it. She is in no far
 miliarities with the sops, her fan has never been
 yet out of her own hand, and her brother's fan
 is the only man's she ever looked in steadfastly.
 When I have gone thus far, and told you that
 I am very confident of her as to her virtue and
 education, I may speak a little freely to you, as
 you are a young man: There is a dignity in the
 young lady's beauty, when it shall become her to
 receive your friends with a good air, and affable
 countenance; when she is to represent that part
 of you, which you must delight in the frank and
 cheerful reception of your friends, her beauty
 will do as much honour to your table, as it will
 give you pleasure in your bed.
 It is no small instance of felicity to have a wo-
 man, from whose behaviour your friends are more
 endeared to you, and for whose sake your chil-
 dren are as much valued as for your own.
 It is not for me to celebrate the lovely bright-
 ness of her forehead, the soft pulp of her lips, onto
 describe the amiable profile which her fine hair,
 cheeks and neck made to the beholders that
 might but shall leave them to your own observa-
 tion when you come in town; which you may
 do at your leisure, and be time enough for there
 are many in town richer than her whom I re-
 commend.
 I am, Sir, As to me, I am your most obedient and
 most humble servant to

Nestor LAONIDE.

N^o 27. SATURDAY, APRIL 11.*Multa putant, fortissime animo miseratus iniquum.**Virg. Aen. 6. v. 332.*

Struck with compassion of so sad a state.

IN compassion to those gloomy mortals, who by their unbelief are rendered incapable of feeling those impressions of joy and hope, which the celebration of the late glorious festival * naturally leaves on the mind of a Christian, I shall in this paper endeavour to evince that there are grounds to expect a Future State, without supposing in the reader any faith at all, not even the belief of a diety. Let the most steadfast unbeliever open his eyes, and take a survey of the sensible world, and then say if there be not a connexion, and adjustment, and exact and constant order discoverable in all the parts of it. Whatever be the cause, the thing itself is evident to all our faculties. Look into the animal system, the passions, senses, and locomotive powers: is not the like contrivance and propriety observable in these too? Are they not fitted to certain ends, and are they not by nature directed to proper objects?

Is it possible then that the smallest bodies should, by a management superior to the wit of man, be disposed in the most excellent manner agreeable to their respective natures; and yet the spirits or souls of men be neglected, or managed by such rules as fall short of man's understanding? Shall every

* *Viz. Easter.*

1 to this time, that they who had lived virtuously
 2 and piously upon earth, should after death enjoy
 3 a life full of happiness; in certain islands appointed
 4 for the habitation of the blessed: but that such as
 5 had lived wickedly, should go into the receptacles
 6 of damned souls, named Tartarus, there to suffer
 7 the punishment they deserved. But in all the
 8 reign of Saturn, and in the beginning of the
 9 reign of Jove, living judges were appointed,
 10 by whom each person was judged in his life-time
 11 in the same day on which he was to die. The
 12 consequence of which was, that they often pas-
 13 sed wrong judgments. Pluto, therefore, who pre-
 14 sided in Tartarus, and the guardians of the blef-
 15 sed islands, finding that on the other side many
 16 unjust persons were sent to their respective domi-
 17 nions, complained to Jove, who promised to re-
 18 dress the evil. He added, the reason of these
 19 unjust proceedings are, that men are judged in
 20 the body. Hence many conceal the blemishes
 21 and imperfections of their minds by beauty, birth
 22 and riches; not to mention, that at the time of
 23 trial there are crowds of witnesses to attest their
 24 having lived well. These things mislead the
 25 judges, who being themselves also of the number
 26 of the living, are surrounded each with his own
 27 body, as with a veil thrown over his mind. For
 28 the future, therefore, it is my intention that men
 29 do not come on their trial till after death, when
 30 they shall appear before the judge, divested of
 31 all their corporeal ornaments. The judge him-
 32 self too shall be a pure unvelled spirit, beholding
 33 the very soul, the naked soul of the party before
 34 him. With this view I have already constituted
 35 my sons, Minos and Rhadamanthus, judges, who
 36 are natives of Asia; and Aeacus, a native of

* Europe. These, after death, shall hold their court
 * in a certain meadow, from which there are two
 * roads, leading the one to Tartarus, the other to
 * the islands of the blessed. * From this, as from numberless other passages of
 his writings, may be seen Plato's opinion of a fu-
 ture state. A thing therefore in regard to us so
 comfortable, in itself so just and excellent, a thing
 so agreeable to the analogy of nature, and so uni-
 versally credited by all orders and ranks of men;
 of all nations and ages, what is it that should move
 a few men to reject it? Surely there must be some-
 thing of prejudice in the case. I appeal to the
 secret thoughts of a Free-thinker, if he does not
 argue within himself after this manner: The senses
 and faculties I enjoy at present are visibly designed
 to repair, or preserve the body from the injuries it
 is liable to in its present circumstances. But in an
 eternal state, where no decays are to be repaired;
 no outward injuries to be fenced against, where
 there are no flesh and bones, nerves or blood-vessels,
 there will certainly be none of the senses: and that
 there should be a state of life without the senses is
 inconceivable.

But as this manner of reasoning proceeds from
 a poverty of imagination, and narrowness of soul
 in those that use it, I shall endeavour to remedy
 those defects, and open their views, by laying be-
 fore them a case which, being naturally possible,
 may perhaps reconcile them to the belief of what
 is supernaturally revealed.

Let us suppose a person blind and deaf from his
 birth, who, being grown to man's estate, is by the
 dead palsy, or some other cause, deprived of his
 feeling, tasting, and smelling, and at the same time
 has the impediment of his hearing removed, and

the film taken from his eyes. What the five senses are to us, that the touch, taste and smell were to him. And any other ways of perceiving of a more refined and extensive nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us those are which will one day be adapted to perceive those things which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." And it would be just as reasonable in him to conclude, that the loss of these three senses could not possibly be made up by any new inlets of perception; as in a modern Free-thinker to imagine there can be no state of life and perception without the senses he enjoys at present. Let us further suppose the same person's eyes, at their first opening, to be struck with a great variety of the most gay and pleasing objects, and his ears with a melodious concert of vocal and instrumental music: behold him amazed, ravished, transported, and you have some distant representation, some faint and glimmering idea of the ecstatic state of the soul in that article in which she emerges from this sepulchre of flesh into life and immortality.

N. H. "It has been observed by the Christians, that a certain ingenious foreigner, who has published many exemplary jests for the use of persons in the article of death, was very much out of humour, in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery."

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MONDAY, APRIL 13.

THEOCRITUS, Bion, and Moschus, are the most famous amongst the Greek writers of pastoral. The two latter of these are judged to be far short of Theocritus, whom I shall speak of more largely, because his rivals the greatest of all poets, Virgil himself. He hath the advantage confessedly of the Latin, in coming before him, and writing in a tongue more proper for pastoral. The softness of the Doric dialect, which this poet is said to have improved beyond any who came before him, is what the ancient Roman writers owned their language could not approach. But besides this beauty, he seems to me to have had a soul more softly and tenderly inclined to this way of writing than Virgil, whose genius led him naturally to sublimity. It is true that the great Roman, by the niceness of his judgment, and great command of himself, has acquitted himself delectably this way. But a penetrating judge will find there the seeds of that fire which burned afterwards so bright in the Georgics, and blazed out in the *Æneid*. I must not, however, dissimble that these bold strokes appear chiefly in those eclogues of Virgil, which ought not to be numbered amongst his pastorals;

which are indeed generally thought to be all of the pastoral kind; but by the best judges are only called his select poems, as the word *eclogue* originally means.

Those who will take the pains to consult Scaliger's comparison of these two poets, will find that Theocritus hath outdone him in these very passages which the critic hath produced in honour of Virgil. There is, in short, more innocence, simplicity, and whatever else hath been laid down as the distinguishing marks of pastoral, in the Greek than the Roman; and all arguments from the exactness, propriety, simplicity and solidity of Virgil, may very well be turned against him. There is indeed sometimes a grossness and a low williness in Theocritus, which Virgil, who borrowed his greatest beauties from him, hath avoided. I will however add, that Virgil, out of the excellence of genius only, hath come short of Theocritus; and had possibly excelled him, if to greater subjects he had not been born, as he excels all mankind in the art of writing.

The Italians were the first amongst the moderns, that fell into pastoral writing. It is observed, that the people of that nation are very profound and abstract in their poetry as well as politics; fond of surprising conceits and far-fetched imaginations, and labour chiefly to say what has never said before. From persons of this character, how can we expect that simple and truth, which hath been proved so essential to shepherds? There are two pastoral plays in this language, which they boast of as the most elegant performances in poetry that the latter ages have produced; the *Aminia* of Tasso, and Guarini's *Pastor Fido*. In these the names of the persons are indeed pastoral; and the Sylvan gods, the Dryads, and the Satyrs, supposed

with the equipage of antiquity; but neither the language, sentiments, passions or designs, like those of the pretty triflers in Virgil and Theocritus. I shall produce an example out of each, which are commonly taken notice of, as patterns of the Italian way of thinking in pastoral. Sylvia in Tasso's poem enters adorned with a garland of flowers, and views herself in a fountain with such self-admiration, that she breaks out into a speech to the flowers on her head, and tells them, "She doth not wear them to adorn herself, but to make them ashamed." In the Pastor Fido, a shepherdess reasons after an abstruse philosophical manner about the violence of love, and expostulates with the gods, "for making laws so rigorous to restrain us; and at the same time giving us invincible desires." Whoever can bear these, may be assured he hath no taste for pastoral.

When I am speaking of the Italians, it would be unpardonable to pass by Sannazarius. He hath changed the scene in this kind of poetry from woods and lawns, to the barren beach and boundless ocean: introduces sea calves in the room of kids and lambs, sea-mews for the lark and the linnet, and presents his mistress with oysters instead of fruits and flowers. How good soever his style and thoughts may be, yet who can pardon him for his arbitrary change of the sweet manners and pleasing objects of the country, for what in their own nature are uncomfortable and dreadful? I think he hath few or no followers, or if any, such as knew little of his beauties, and only copied his faults, and so are lost and forgotten.

The French are so far from thinking abstrusely, that they often seem not to think at all. It is all a run of numbers, common place descriptions of woods, floods, groves, loves, &c. Those who write

the most accurately fall into the manner of their country; which is gallantry. I cannot better illustrate what I would say of the French, than by the dress in which they make their shepherds appear in their pastoral interludes upon the stage, as I find it described by a celebrated author. 'The shepherds,' saith he, 'are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alpheus instead of having his head covered with sedges and bullrushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed perwig and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.'

N^o 29. TUESDAY, APRIL 14.

"Ride si sapias."

Mart. Epi. 41. l. 2. v. 1.

Laugh, if you're wise.

IN order to look into any person's temper, I generally make my first observation upon his laugh, whether he is easily moved, and what are the passages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulsion. People are never so much unguarded, as when they are pleased: and laughter being a visible symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is, perhaps, no better index to point us to the particularities of the mind than this, which is in itself one

of the chief distinction of our rationality. For as Milton says, "Smiles from reason flow, to brutes deny'd, and are the privilege of man."

It may be remarked in general under this head, that the laugh of men of wit is for the most part but a faint constrained kind of half-laugh, as such persons are never without some diffidence about them; but that of fools is the most honest, natural, open laugh in the world.

I have often had thoughts of writing a treatise upon this faculty, wherein I would have laid down rules for the better regulation of it at the theatre; I would have criticised on the laughs now in vogue, by which our comic writers might the better know how to transport an audience into this pleasing affection. I had set apart a chapter for a dissertation on the talents of some of our modern comedians: and as it was the manner of Plutarch to draw comparisons of his heroes and orators, to set their actions and eloquence in a fairer light; so I would have made the parallel of Pinkethman, Norris and Bullock; and so far shown their different methods of raising mirth, that any one should be able to distinguish whether the jest was the poet's or the actor's.

As the Play-house affords us the most occasions of observing upon the behaviour of the face, it may be useful (for the direction of those who would be critics this way) to remark, that the virgin ladies usually dispose themselves in the front of the boxes, the young married women compose the second row, while the rear is generally made up of mothers of long standing, undesigning maids, and contented widows. Whoever will cast his eye upon them

under this view, during the representation of a play, will find me so far in the right, that a double entendre strikes the first row into an affected gravity, or careless indolence, the second will venture at a smile, but the third take the conceit entirely, and express their mirth in a downright laugh.

When I descend to particulars, I find the reserved prude will relapse into a smile at the extravagant freedoms of the coquette; the coquette in her turn laughs at the starchiness and awkward affectation of the prude; the man of letters is tickled with the vanity and ignorance of the fop, and the fop confesses his ridicule at the unpoliteness of the pedant.

I fancy we may range the several kinds of laughter under the following heads:

The Dimples.

The Smiles.

The Laughters.

The Grinners.

The Horse-Laughters.

The Dimple is practised to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover; this was called by the ancients the Chian laugh.

The Smile is for the most part confined to the fair sex, and their male retinue. It expresses our satisfaction in a silent sort of approbation, doth not too much disorder the features, and is practised by lovers of the most delicate address. This tender motion of the physiognomy the ancients called the Ionic laugh.

The Laugh among us is the common Risus of the ancients.

The Grin by writers of antiquity is called the

Synorufian; and was then, as it is at this time, made use of to display a beautiful set of teeth.

The Horse laugh, or the Sardonic, is made use of with great success in all kinds of disputation. The professors in this kind, by a well-timed laugh, will baffle the most solid argument. This upon all occasions supplies the want of reason, is always received with great applause in coffee-house disputes, and that side the laugh joins with, is generally observed to gain the better of his antagonist.

The prude hath a wonderful esteem for the Chian laugh or Dimple; she looks upon all the other kinds of laughter as excesses of levity; and is never seen upon the most extravagant jests to disorder her countenance with the ruffle of a smile. Her lips are composed with a primness peculiar to her character, all her modesty seems collected into her face, and she but very rarely takes the freedom to sink her cheek into a dimple.

The young widow is only a Chian for a time; her smiles are confined by decorum, and she is obliged to make her face sympathize with her habit; she looks demure by art, and by the strictest rules of decency is never allowed the Smile till the first offer or advance towards her is over.

The effeminate fop, who by the long exercise of his countenance at the glass, hath reduced it to an exact discipline, may claim a place in this clan. You see him upon any occasion, to give spirit to his discourse, admire his own eloquence by a Dimple.

The Ionics are those ladies that take a greater liberty with their features: yet even these may be said to smother a Laugh, as the former to stifle a Smile.

The Beau is an Ionic out of complaisance, and practises the Smile the better to sympathize with

the fair. He will sometimes join in a laugh to humour the spleen of a lady, or applaud a piece of wit of his own; but always takes care to confine his mouth within the rules of good breeding; he takes the laugh from the ladies; but is never guilty of so great an indecorum as to begin it. ^{the most modest} The Ionic laugh is of universal use to men of power at their levees; and it is valued by judicious place-hunters: a more particular mark of distinction than the whisper. A young gentleman of my acquaintance valued himself upon his success, having obtained this favour after the attendance of three months only.

A judicious author some years since published a collection of sonnets, which he very successfully called "Laugh and be fat; or, Pills to purge melancholly." I cannot sufficiently admire the facetious title of these volumes, and must censure the world of ingratitude, while they are so negligent in rewarding the jocose labours of my friend Mr D'Ursey, who was so large a contributor to this treatise; and to whose humorous productions so many rural squires in the remotest parts of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them. The story of the sick man's breaking an imposthume by a sudden fit of laughter, is too well known to need a recital. It is my opinion, that the above pills would be extremely proper to be taken with asses milk, and mightily contribute towards the renewing and restoring decayed lungs. Democritus is generally represented to us as a man of the largest size, which we may attribute to his frequent exercise of his risible faculty. I remember Juvenal says of him,

Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat. *Sat. 10. v. 33.*
He shook his sides with a perpetual laugh.

That sort of man whom a late writer has called the *Burr* is a great promoter of this healthful agitation, and is generally stocked with so much good-humour, as to strike in with the gaiety of conversation, though some innocent blunder of his own be the subject of the raillery.

I shall range all old amorous dotards under the denomination of Grinners; when a young blooming wench touches their fancy, by an endeavour to recal youth into their cheeks, they immediately overstrain their muscular features, and shrivel their countenances into this frightful merriment.

The wag is of the same kind, and by the same artifice labours to support his impotence of wit; but he very frequently calls in the Horse-laugh to his assistance.

There are another kind of Grinners, which the ancients call Megarics, and some moderns have, not injudiciously, given them the name of the Sneerers. These always indulge their mirth at the expence of their friends, and all their ridicule consists in unseasonable ill-nature. I could wish these laughers would consider, that let them do what they can, there is no laughing away their own follies by laughing at other people's.

The mirth of the tea-table is for the most part Megaric; and in visits, the ladies themselves very seldom scruple the sacrificing a friendship to a laugh of this denomination.

The coquette hath a great deal of the Megaric in her; but in short, she is a proficient in laughter, and can run through the whole exercise of the features; she subdues the formal lover with the dimple, accosts the fop with a smile, joins with the wit in the downright laugh; to vary the air of her countenance frequently rallies with the grin; and

when she has ridiculed her lover quite out of his understanding, to complete his misfortunes, strikes him dumb with the horse-laugh.

The horse-laugh is a distinguishing characteristic of the rural hoyden, and it is observed to be the last symptom of rusticity that forsakes her under the discipline of the boarding-school.

Punsters, I find, very much contribute towards the Sardonic, and the extremes of either wit or folly seldom fail of raising this noisy kind of applause. As the ancient physicians held the sardonic laugh very beneficial to the lungs; I should, methinks, advise all my countrymen of consumptive and hysterical constitutions to associate with the most facetious punsters of the age. Persius hath very elegantly described a sardonic laughter in the following line,

"Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos."

Sat. 3. v. 87.

Redoubled peals of trembling laughter burst,
Convulsing every feature of the face:

Laughter is a vent of any sudden joy that strikes upon the mind, which being too volatile and strong, breaks out in this tremor of the voice. The poets make use of this metaphor when they would describe Nature in her richest dress; for beauty is never so lovely as when adorned with the smile, and conversation never sits easier upon us, than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called, "The Chorus of Conversation."

N^o 36. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15.

Redeunt Saturnia regna. Virg. Ecl. 4. v. 6.
Saturnian times
 Roll round again. Dryden.

THE Italians and French being dispatched, I come now to the English, whom I shall treat with such meekness as becomes a good patriot; and shall so far recommend this our island as a proper scene for pastoral under certain regulations, as will satisfy the courteous reader that I am in the landed interest.

I must in the first place observe, that our countrymen have so good an opinion of the ancients, and think so modestly of themselves, that the generality of pastoral writers have either stolen all from the Greeks and Romans, or so servilely imitated their manners and customs, as makes them very ridiculous. In looking over some English pastorals a few days ago, I perused at least fifty lean flocks, and reckoned up an hundred left-handed ravens, besides blasted oaks, withering meadows, and weeping deities. Indeed most of the occasional pastorals we have, are built upon one and the same plan. A shepherd asks his fellow, why he is so pale? if his favourite sheep hath strayed, if his pipe be broken, or Phyllis unkind? He answers, None of these misfortunes have befallen him, but one much greater, for Damon (or sometimes the god Pan) is dead. This immediately causes the other to make com-

plaints, and call upon the lofty pines and silver streams to join in the lamentation. While he goes on, his friend interrupts him, and tells him that Damon lives, and shows him a track of light in the skies to confirm it; then invites him to chestnuts and cheese. Upon this scheme most of the noble families in Great Britain have been comforted; nor can I meet with any right honourable shepherd that doth not die and live again, after the manner of the aforesaid Damon.

Having already informed my reader wherein the knowledge of antiquity may be serviceable, I shall now direct him where he may lawfully deviate from the ancients. There are some things of an established nature in pastoral, which are essential to it, such as a country scene, innocence, simplicity. Others there are of a changeable kind, such as habits, customs, and the like. The difference of the climate is also to be considered; for what is proper in Arcadia, or even in Italy, might be very absurd in a colder country. By the same rule the difference of the soil, of fruits and flowers, is to be observed. And in so fine a country as Britain, what occasion is there for that profusion of Hyacinths and Pæstian roses, and that Cornucopia of foreign fruits, which the British shepherds never heard of! How much more pleasing is the following scene to an English reader!

"This place may seem for shepherds' leisure made,

"So lovingly these elms unite their shade.

"Th' ambitious woodbine, how it climbs to breathe

"Its balmy sweets around on all beneath!

"The ground with grass of chearful green bespread,

"Thro' which the springing flow'r up-rears its head,

"Lo here the king-cup of a golden hue,

"Medly'd with daisies white, and endive blue!

"Hark, how the gaudy goldfinch and the thrush,
 "With tuneful warblings fill that bramble-bush;
 "In pleasing consort all the birds combine;
 "And tempt us in the various song to join."

The theology of the ancient pastoral is so very pretty, that it were pity intirely to change it; but I think that part only is to be retained which is universally known, and the rest to be made up out of our own rustical superstition of hob-thrushes, fairies, goblins and witches. The fairies are capable of being made very entertaining persons, as they are described by several of our poets; and particularly by Mr Pope.

"About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
 "The dapper elves their moon-light sports pursue,
 "Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
 "In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
 "While tuneful sprights a merry consort made,
 "And airy music warbled through the shade."

What hath been said upon the difference of climate, soil, and theology, reaches the proverbial sayings, drefs, customs and sports of shepherds. The following examples of our pastoral sports are extremely beautiful.

"Whilome did I, all as this poplar fair,
 "Up-raise my heedless head, devoid of care,
 "'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton games,
 "Nor could they merry make till Lobbin came.
 "Who better seen than I in shepherds arts,
 "To please the lads, and win the lasses hearts?
 "How desfly to mine oaten reed, so sweet,
 "Wont they upon the green to thist their feet!
 "And when the dance was done, how would they yearn
 "Some well-devised tale from me to learn!
 "For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
 "To chaic the ling ring and a-down the fly."

"O now! if ever, bring
 "The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
 "And tender branches from the mantling vine,

" The dewy cowslip that in meadow grows,
 " The fountain violet, and garden rose;
 " Your hamlet strew, and every public way,
 " And consecrate to mirth Albino's day,
 " Myself will lavish all my little store:
 " And deal about the goblet flowing o'er:
 " Old Moulin there shall harp, young Mico sing,
 " And Cuddy dance the round amidst the ring,
 " And Hobbinol his antic gambols play.

The reason why such changes from the ancients should be introduced is very obvious; namely, that poetry being imitation, and that imitation being the best which deceives the most easily, it follows that we must take up the customs which are most familiar or universally known, since no man can be deceived or delighted with the imitation of what he is ignorant of.

It is easy to be observed that these rules are drawn from what our countrymen Spenser and Philips have performed in this way. I shall not presume to say any more of them, than that both have copied and improved the beauties of the ancients, whose manner of thinking I would above all things recommend. As far as our language would allow them, they have formed a pastoral style according to the Doric of Theocritus, in which I dare not say they have excelled Virgil; but I may be allowed, for the honour of our language, to suppose it more capable of that pretty rusticity than the Latin. To their works I refer my reader to make observations upon the pastoral style; where he will sooner find that secret than from a folio of criticisms.

Nº 31. THURSDAY, APRIL 16.

Ask of the gods content and strength of mind.

MY Lady Lizard is never better pleased than when she sees her children about her engaged in any profitable discourse. I found her last night sitting in the midst of her daughters, and forming a very beautiful semicircle about the fire. I immediately took my place in an elbow chair, which is always left empty for me in one corner.

Our conversation fell insensibly upon the subject of happiness, in which every one of the young ladies gave her opinion, with that freedom and unconcernedness which they always use when they are in company only with their mother and myself.

Mrs. Jane declared that she thought it the greatest happiness to be married to a man of merit, and placed at the head of a well regulated family. I could not but observe, that in her character of a man of merit, she gave us a lively description of Tom Worthy, who has long made his addresses to her. The sisters did not discover this at first, till she began to run down fortune in a lover, and among the accomplishments of a man of merit, unluckily mentioned white teeth and black eyes.

Mrs. Annabella, after having rallied her sister upon her man of merit, talked much of conveniencies of life, affluence of fortune, and easiness of temper, in one whom she should pitch upon

for a husband. In short, tho' the baggage would not speak out, I found the sum of her wishes was a rich fool, or a man so turned to her purposes, that she might enjoy his fortune, and insult his understanding.

The romantic Cornelia was for living in a wood among choirs of birds, with zephyrs, echos, and rivulets to make up the concert; she would not seem to include a husband in her scheme, but at the same time talked so passionately of cooing turtles, mossy banks, and beds of violets, that one might easily perceive she was not without thoughts of a companion in her solitude.

Miss Betty placed her summum bonum in equipages, assemblies, balls and birth-nights, talked in raptures of Sir Edward Shallow's gilt coach, and my Lady Tattle's room, in which she saw company; nor would she have easily given over, had she not observed that her mother appeared more serious than ordinary, and by her looks shewed that she did not approve such a redundancy of vanity and impertinence.

My favourite, the Sparkler, with an air of innocence and modesty, which is peculiar to her, said that she never expected such a thing as happiness, and that she thought the most any one could do was to keep themselves from being uneasy: for, as Mr Ironside has often told us, says she, we should endeavour to be easy here and happy hereafter: at the same time she begged me to acquaint them by what rules this ease of mind, or if I would please to call it happiness, is best attained.

My Lady Lizard joined in the same request with her youngest daughter, adding, with a serious look, The thing seemed to her of so great consequence, that she hoped I would for once forget they were

all women, and give my real thoughts of it with the same justness I would use among a company of my own sex. I complied with her desire, and communicated my sentiments to them on this subject, as near as I can remember, pretty much to the following purpose.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wisest men in all ages have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer, named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a long catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to shew the absurdity of all of them, without establishing any thing of his own.

That which seems to have made so many err in this case, is the resolution they took to fix a man's happiness to one determined point, which I conceive cannot be made up, but by the concurrence of several particulars.

I shall readily allow Virtue the first place, as she is the mother of content. It is this which calms our thoughts, and makes us survey ourselves with ease and pleasure. Naked virtue, however, is not alone sufficient to make a man happy. It must be accompanied with at least a moderate provision of all the necessaries of life, and not ruffled and disturbed by bodily pains. A fit of the stone was sharp enough to make a stoick cry out, That Zeno, his master, taught him false, when he told him that pain was no evil.

But besides this, Virtue is so far from being alone sufficient to make a man happy, that the ex-

cess of it in some particulars, joined to a soft and feminine temper, may often give us the deepest wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneasy. I might instance in Pity, Love, and Friendship. In the two last passions it often happens, that we so entirely give up our hearts, as to make our happiness wholly depend upon another person; a trust for which no human creature, however excellent, can possibly give us a sufficient security.

The man therefore who would be truly happy, must, besides an habitual virtue, attain to such a "strength of mind," as to confine his happiness within himself, and keep it from being dependent upon others. A man of this make will perform all those good-natured offices that could have been expected from the most bleeding pity, without being so far affected at the common misfortunes of human life, as to disturb his own repose. His actions of this kind are so much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a principle of virtue, and a sense of his duty; whereas a man of a softer temper, even while he is assisting another, may in some measure be said to be relieving himself.

A man endowed with that "strength of mind" I am here speaking of, tho' he leaves it to his friend or mistress to make him still more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miserable.

From what has been already said it will also appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our happiness in the applause of others, since by this means we make it wholly independent of ourselves. People of this humour, who place their chief felicity in reputation and applause, are also extremely

subject to envy, the most painful as well as the most absurd of all passions.

The surest means to attain that "Strength of mind" and independent state of happiness I am here recommending, is a virtuous mind sufficiently furnished with ideas to support solitude, and keep up an agreeable conversation with itself. Learning is a very great help on this occasion, as it lays up an infinite number of notions in the memory, ready to be drawn out, and set in order upon any occasion. The mind often takes the same pleasure in looking over these her treasures, in augmenting and disposing them into proper forms, as a prince does in a review of his army.

At the same time I must own, that as a mind thus furnished, feels a secret pleasure in the consciousness of its own perfection, and is delighted with such occasions as call upon it to try its force; a lively imagination shall produce a pleasure very little inferior to the former in persons of much weaker heads. As the first therefore may not be improperly called, "The heaven of a wise man;" the latter is extremely well represented by our vulgar expression, which terms it "A fool's paradise." There is, however, this difference between them, that as the first naturally produces that strength and greatness of mind I have been all along describing as so essential to render a man happy, the latter is ruffled and discomposed by every accident, and lost under the most common misfortune.

It is this Strength of Mind that is not to be overcome by the changes of fortune, that arises at the sight of dangers, and could make Alexander (in that passage of his life so much admired by the prince of Condé) when his army mutinied, bid his soldiers return to Macedon, and tell their countrymen that

they had left their king conquering the world; since for his part he could not doubt of raising an army wherever he appeared. It is this that chiefly exerts itself when a man is most oppressed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever malice or injustice would deprive him of. It is this, in short, that makes the virtuous man insensibly set a value upon himself, and throws a varnish over his words and actions, that will at last command esteem, and give him a greater ascendant over others than all the advantages of birth and fortune.

N^o 32. FRIDAY, APRIL 17.

— Ipse volens, facillique Cunctatur,
Si te facti vocant: aliter non viribus ullis
“Vincas” — Virg. *Æn.* 5. v. 146.

The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
If not, no labour can the tree constrain:
And strength of stubborn arms, and steel are vain. Dryden.

HAVING delivered my thoughts upon Pastoral poetry, after a didactic manner, in some foregoing papers, wherein I have taken such hints from the critics as I thought rational, and departed from them according to the best of my judgement, and substituted others in their place, I shall close the whole with the following Fable or Allegory.

In ancient times there dwelt in a pleasant vale of Arcadia a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas; who deriving his pedigree from the god

Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the pastoral life, as it was in the Golden Age. He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most easy and unaffected air; but having been bred up wholly in the country, was bashful to the last degree. She had a voice that was exceeding sweet, yet had a rusticity in its tone, which however to most who heard her seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversations in general she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy, that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received. For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law, who should invariably maintain the customs of his family; but had received one evening, as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a Faun, or, as some say, from Oberon the Fairy, with a particular charge not to bestow his daughter upon any one who could not play the same tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

When the time that he had designed to give her in marriage was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this musical instrument, with promise that the victor should possess his daughter, on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their respective fancies.

The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spa-

cious ring for the contending lovers; and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damsel crowned with roses and lillies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff; she had her sheep-hook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other.

The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful presence and courtly air, but dressed in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut indeed after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted from considering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his sheep-hook glittered with gold and enamel. He accosted the damsel after a very gallant manner, and told her *, "Madam, you need not to consult your glass to adorn yourself to-day: you may see the greatness of your beauty in the number of your conquests." She having never heard any compliment so polite, could give him no answer, but presented the pipe. He applied it to his lips, and began a tune, which he set off with so many graces and quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses (who had paired themselves in order to dance) could not follow it; as indeed it required great skill and regularity of steps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be stript of his costly robes, and to be clad in a russet weed, and confined him to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year and a day.

The second that appeared was in a very different garb. He was clothed in a garment of rough goat-skins, his hair was matted, his beard neglec-

* Vid. Fontenelle.

ted; in his person uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He came up sneering to the nymph, and told her †, "He had hugged his lambs, and kissed his young kids, but he hoped to kiss one that was sweeter." The fair one blushed with modesty and anger, and prayed secretly against him as she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from her, but with some difficulty made it sound; which was in such harsh and jarring notes, that the shepherds cried one and all, that he understood no music. He was immediately ordered to the most craggy parts of Arcadia, to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

The third that advanced appeared in clothes that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move with pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look and stately pace, and said ‡, "Divine Amaryllis, you wear not those roses to improve your beauty, but to make them ashamed." As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply. The tune that he played was so intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood stock still, like people astonished and confounded. In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of music, and composed by the most skilful master in Hesperia. Menalcas finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit him, and teach him to speak plain.

The fourth that stepped forwards was young Amyntas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains, and secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the same colours as the maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy but unassured air: She blushed as he came

† Vid. Theocritus.

‡ Vid. Tasso.

near her, and when she gave him the fatal present they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance, and the old shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such music by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities. The good old man leaped from his throne, and after he had embraced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused a general acclamation.

While they were in the midst of their joy, they were surpris'd with a very odd appearance. A person in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the middle of the ring. He had an angling-rod in his hand, a panier upon his back, and a poor meagre wratch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him. Being asked whence he came, and what he was? he told them, he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore, that his substance consisted in sea-calves, and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and the Naiads. "Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?" said Menalcas; "to them then shalt thou return." The shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he sank, and was never heard of since.

Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long-lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil; Virgil left his to his son Spen-

cer, and Spencer was succeeded by his eldest-born
 Philips.

N^o 33. SATURDAY, APRIL 18.

— "Dignum sapientis, bonoque est." Hor. Ep. 4. 1. 1. 6. 5.
 Worthy a wise man, and a good.

I HAVE made it a rule to myself, not to publish any thing on a Saturday, but what shall have some analogy to the duty of the day ensuing. It is an unspeakable pleasure to me, that I have lived to see the time when I can observe such a law to myself, and yet turn my discourse upon what is done at the play-house. I am sure the reader knows I am going to mention "the Tragedy of Cato." The principal character is moved by no consideration, but respect to that sort of virtue, the sense of which is retained in our language under the word "Public Spirit." All regards to his domestic are wholly laid aside, and the hero is drawn as having, by this motive, subdued instinct itself, and taking comfort from the distresses of his family, which are brought upon them by their adherence to the cause of truth and liberty. There is nothing uttered by Cato but what is worthy the best of men; and the sentiments which are given him, are not only the most warm for the conduct of this life, but such as we may think will not need to be erased, but consist with the happiness of the human soul in the next. This illustrious character has its proper influence on all below it; the other virtuous

personages are, in their degree, as worthy, and as exemplary as the principal; the conduct of the lovers (who are more warm, though more discreet, than ever yet appeared on the stage) has in it a constant sense of the great catastrophe which was expected from the approach of Cæsar. But to see the modesty of an heroine, whose country and family were at the same time in the most imminent danger, preserved, while she breaks out into the most fond and open expressions of her passion for her lover, is an instance of no common address. Again, to observe the body of a gallant young man brought before us, who, in the bloom of his youth, in the defence of all that is good and great, had received numberless wounds; I say, to observe that this dead youth is introduced only for the example of his virtue, and that his death is so circumstantiated, that we are satisfied, for all his virtue, it was for the good of the world, and his own family, that his warm temper was not to be put upon farther trial, but his task of life ended while it was yet virtuous, is an employment worthy the consideration of our young Britons. We are obliged to authors, that can do what they will with us, that they do not play our affections and passions against ourselves: but to make us so soon resigned to the death of Marcus, of whom we are so fond, is a power that would be unfortunately lodged in a man without the love of virtue.

Were it not that I speak on this occasion rather as a Guardian than a Critic, I could proceed to the examination of the justness of each character, and take notice that the Numidian is as well drawn as the Roman. There is not an idea in all the part of Syphax which does not apparently arise from the habits which grow in the mind of an

African; and the scene between Juba and his General, where they talk for and against a liberal education, is full of instruction: Syphax urges all that can be said against philosophy, as it is made subservient to ill ends by men who abuse their talents; and Juba sets the less excellencies of activity, labour, patience of hunger, and strength of body, which are the admired qualifications of a Numidian, in their proper subordination to the accomplishments of the mind. But this play is so well recommended by others, that I will not, for that, and some private reasons, enlarge any further. Doctor Garth has very agreeably rallied the mercenary traffic between men and women of this age in the Epilogue by Mrs Porter who acted Lucia. And Mr Pope has prepared the audience for a new scene of passion and transport on a more noble foundation than they have before been entertained with, in the Prologue. I shall take the liberty to gratify the impatience of the town by inserting these two excellent pieces, as earnest of the work itself, which will be printed within a few days.

PROLOGUE to CATO.

By Mr POPE.

Spoken by Mr WILKS.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
 For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream thro' every age;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was.
No common object to your sight displays;
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphant cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor past unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd.
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song:
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE TO

By Dr GARTH.

Spoken by Mrs PORTER.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do!
 Who would not listen when young lovers woo?
 What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
 Ladies are often cruel to their castles;
 To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
 Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
 Too oft' they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.
 Wou'd you revenge such rash resolves—you may
 Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say:
 We hate you when you're easily said Nay.
 How needless, if you knew us, were your fears!
 Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
 Our hearts are form'd, as you yourselves would chafe;
 Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
 We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell;
 He fights with most success that settles well.
 The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
 'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
 Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
 Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
 Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms;
 But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms:
 What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate!
 To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
 At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
 Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now.
 There golden idols all your vows receive;
 She is no goddess who has nought to give.
 Oh may once more the happy age appear,
 When words were artless, and the soul sincere;
 When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
 And crowns less coveted than groves and springs.
 Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
 And Constancy feel transport in its chains;
 Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell;
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal.

Virtue again to its bright station climb,
 And Beauty fear no enemy but Time;
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,
 And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

N^o 34. MONDAY, APRIL 20.

"Morcs multorum vidit!"

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 142.

He many men, and many manners saw.

IT is a most vexatious thing to an old man, who endeavours to square his notions by reason, and to talk from reflection and experience, to fall in with a circle of young ladies at their afternoon tea-table. This happened very lately to be my fate. The conversation for the first half hour, was so very rambling, that it is hard to say what was talked of, or who spoke least to the purpose. The various motions of the fan, the tossings of the head, intermixed with all the pretty kinds of laughter, made up the greatest part of the discourse. At last, this modish way of shining, and being witty, settled into something like conversation, and the talk ran upon FINE GENTLEMEN. From the several characters, that were given, and the exceptions that were made, as this or that gentleman happen'd to be named, I found that a lady is not difficult to be pleased, and that the town swarms with Fine Gentlemen. A nimble pair of heels, a smooth complexion, a full-bottom wig, a laced shirt, an embroidered suit, a pair of fringed gloves, a hat and feather, any one or more of these and the like accomplishments, ennoble a man, and raises him above the vulgar, in a female

imagination. On the contrary, a modest serious behaviour, a plain dress, a thick pair of shoes, a leathern belt, a waistcoat not lined with silk, and such like imperfections, degrade a man, and are so many blots in his escutcheon. I could not forbear smiling at one of the prettiest and liveliest of this gay assembly, who excepted to the gentility of Sir William Hearty, because he wore a frize coat, and breakfasted upon toast and ale. I pretended to admire the fineness of her taste; and to strike in with her in ridiculing those awkward healthy gentlemen, that seem to make nourishment the chief end of eating: I gave her an account of an honest Yorkshire gentleman, who (when I was a traveller) used to invite his acquaintance at Paris to break their fast with him upon cold roast beef and mum. There was, I remember, a little French marquis, who was often pleased to rally him unmercifully upon beef and pudding, of which our countryman would dispatch a pound or two with great alacrity, while his antagonist was piddling at a mushroom, or the haunch of a frog. I could perceive the lady was pleased with what I said, and we parted very good friends, by virtue of a maxim I always observe, never to contradict or reason with a sprightly female. I went home, however, full of a great many serious reflections upon what had passed; and tho' in complaisance, I disguised my sentiments, to keep up the good humour of my fair companions, and to avoid being looked upon as a testy old fellow, yet out of the good-will I bear to the sex, and to prevent for the future their being imposed upon by counterfeits, I shall give them the distinguishing marks of "a true Fine Gentleman."

When a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work

up his figure into all the perfections his imagination can form; and to imitate not so much what is, as what may or ought to be. I shall follow their example, in the idea I am going to trace out of a Fine Gentleman, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character compleat. In order to this I shall premise in general, that by a Fine Gentleman I mean a man compleatly qualified as well for the service and good as for the ornament and delight of society. When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human nature is capable of: to this I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. When I view the Fine Gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, chearful and in good-humour without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of education. Before he makes his appearance and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the polite arts and sciences. He should be no stranger to courts and to camps; he must travel to open his mind, to enlarge

his views, to learn the policies and interests of foreign states; as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices; of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements, he must not forget to add the fashionable ornaments of life, such as are the languages and the bodily exercises most in vogue: neither would I have him think even dress itself beneath his notice.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found: men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent. But a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination; so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good will of every beholder.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the Benefit of my Female Readers.

N. B. "The gilt chariot, the diamond ring, the gold snuff-box, and brocade sword-knot, are no essential parts of a fine gentleman; but may be used by him, provided he casts his eye upon them but once a-day."

N^o 35. TUESDAY, APRIL 21.*"O vitae philosophia dux, virtutis indagatrix!"* Cic.

O philosophy, thou guide of life, and discoverer of virtue!

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ;

SIR,

I AM a man who have spent great part of that time in rambling through foreign countries, which young gentlemen usually pass at the university; by which course of life, although I have acquired no small insight into the manners and conversation of men, yet I could not make proportionable advances in the way of science and speculation. In my return through France, as I was one day setting forth this my case to a certain gentleman of that nation, with whom I had contracted a friendship; after some pause, he conducted me into his closet, and opening a little amber cabinet, took from thence a small box of Snuff; which he said, was given him by an uncle of his, the author of 'The Voyage to the World of Descartes'; and with many professions of gratitude and affection, made me a present of it, telling me at the same time, that he knew no readier way to furnish and adorn a mind with knowledge in the arts and sciences, than that same Snuff rightly applied.

You must know, said he, that Descartes was the first who discovered a certain part of the

brain, called by anatomists the Pineal Gland, to be the immediate receptacle of the soul, where she is affected with all sorts of perceptions, and exerts all her operations by the intercourse of the animal spirits which run through the nerves that are thence extended to all parts of the body. He added, that the same philosopher having considered the body as a machine, or piece of clock-work, which performed all the vital operations without the concurrence of the will, began to think a way may be found out for separating the soul for some time from the body, without any injury to the latter; and that after much meditation on that subject, the above mentioned virtuoso composed the Snuff he then gave me; which, if taken in a certain quantity, would not fail to disengage my soul from my body. Your soul (continued he) being at liberty to transport herself with a thought where-ever she pleases, may enter into the pineal gland of the most learned philosopher, and being so placed, become spectator of all the ideas in his mind, which would instruct her in a much less time than the usual methods. I returned him thanks, and accepted his present, and with it a paper of directions.

You may imagine it was no small improvement and diversion, to pass my time in the pineal glands of philosophers, poets, beaux, mathematicians, ladies and statesmen. One while to trace a theorem in mathematicks through a long labyrinth of intricate turns, and subtilties of thought; another, to be conscious of the sublime ideas and comprehensive views of a philosopher, without any fatigue or wasting of my own spirits. Sometimes to wander through perfumed groves, or

enamelled meadows, in the fancy of a poet; at others to be present when a battle or a storm raged, or a glittering palace rose in his imagination; or to behold the pleasures of a country life, the passion of a generous love, or the warmth of devotion wrought up to rapture. Or (to use the words of a very ingenious author) to

"Behold the raptures which a writer knows,

"When in his breast a vain of fancy glows,

"Behold his business while he works the mine,

"Behold his temper when he sees it shine."

Essay on the different styles of poetry.

These gave me inconceivable pleasure. Nor was it an unpleasant entertainment, sometimes to descend from these sublime and magnificent ideas to the impertinences of a bean, the dry schemes of a coffee-house politician, or the tender images in the mind of a young lady. And, as in order to frame a right idea of human happiness, I thought it expedient to make a trial of the various manners wherein men of different pursuits were affected; I one day entered into the pineal gland of a certain person who seemed very fit to give me an insight into all that which constitutes the happiness of him who is called "a man of pleasure." But I found myself not a little disappointed in my notion of the pleasures which attend a voluptuary, who has shaken off the restraints of reason.

His intellects, I observed, were grown unserviceable by too little use, and his senses were decayed and worn out by too much. That perfect inaction of the higher powers prevented appetite in prompting him to sensual gratifications; and the out-running natural appetite produced a loathing instead of a pleasure. I there beheld

the intemperate cravings of youth, without the enjoyments of it; and the weakness of old age, without its tranquillity. When the passions were teased and roused by some powerful object, the effect was, not to delight or sooth the mind, but to torture it between the returning extremes of appetite and satiety. I saw a wretch racked, at the same time, with a painful remembrance of past miscarriages, a distaste of the present objects that solicit his senses, and a secret dread of futurity. And I could see no manner of relief or comfort in the soul of this miserable man, but what consisted in preventing his cure, by inflaming his passions and suppressing his reason. But though it must be owned, he had almost quenched that light which his Creator had set up in his soul, yet, in spite of all his efforts, I observed at certain seasons frequent flashes of remorse strike through the gloom, and interrupt that satisfaction he enjoyed in hiding his own deformities from himself.

I was also present at the original formation or production of a certain book in the mind of a Free-thinker, and, believing it may not be unacceptable to let you into the secret manner and internal principles by which that phenomenon was formed, I shall in my next give you an account of it. I am, in the mean time,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.

N.B. Mr Ironside has lately received out of France ten pound averdupois weight of this philosophical snuff, and gives notice that he will make use of it, in order to distinguish the real from the pro-

passed sentiments of all persons of eminence in court
city, town, and country.

No 36. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22.

Panica se quantis attollet gloria rebas?
What rebas's exalt the Punnic fame?

THE gentleman, who doth me the favour to
write the following letter, saith as much for
himself as the thing will bear. I am particularly
pleased to find, that in his "Apology for Pun-
ning" he only celebrates the art, as it is a part
of conversation. I look upon premeditated quib-
bles and puns committed to the press as unpardo-
nable crimes. There is as much difference betwixt
these and the starts in common discourse, as betwixt
casual rencounters, and murder with malice pre-
pensed.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;
SIR,

I HAVE from your writings, conceived such
an opinion of your benevolence to mankind,
that I trust you will not suffer any art to be vil-
lified, which helps to polish and adorn us. I do
not know any sort of wit that hath been used so
reproachfully as the Pun; and I persuade my-
self that I shall merit your esteem, by recommend-
ing it to your protection; since there can be no
greater glory to a generous soul than to succour

the distressed. I shall therefore, without farther
 preface, offer to your consideration the following
 Modest apology for PUNNING; wherein I shall
 make use of no double meanings or equivocations;
 since I think it unnecessary to give it any other
 praises than truth and common sense, its profes-
 sed enemies, are forced to grant.
 In order to make this an useful work, I shall
 state the nature and extent of the pun, I shall
 discover the advantages that flow from it, the mo-
 ral virtues that it produces, and the tendency that
 it hath to promote vigour of body and ease of
 mind.
 The Pun is defined by one, who seems to be
 no well-wisher to it, to be A conceit arising
 from the use of two words that agree in the
 sound, but differ in the sense. Now if this be
 the essence of the Pun, how great must we allow
 the dignity of it to be, when we consider that it
 takes in most of the considerable parts of learning!
 For is it not most certain, that all learned dis-
 putes are rather about sounds than sense? Are
 not the controversies of divines about the dif-
 ferent interpretations of terms? Are not the
 disputations of philosophers about words, and
 all their pompous distinctions only so many un-
 ravellings of double meanings? Who ever lost
 his estate in Westminster-Hall, but complained
 that he was quibbled out of his right? Or what
 monarch ever broke a treaty, but by virtue of
 equivocation? In short, so great is the excellence
 of this art, so diffusive its influence, that when
 I go into a library, I say to myself, What vo-
 lumes of Puns do I behold! When I look upon
 the men of business, I cry out, How powerful
 is the tribe of the Quibblers! When I see states-
 men and ambassadors, I reflect, How splendid

the equipage of the Quink! in what pomp do the Punsters appear!

But as there are Serious Puns, such as I have instanced in, so likewise there are Puns Comical. These are what I would recommend to my countrymen; which I shall do by displaying the advantages flowing from them.

The first advantage of Punning is, that it gives us the compass of our own language. This is very obvious. For the great business of the Punster is to hunt out the several words in our tongue that agree in sound, and have various signification. By this means he will likewise enter into the nicety of spelling, an accomplishment regarded only by middling people, and much neglected by persons of great and no quality. This error may produce unnecessary folios amongst grammarians yet unborn. But to proceed. A man of learning hath, in this manner of wit, great advantages; as indeed, what advantages do not flow from learning? If the Pun fails in English, he may have speedy recourse to the Latin or the Greek, and so on. I have known wonders performed by this secret; I have heard the French assisted by the German, the Dutch mingle with the Italian, and where the jingle hath seemed desperate in the Greek, I have known it revive in the Hebrew. My friend Dick Babel hath often, to show his parts, started a conceit at the equinoctial, and pursued it through all the degrees of latitude: and after he had punned round the globe, hath sat down like Alexander, and mourned that he had no more worlds to conquer.

Another advantage in Punning is, that it ends disputes, or what is all one, Puns Comical destroy Puns Serious. Any man that drinks a bottle

knows very well, that about twelve people that
 do not kiss or cry are apt to debate. This often
 occasions heats and heart-burnings, unless one of
 the disputants vouchsafes to end the matter with
 a joke. How often have Aristotle and Cartesius
 been reconciled by a merry conceit; how often
 have Whigs and Tories shook hands over a
 quibble, and the clashing of swords been preven-
 ted by the jingling of words. Attention of mind is another benefit enjoyed
 by Punsers. This is discoverable from the per-
 petual gaps of the company where they are, and
 the earnest desire to know what was spoken last;
 if a word escapes any one at the table, I must
 add, that quick apprehension is required in the
 hearer, readily to take some things which are
 very far fetched; as likewise great vivacity in the
 performer, to reconcile distant and even hostile
 ideas by the mere mimicry of words and energy
 of sound. Mirth or good humour is the last advantage;
 that, out of a million, I shall produce to recom-
 mend punning. But this will more naturally
 fall in when I come to demonstrate its operation
 upon the mind and body. I shall now discover
 what moral virtues it promotes, and shall con-
 tent myself with instancing in those which every
 reader will allow of. A Punsers is adorned with humility. This
 our adversaries will not deny; because they hold
 it to be a condescension in any man to trifle, as
 they arrogantly call it, with words. I must how-
 ever confess, for my own share, I never punned
 out of the pride of my heart, nor did I ever know
 one of our fraternity that seemed to be troubled
 with the thirst of glory.

The virtue called Urbanity by the moralists, or a courtly behaviour, is much cultivated by this science. For the whole spirit of Urbanity consists in a desire to please the company, and what else is the design of the Punster? Accordingly we find such bursts of laughter, such agitations of the sides, such contortions of the limbs, such earnest attempts to recover the dying laugh, such transport in the enjoyment of it, in equivocating assemblies; as men of common sense are amazed at, and own they never felt.

But nothing more displays itself in the Punster, than Justice, the queen of all the virtues. At the quibbling board every performer hath its due. The soul is struck at once, and the body recognizes the merit of each joke by sudden and comical emotions. Indeed how should it be otherwise, where not only words, but even syllables have justice done them; where no man invades the right of another, but with perfect innocence and good nature takes as much delight in his neighbour's joy, as in his own.

From what hath been advanced, it will easily appear, that this science contributes to ease of body, and serenity of mind. You have, in a former PRECAUTION, advised your heedful readers to associate with those of our brotherhood, who are, for the most part, of a corpulent make, and a round vacant countenance. It is natural the next morning, after a merriment, to reflect how we behaved ourselves the night before. And I appeal to any one whether it will not occasion greater peace of mind to consider, that he hath only been waging harmless war with words; than if he had stirred his brother to wrath, grieved the soul of his neighbour by calumny,

or increased his own wealth by fraud. As for health of body, I look upon punning as a *Nostrum*, a *Medicina Gymnastica*, that throws off all the bad humours, and occasions such a brisk circulation of the blood, as keeps the lamp of life in a clear and constant flame. I speak, as all physicians ought to do, from experience. A friend of mine, who had the ague this spring, was, after the failing of several medicines and charms, advised by me to enter into a course of Quibbling. He threw his electuaries out at his window, and took *ABACADABRA* off from his neck, and by the mere force of punning upon that long magical word, threw himself into a fine breathing sweat, and a quiet sleep. He is now in a fair way of recovery, and says pleasantly, he is less obliged to the Jesuits for their powder, than for their equivocation.

Sir, this is "my modest apology for punning," which I was the more encouraged to undertake, because we have a learned University where it is in request, and I am told that a famous club hath given it protection. If this meets with encouragement, I shall write a vindication of the Rebus, and do justice to the Conundrum. I have indeed looked philosophically into their natures, and made a sort of *Arbor Porphyriana* of the several subordinations and divisions of low wit. This the ladies perhaps may not understand; but I shall thereby give the beaux an opportunity of showing their learning. I am,

Sir,
with great respect,
Your most obedient humble servant.

N^o 37. THURSDAY, APRIL 23.*"Me duce dampnas homines compescite curas."**Ovid. Rem. Amor. v. 69.*

Learn mortals, from my precepts to control

The furious passions, that disturb the soul.

IT is natural for an old man to be fond of such entertainments as revive in his imagination the agreeable impressions made upon it in his youth: the set of wits and beauties he was first acquainted with, the balls and drawing-rooms in which he made an agreeable figure, the music and actors he heard and saw, when his life was fresh and his spirits vigorous and quick, have usually the preference in his esteem to any succeeding pleasures that present themselves when his taste is grown more languid. It is for this reason I never see a picture of Sir Peter Lely's, who drew so many of my first friends and acquaintance, without a sensible delight; and I am in raptures when I reflect on the compositions of the famous Mr Henry Laws, long before Italian music was introduced in our nation. Above all, I am pleased in observing that the Tragedies of Shakespear, which in my youthful days have so frequently filled my eyes with tears, hold their rank still, and are the great support of our theatre.

It was with this agreeable prepossession of mind, I went some time ago to see the old tragedy of OTHELLO, and took my female wards with me, having promised them a little before to carry them to the first play of Shakespear's which should be

acted. Mrs Cornelia, who is a great reader, and never fails to peruse the play-bills, which are brought to her every day, gave me notice of it early in the morning. When I came to my Lady Lizard's at dinner, I found the young folks all dressed, and expecting the performance of my promise. I went with them at the proper time, placed them together in the boxes, and myself by them in a corner seat. As I have the chief scenes of the play by heart, I did not look much on the stage, but formed to myself a new satisfaction in keeping an eye on the faces of my little audience, and observing, as it were by reflection, the different passions of the play represented in their countenances. Mrs Betty told us the names of several persons of distinction, as they took their places in the boxes, and entertained us with the history of a new marriage or two till the curtain drew up. I soon perceived that Mrs Jane was touched with the love of Desdemona, and in a concern to see how she would come off with her parents. Annabella had a rambling eye, and for some time was more taken up with observing what gentlemen looked at her, and with criticising the dress of the ladies, than with any thing that passed on the stage. Mrs Cornelia, who I have often said is addicted to the study of romances, commended that speech in the play in which Othello mentions his "Hair-breadth 'scapes" "in th' imminent deadly breach," and recites his travels and adventures with which he had captivated the heart of Desdemona. The Sparkler looked several times frightened; and as the distress of the play was heightened, their different attention was collected, and fixed wholly on the stage, till I saw them all, with a secret satisfaction, betrayed into tears.

I have often considered this play as a noble, but irregular, production of a genius, who had the power of animating the theatre beyond any writer we have ever known. The touches of nature in it are strong and masterly, but the economy of the fable, and in some particulars the probability, are too much neglected. If I would speak of it in the most severe terms, I should say as Waller does of the MAID'S TRAGEDY,

"Great are its faults, but glorious is its flame."

But it would be a poor employment in a critic to observe upon the faults, and shew no taste for the beauties, in a work that has always struck the most sensible part of our audiences in a very forcible manner.

The chief subject of this piece is the passion of jealousy, which the poet hath represented at large, in its birth, its various workings and agonies, and its horrid consequences. From this passion, and the innocence and simplicity of the person suspected, arises a very moving distress.

It is a remark, as I remember, of a modern writer, who is thought to have penetrated deeply into the nature of the passions, that the "most extravagant love is nearest to the strongest hatred." The Moor is furious in both these extremes. His love is tempestuous, and mingled with a wildness peculiar to his character, which seems very artfully to prepare for the change which is to follow.

How savage, yet how ardent is that expression of the raptures of his heart, when looking after Desdemona as she withdraws, he breaks out,

"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,

"But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,

"Chaos is come again."

The deep and subtle villainy of Iago, in working this change from love to jealousy, in so tumultuous a mind as that of Othello, prepossessed with a confidence in the disinterested affection of the man who is leading him on insensibly to his ruin, is likewise drawn with a masterly hand. Iago's broken hints, questions, and seeming care to hide the reason of them; his obscure suggestions to raise the curiosity of the Moor; his personated confusion, and refusing to explain himself, while Othello is drawn on, and held in suspense till he grows impatient and angry; then his throwing in the poison, and naming to him in a caution the passion he would raise,

———"O beware of jealousy!"——

are inimitable strokes of art, in that scene which has always been justly esteemed one of the best which was ever represented on the theatre.

To return to the character of Othello; his strife of passions, his starts, his returns of love, and threatenings to Iago, who put his mind on the rack, his relapses afterwards to jealousy, his rage against his wife, and his asking pardon of Iago, whom he thinks he had abused for his fidelity to him, are touches which no one can overlook that has the sentiments of human nature, or has considered the heart of man in its frailties, its penances, and all the variety of its agitations. The torments which the Moor suffers are so exquisitely drawn, as to render him as much an object of compassion, even in the barbarous action of murdering Desdemona, as the innocent person herself who falls under his hand.

But there is nothing in which the poet has more shewn his judgment in this play, than in the circumstance of the handkerchief, which is employed

as a confirmation to the jealousy of Othello already raised. What I would here observe is, that the very slightness of this circumstance is the beauty of it. How finely has Shakespeare expressed the nature of jealousy in those lines, which, on this occasion, he puts into the mouth of Iago!

“Trifles light as air

“Are to the jealous confirmations strong

“As proofs of Holy Writ.”

It would be easy for a tasteless critic to turn any of the beauties I have here mentioned into ridicule; but such an one would only betray a mechanical judgment formed out of borrowed rules and common-place reading, and not arising from any true discernment in human nature and its passions.

As the moral of this tragedy is an admirable caution against hasty suspicions, and the giving way to the first transports of rage and jealousy, which may plunge a man in a few minutes into all the horrors of guilt, distraction and ruin, I shall further enforce it, by relating a scene of misfortunes of the like kind, which really happened some years ago in Spain; and is an instance of the most tragical hurricane of passion I have ever met with in history. It may be easily conceived that an heart ever big with resentments of its own dignity, and never allayed by reflections which make us honour ourselves for acting with reason and equality, will take fire precipitantly. It will on a sudden flame too high to be extinguished. The short story I am going to tell is a lively instance of the truth of this observation, and a just warning to those of jealous honour to look about them, and begin to possess their souls as they ought; for no man of spirit knows how terrible a creature he is till he comes to be provoked.

Don Alonzo, a Spanish nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous wife, with whom he had lived for some years in great tranquillity. The gentleman, however, was not free from the faults usually imputed to his nation; he was proud, suspicious and impetuous. He kept a Moor in his house, whom, on a complaint from his lady, he had punished for a small offence with the utmost severity. The slave vowed revenge, and communicated his resolution to one of the Lady's women with whom he lived in a criminal way. This creature also hated her mistress, for she feared she was observed by her; she therefore undertook to make Don Alonzo jealous, by insinuating that the gardener was often admitted to his Lady in private, and promising to make him an eye-witness of it. At a proper time agreed on between her and the Morisco, she sent a message to the gardener, that his Lady having some hasty orders to give him, would have him come that moment to her in her chamber. In the mean time, she had placed Alonzo privately in an outer-room, that he might observe who passed that way. It was not long before he saw the gardener appear. Alonzo had not patience, but following him into the apartment, struck him at one blow with a dagger to the heart; then dragging his Lady by the hair without enquiring farther, he instantly killed her.

Here he paused, looking on the dead bodies with all the agitations of a demon of revenge; when the wench who had occasioned these terrors, distracted with remorse, threw herself at his feet, and in a voice of lamentation, without sense of the consequence, repeated all her guilt. Alonzo was overwhelmed with all the violent passions at one instant, and uttered the broken voices and motions of each

of them for a moment, till at last he recollected himself enough to end his agony of love, anger, disdain, revenge and remorse, by murdering the maid, the Moor, and himself.

N^o 38. FRIDAY, APRIL 24.

— "Prodire tenus si non datur ultra."

Hor. Ep. 1. 1. l. 6. 32.

Thus far at least, though here we stop.

I HAVE lately given a **PRECAUTION** concerning the difficulty in arriving at what ought to be esteemed a 'Fine Gentleman.' That character has been long wholly engrossed by well-dressed beaux, and men of sense have given up all pretence to it. The highest any of them contend for is the character of a 'pretty gentleman'; for here the dress may be more careless, and some wit is thought necessary; whereas a 'fine gentleman' is not obliged to converse further than the offering his snuff-box round the room. However, the 'pretty gentleman' must have his airs, and though they are not so pompous as those of the other, yet they are so affected, that few who have understanding can bring themselves to be proficient in this way, though ever so useful towards being well received; but if they fail here, they succeed with some difficulty in being allowed to have 'much of the gentleman' in them. To obtain this epithet, a man of sense must arrive at a certain desire to appear more than is natural to him; but as the world goes, it is fit he should be encouraged in this attempt, since no-

thing can mend the general taste, but setting the true character in as public a view as the false. This indeed can never be done to the purpose, while the majority is so great on the wrong side; one of a hundred will have the shout against him; but if people of wit would be as zealous to assist old Ironside, as he is to promote them and their interest, a little time would give these things a new turn. However, I will not despair but I shall be able to summon all the good sense in the nation to my assistance, in my ambition to produce a new race of mankind, to take the places of such as have hitherto pretended to engross the fashion. The university scholar shall be called upon to learn his exercise, and frequent mixed company; the military and the travelled man, to read the best authors; the country gentleman, to divide his time, so as together with the care of his estate, to make an equal progress in learning and breeding; and when the several candidates think themselves prepared, I shall appoint under-officers to examine their qualifications, and as I am satisfied with their report, give out my passports recommending them to all companies as 'the GUARDIAN'S Fine Gentlemen.' If my recommendations appear just, I will not doubt but some of the present fine gentlemen will see the necessity of retirement, till they can come abroad with approbation. I have indeed already given out orders in this behalf, and have directed searchers to attend at the inns, where the Oxford and Cambridge coaches stand, and commanded them to bring any young fellow, of any hopes in the world, directly to my lodgings as soon as he lands, for I will take him, though I know I can only make him 'much of a gentleman;' for when I have gone thus far, one would think it should be easy to make him a

“gentleman-like man.” As the world now goes, we have no adequate idea of what is meant by “gentlemanly, gentleman-like,” or “much of a gentleman;” you cannot be cheated at play, but it is certainly done by “a very gentleman-like man;” you cannot be deceived in your affairs, but it was done in some “gentlemanly manner;” you cannot be wronged in your bed, but all the world will say of him that did the injury, it must be allowed “he is very much of a gentleman.” Here is a very pleasant fellow, a correspondent of mine, that puts in for that appellation even to highway-men; I must confess the gentleman he personates is very apparently such, though I did not look upon that sort of fellow in that light, till he favoured me with his letter, which is as follows.

“MR IRONSIDE,

“I HAVE been upon the high-way these fix years, in the Park, at the play, at Bath, Tunbridge, Epsom, and at every other place where I could have any prospect of stealing a fortune; but have met with no success, being disappointed either by some of your damned Ironside race, or by old cursed curs who put more bolts on their doors, and bars in their windows, than are in Newgate. All that see me own I am “a gentleman-like man;” and whatever rascally things the grave folk say I am guilty of, they themselves acknowledge I am a “gentlemanly kind of man,” and in every respect accomplished for running away with a lady. I have been bred up to no business, am illiterate, have spent the small fortune I had in purchasing favours from the fair sex: the bounty of their purses I have received, as well as the endearments of

' their persons, but I have gratefully disposed of
 ' it among themselves, for I always was a keeper
 ' when I was kept. I am fearless in my behaviour,
 ' and never fail of putting your bookish sort of fel-
 ' lows, your men of merit, forsooth, out of con-
 ' tenance. I triumph when I see a modest young
 ' woman blush at an assembly, or a virgin betrayed
 ' into tears at a well-wrought scene in a tragedy.
 ' I have long forgot shame, for it proceeds from a
 ' consciousness of some defect, and I am, as I told
 ' you, "a gentlemanly man." I never knew any
 ' but you, my philosophers, applaud blunders,
 ' and you yourselves will allow that they are caused,
 ' either by some real imperfection, or the appre-
 ' hension of defect where there is not any; but for
 ' my part I hate mistakes, and shall not suspect
 ' myself wrongfully. Such as I am, if you ap-
 ' prove of my person, estate and character, I desire
 ' you would admit me as a suitor to one of the
 ' Lizards, and beg your speedy answer to this;
 ' for it is the last time my black coat will bear
 ' scouring, or my long wig buckling.

' I am, Sir,

' the fair ladies, and

' your humble servant,

' WILL. BAREFACE.'

Those on the high-way, who make a stand with
 a pistol at your breast (compelled perhaps by neces-
 sity, misfortune, or driven out of an honest way of
 life, to answer the wants of a craving family) are
 much more excusable than those of their fraternity,
 who join the conversations of gentlemen, and get into
 a share of their fortunes without one good art about

them. What a crowd of these 'gentleman-like' men are about this town! For from an unjust modesty, and incapacity for common life, the ordinary failings of men of letters and industry in our nation, it happens that impudence suppresses all virtue, and assumes the reward and esteem which are due to it. Hence it is that worthless rogues have the smiles of the fair, and the favours of the great: to be well dressed and in health, and very impudent, in this licentious undistinguishing age, is enough to constitute a person 'very much of a gentleman;' and to this pass are we come, by the prostitution of wit in the cause of vice, which has made the most unreasonable and unnatural things prevail against all the suggestions of common sense: no body denies that we live in a Christian country, and yet he who should decline, upon respective opportunities, to commit adultery or murder, would be thought 'very little of a gentleman.'

N^o 39. SATURDAY, APRIL 25.

Aegri somnia.
A sick man's dreams.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 7.

MY correspondent, who has acquired the faculty of entering into other mens thoughts, having, in pursuance to a former letter, sent me an account of certain useful discoveries he has made by the help of that invention, I shall communicate the same to the public in this paper.

MR IRONSIDE,

ON the eleventh day of October, in the year 1712, having left my body locked up safe in my study, I repaired to the Grecian Coffee-house, where entering into the pineal gland of a certain eminent Free-thinker, I made directly to the highest part of it, which is the seat of the understanding, expecting to find there a comprehensive knowledge of all things human and divine; but, to my no small astonishment, I found the place narrower than ordinary, insomuch that there was not any room for a miracle, prophesy, or separate spirit.

This obliged me to descend a story lower, into the imagination, which I found larger, indeed, but cold and comfortless. I discovered PRÆJUDICE in the figure of a woman standing in a corner, with her eyes close shut, and her fore-fingers stuck in her ears; many words in a confused order, but spoken with great emphasis, issued from her mouth. These being condensed by the coldness of the place, formed a sort of mist, through which, methought I saw a great castle with a fortification cast round it, and a tower adjoining to it, that through the windows appeared to be filled with racks and halters. Beneath the castle I could discern vast dungeons, and all about it lay scattered the bones of men. It seemed to be garrisoned by certain men in black, of gigantic size, and most terrible forms. But as I drew near, the terror of the appearance vanished, and the castle I found to be only a church, whose steeple with its clock and bell-ropes was mistaken for a tower filled with racks and halters. The terrible giants in black shrunk

into a few innocent clergymen. The dungeons were turned into vaults designed only for the habitation of the dead, and the fortifications proved to be a church-yard, with some scattered bones in it, and a plain stone-wall round it.

I had not been long here before my curiosity was raised by a loud noise that I heard in the inferior region. Descending thither, I found a mob of the Passions assembled in a riotous manner. Their tumultuary proceedings soon convinced me, that they affected a democracy. After much noise and wrangle, they at length all hearkened to VANITY, who proposed the raising of a great army of notions, which she offered to lead against those dreadful phantoms in the imagination that had occasioned all this uproar.

Away posted VANITY, and I after her, to the store-house of ideas; where I beheld a great number of lifeless notions confusedly thrown together, but upon the approach of VANITY they began to crawl. Here were to be seen among other odd things, sleeping deities, corporeal spirits, and worlds formed by chance, with an endless variety of heathen notions, the most irregular and grotesque imaginable. And with these were jumbled several of Christian extraction; but such was the dress and light they were put in, and their features were so distorted, that they looked little better than heathens. There was likewise assembled no small number of phantoms in strange habits, who proved to be idolatrous priests of different nations. VANITY gave the word, and straight-way the Talopains, Faguir, Bramins and Bonzes drew up in a body. The right wing consisted of ancient heathen notions, and the left of Christians naturalized. All these together, for

* numbers, composed a very formidable army; but
 * the precipitation of VANITY was so great, and
 * such was their own inbred aversion to the tyrann-
 * ny of rules and discipline, that they seemed ra-
 * ther a confused rabble than a regular army. I
 * could, nevertheless, observe, that they all agreed
 * in a squinting look, or cast of their eyes towards
 * a certain person in a mask, who was placed in
 * the center, and whom by sure signs and tokens
 * I discovered to be ATHEISM.

* VANITY had no sooner led her forces into the
 * imagination, but she resolved upon storming the
 * castle, and giving no quarter. They began the
 * assault with a loud outcry and great confusion.
 * I, for my part, made the best of my way, and re-
 * entered my own lodging. Some time after, in-
 * quiring at a bookseller's for "A discourse on
 * Free-thinking," which had made some noise, I met
 * with the representatives of all those notions drawn
 * up in the same confused order upon paper. Sage
 * Nestor, I am

* your most obedient humble servant,

* Ulysses Cosmopolita.

* N. B. I went round the table, but could not
 * find a wit or mathematician among them.

I imagine the account here given may be useful
 in directing to the proper cure of a Free-thinker.
 In the first place, it is plain his understanding wants
 to be opened and enlarged, and he should be taught
 the way to order and methodise his ideas; to which
 end the study of the mathematics may be useful.
 I am farther of opinion, that as his imagination is
 filled with amusements, arising from prejudice, and

the obscure or false lights in which he sees things; it will be necessary to bring him into good company, and now and then carry him to church; by which means he may in time come to a right sense of religion, and wear off the ill impressions he has received. Lastly, I advise whoever undertakes the reformation of a modern Free-thinker, that above all things he be careful to subdue his vanity; that being the principal motive which prompts a little genius to distinguish itself by singularities that are hurtful to mankind.

Or, if the passion of vanity, as it is for the most part very strong in your Free-thinkers, cannot be subdued, let it be won over to the interest of religion, by giving them to understand that the greatest geni^{us} of the age have a respect for things sacred; that their rhapsodies find no admirers, and that the name *Free-thinker* has, like *tyrant* of old, degenerated from its original signification, and is now supposed to denote something contrary to wit and reason. In fine, let them know that whatever temptations a few men of parts might formerly have had, from the novelty of the thing, to oppose the received opinions of Christians, yet, that now the humour is worn out, and blasphemy and irreligion are distinctions which have long since descended down to lacqueys and drawers.

But it must be my business to prevent all pretenders in this kind from hurting the ignorant and unwary. In order to this, I communicated an intelligence which I received of a gentleman's appearing very sorry that he was not well during a late fit of sickness, contrary to his own doctrine, which obliged him to be merry upon that occasion, except he was sure of recovering. Upon this advice to the world, the following advertisement got a place in the Post-boy.

WHEREAS in the paper called the Guardian of Saturday the eleventh of April instant, a corollary reflection was made on Monsieur D. —, a member of the Royal Academy of sciences in Paris, author of a book lately published, entitled,

A philosophical Essay, or, Reflections on the death of Free-thinkers, with the characters of the most eminent persons of both sexes, ancient and modern, that died pleasantly and unconcerned, &c.

Sold by J. Baker in Pater-noster-row; suggesting, as if that gentleman, now in London, was very much out of humour, in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery?

This is to assure the public, that the said gentleman never expressed the least concern at the approach of death, but expected the fatal minute with a most heroical and philosophical resignation; of which a copy of verses he writ, in the serene intervals of his distemper, is an invincible proof.

All that I contend for, is, that this gentleman was out of humour when he was sick; and the advertiser to confute me says, that "in the serene intervals of his distemper," that is, when he was not sick, he writ verses. I shall not retract my advertisement till I see those verses, and I will chuse what to believe then, except they are underwritten by his nurse, nor then neither, except she is an house-keeper. I must tie this gentleman close to the argument; for if he had not actually his fit upon him, there is nothing courageous in the thing, nor does it make for his purpose, nor are they heroic verses.

The point of being merry at the hour of death is a matter that ought to be settled by divines; but

the publisher of the Philological Essay, produces his chief authorities from Louisa, the Earl of Rochester, and Mr John Dryden, who were gentlemen that did not think themselves obliged to prove all they said, or else proved their assertions, by saying or swearing they were all fools that believed to the contrary. If it be absolutely necessary that a man should be facetious at his death, it would be very well if these gentlemen, Monsieur D----- and Mr B----- would repent betimes, and make trust to a death-bed ingenuity; by what has appeared hitherto, they have only raised our longing to see their posthumous works.

The author of "Poeta Rusticanti literaturā
"Omnis" is but a mere Philologist; the philo-
logical publisher is but a translator; but I expected
better usage from Mr Abel Roper, who is an origi-
nal, and not a translator.

№ 40. MONDAY, APRIL 27.

"Compulerantque procer Corydon et Thyris in unum:
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est temporis nomen."
— Their sheep and goats together graze the plain—
Since when, 'tis Corydon among the flocks,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

I DESIGNED to have troubled the reader with no farther discourses of Pastorals: but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an author, whose eulogues are published in the same volume with Mr Phillips's; I shall

employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the free spirit of criticism, and without apprehension of offending that gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the moral formed upon the representation of innocence; it is therefore plain, that any deviations from that design degrade a poem from being true pastoral. In this view it will appear that Virgil can only have two of his eclogues allowed to be such: his first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent; Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of concord; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder. As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by Heinſius*, Salmaſius, Rapin, and the critics in general. They likewise observe that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as pastorals; and even out of that number, the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reasons above mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken all together, are rather select poems, than pastorals; I might have said the same thing, with no less truth, of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the critics, *viz.* "They never meant them all for pastorals." Which it is

* See Rapin de Carm. Past. pars. 3.

plain Philips hath done, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

As simplicity is the distinguishing characteristic of pastoral, Virgil has been thought guilty of too courtly a style: his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wondered that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric, as well, by the help of the old obsolete Roman language, as Philips hath by the antiquated English: for example, might he not have said *Quis* instead of *Cui*; *Quisum* for *Cujum*; *vult* for *vultu*, &c. as well as our modern hath *Welladay* for *Alas*, *Whilome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *withest younglings* for *simple lads*, &c. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spenser.

Mr Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country: his names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his pastorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrsis on British plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan: Whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; such as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

So easy as pastoral writing may seem, (in the simplicity we have described it) yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books; it must be confessed his competitor hath imitated some single

thoughts of the ancients well enough, if we consider he had not the happiness of an university education; but he hath dispersed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr Philips observes, whose whole third pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of pastoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the nightingale, shows with what exactness he hath imitated Strada.

When I remarked it as a principal fault to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth in descriptions where the scene lyes in our country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Philips hath with great judgment described wolves in England in his first pastoral. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr Pope hath done) to one particular season of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken scene in each eclogue. It is plain Spenser neglected this pedantry; who in his pastoral of November mentions the mournful song of the nightingale.

"Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep."

And Mr Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener; his roses, lilies, and daffodils blow in the same season.

But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately.

Hobb. "Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee
 "What pleasure can the country have for me?
 "Come, Rosalind, O come: My bridled time,
 "My snowy sheep, my farm, and all is thine.
Lang. "Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,
 "Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers,
 "Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay,
 "And sweetly waste our live-long time away."

Our other pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry.

Streph. "In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
 "At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
 "But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's sight,
 "Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.
Daph. "Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
 "More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
 "Ev'n spring displeases when she shines not here;
 "But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year."

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses.

Hobb. "As Marian bath'd, by chance I pass'd by;
 "She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye;
 "Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd
 "Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.
Lang. "As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
 "Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay,
 "The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;
 "Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye."

The other modern (who it must be confessed hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows.

Streph. "Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
 "Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
 "But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
 "And by that laugh the willing fair is found.
Daph. "The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
 "She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
 "While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
 "How much at variance are her feet and eyes!"

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of, than descriptions of pastoral presents. Philips says thus of a sheep-hook:

"Of iron d'ell; where rods of brass appear,
"To speak the giver's name, the month and year,
"The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
"Add richly by the graver's skill adorn'd."

The other of a bowl embossed with figures:

"Where wistow ivy twines;
"And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;
"Four figures rising from the work appear,
"The various seasons of the tolling year,
"And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
"Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie."

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric!

"And what That height, which girds the Welkin girds,
"Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen."

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any farther in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first pastoral of Philips with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and fifth of the former, with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr Philips, to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, that beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances out of a hundred not yet quoted.

" O woful day! O day of woe, quoth he,

" And woful I, who live the day to see!"

That simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easy turn of the words, in this dirge (to make use of our author's expression) are extremely elegant.

In another of his pastorals a shepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

" Ah me the while! ah me, the luckless day!

" Ah luckless lad, the rather might I say;

" Ah silly I! more silly than my sheep,

" Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep."

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets; and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common reader to repeat them without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excels: For example;

" A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;

" And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.

" — He that late lies down, as late will rise,

" And, sluggard-like, till noon-day snoring lies.

" Against ill-luck all cunning foresight fails;

" Whether we sleep or wake it nought avails.

" — Nor fear, from upright sentence, wrong."

Lastly his elegant dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spenser, and our only true Arcadian. I should think it proper for the several writers of pastoral, to confine themselves to their several counties: Spenser seems to have been of this opinion; for he hath laid the scene of one of his pastorals in Wales, where, with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shep-

herd bids the other good-morrow in an unusual and elegant manner.

"Diggon Dary, I bid hur God-day."

"Or Diggon-hur is, or I mis-say."

Diggon answers,

"Hur was hur while it was day-light;

"But now hur is a most wretched wight, &c."

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entitled, "A pastoral Ballad;" which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be allowed a perfect pastoral: It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed, as a farther beauty of this pastoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Faun, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned through the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a milking;

Cicily. "Rager go vetch tha * kee, or else tha zun

"Will quite be go, before c'have half a don.

"That is the kine or cows.

Rager. "Thou shouldst not ar ma tweece, but I've a be

"To dreave our bull to bull tha parson's kee."

It is to be observed, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of jealousy; and his mentioning the parson's kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdess Cicily, which she expresses as follows:

Cicily. "Ah Rager, Rager, chee was zor avfraid

"When in yond vield you kiss'd tha parson's maid;

"Is this the love that once to me you led
 "When from the wake thou brought'st me ginger-
 "bread?"

Roger. "Cicily thou chary'st me false—I'll swear to thee,
 "The parson's maid is still a maid for me."

In which answer of his are express'd at once that
 "Spirit of Religion," and that "Innocence of
 "the Golden Age," so necessary to be observed
 by all writers of Pastoral.

As the conclusion of this piece, the author re-
 conciles the lovers, and ends the eclogue the most
 simply in the world.

So Roger parted vor to yerch the kee,
 And for her buckskin wear Cicily.

I am loth to shew my fondness for antiquity so far
 as to prefer this ancient British author to our pre-
 sent English writers of pastoral; but I cannot
 avoid making this obvious remark, that both
 Spenser and Philips have hit into the same road
 with this old west country bard of ours.

After all that hath been said, I hope none can
 think it any injustice to Mr Pope, that I forbore
 to mention him as a pastoral writer; since, upon
 the whole, he is of the same class with Moschus and
 Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and
 of whose eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it
 may be said, that according to the description we
 have given of this sort of poetry, they are by no
 means Pastorals, but "something better."

The foregoing Essay by Mr Pope himself.

№ 41. TUESDAY, APRIL 28.

These churches are no sanctuaries now, and no more are the persons who are in them. *Epilogue to Cato.*

THE following letter has so much truth and reason in it, that I believe every man of sense and honour in England will have a just indignation against the person, who could commit so great a violence, as that of which my correspondent complains.

To the author of the GUARDIAN.

SIR,
I CLAIM a place in your paper for what I now write to you, from the declaration which you made at your first appearance, and the very title you assume to yourself.

If the circumstance which I am going to mention is overlooked by one who calls himself GUARDIAN, I am sure honour and integrity, innocence and virtue, are not the objects of his care.—The EXAMINER ends his discourse of Friday the twenty-fourth instant with these words:

“No sooner was D—among the Whigs, and confirmed past retrieving, but Lady Charlotte is taken knotting in Saint James’s chapel during divine service, in the immediate presence both of God and her Majesty, who were affronted together, that the family might appear to be en-

"tirely come over. I spare the beauty for the
 "fake of her birth, but certainly there was no oc-
 "casion for so public a proof, that her fingers
 "are more dextrous in tying a knot, than her fa-
 "ther's brains in perplexing the government."

"It is apparent that the person here intended is
 "by her birth a lady, and daughter of an earl of
 "Great Britain; and the treatment this author is
 "pleased to give her, he makes no scruple to own,
 "she is exposed to by being his daughter. Since
 "he has assumed a licence to talk of this noblesman
 "in print to his disadvantage, I hope his Lordship
 "will pardon me, that out of the interest which I
 "and all true Englishmen have in his character,
 "I take the liberty to defend him."

"I am willing on this occasion, to allow the claim
 "and pretension to merit to be such, as the same
 "author describes in his preceding paper."

"By active merit (says the EXAMINER of the
 "twenty-first) I understand, not only the power
 "and ability to serve, but the actual exercise of
 "any one or more virtues, for promoting the good
 "of one's country, and a long and steady course of
 "endeavours to appear useful in a government;
 "or where a person, eminently qualified for pu-
 "blic affairs, distinguishes himself in some critical
 "juncture, and at the expence of his ease and for-
 "tune, or with the hazard of his person, exposes
 "himself to the malice of a designing faction, by
 "thwarting their wicked purposes; and contribu-
 "ting to the safety, repose and welfare of a people."

"Let us examine the conduct of this noble earl
 "by this description. Upon the late glorious Re-
 "volution, when it was in debate in what manner
 "the people of England should express their gra-
 "titude to their deliverer, this lord, from the ut-

most tenderness and loyalty to his unhappy prince; and apprehensive of the danger of so great a change voted against King William's accession to the throne: however his following services sufficiently testified the truth of that his memorable expression, "Though he could not make a king, he would obey him." The whole course and tenor of his life ever since has been visibly animated by a steady and constant zeal for the monarchy and episcopacy of these realms. He has been ever reviled by all who are cold to the interests of our established religion, or dissenters from it, as a favourer of persecution, and a bigot to the church, against the civil rights of his fellow subjects. Thus it stood with him at the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, when this noble earl had a very great share in obtaining the gentle sentence which the House of Lords pronounced on that occasion: But, indeed, I have not heard that any of his Lordship's dependents joined St. Harev in the pilgrimage which that "meek man" took afterwards round England, followed by drum, trumpet, and acclamations to visit the churches. Civil prudence made it, perhaps, necessary to throw the public affairs into such hands as had no pretensions to popularity in either party, but from the distributions of the Queen's favours. During such, and other later transactions, (which are too fresh to need being recounted) the earl of Nottingham has had the misfortune to differ with the Lords who have the honour to be employed in the administration; but even among these incidents he has highly distinguished himself in procuring an act of parliament, to prevent that abuse

Dr. Henry Sacheverell

who dissent from the church should serve in the state.

I hope these are great and critical junctures, wherein this gentleman has shown himself a patriot and lover of the church in as eminent a manner as any other of his fellow subjects. He has at all times, and in all seasons, shown the same steady abhorrence to all innovations. But it is from this behaviour, that he has deserved so ill of the Examiner, as to be termed "a late convert" to those whom he calls factions, and introduced in his profane dialogue of April the 6th, with a servant and a madwoman. I think I have, according to the Examiner's own description of merit, shown how little this nobleman deserves such treatment. I shall now appeal to all the world, to consider whether the outrage committed against the young lady had not been cruel, and insupportable towards the daughter of the highest offender.

The utmost malice and invention could go no farther than to forge a story of her having inadvertently done an indifferent action in a sacred place. Of what temper can this man be made, that could have no sense of the pangs he must give a young lady to be barely mentioned in a public paper, much more to be named in a libellous manner, as having offended God and man. But the wretch, as dull as he is wicked, felt it strike on his imagination, that knotting and perplexing would make a quaint sting at the end of his paper, and had no compunction, though he introduced his witticism at the expence of a young lady's quiet, and (as far as in him lies) her honour. Does he thus finish his discourse of reli-

"This is indeed to lay at us, and make
 "every blow fell to the ground."
 "There is no party concerned in this circum-
 "stance; but every man that hopes for a virtuous
 "woman to his wife, that would defend his child;
 "or protect his mistress, ought to receive this in-
 "ference as done to himself. In the immediate
 "presence of God and her Majesty, that the fami-
 "ly might appear to be entirely come over," says
 "the fawning miscreant. — It is very visible, which
 "of these powers (that he has put together), he is
 "the more fearful of offending. But he mistakes
 "his way in making his court to a pious sovereign,
 "by naming her with the Deity, in order to find
 "protection for insulting a virtuous woman, who
 "comes to call upon him in the royal chapel.
 "If he be (as it ought to be) with people of
 "their character, whom the Examiner attacks, less
 "valuable and dear than honour and reputation,
 "in that proportion is the Examiner worse than an
 "assassin. We have stood by, and tamely heard
 "him aggravate the disgraces of the brave and
 "the unfortunate. We have seen him double
 "the anguish of the unhappy man; we have seen
 "him trample on the ashes of the dead; but all
 "this has concerned greater life, and could touch
 "only public characters; they did but remotely
 "affect our private and domestic interests; but
 "when due regard is not had to the honour of
 "women; all human society is assailed. The
 "highest person in the world is of that sex; and
 "his the most sensibility in an outrage com-
 "mitted against it. She who was the best wife
 "that ever prince was blessed with, who she
 "desires to be, jealously regard the honour of a

any young lady who has not entered into that condition, in to long as it is in the power of man to do so. Lady Char—its quality will make it impossible that this cruel usage can escape her Majesty's notice; and it is the business of every honest man to trace the offender, and expose him to the indignation of his sovereign.

N^o 42. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29.

Non missura cutem, nisi plena crocua hirudo.
Hor. Ep. Post. v. 116.
 Sucking like leeches till they burst with blood.

TOM Lizard told us a story the other day, of some persons, which our family know very well, with so much humour and life, that it caused a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the Templar, was highly delighted with it, and the next day being with some of his ins of court acquaintance, resolved (whether out of the benevolence, or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called "a pleasant humour enough." He was in great pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all surprised to find the company very little moved by it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh, "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "I do not know what makes you look so grave; but it was an admirable story when I heard it. When I came home, I fell into a profound con-

contemplation upon story-telling, and as I have no-
 thing so much at heart as the good of my country,
 I resolved to lay down some Paradoxes upon
 this subject. I have often thought that a story-teller is born,
 as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that
 some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that
 they see things in another light than men of
 grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination,
 and a mirthful temper, will represent things to
 their hearers in the same manner as they them-
 selves were affected with them; and whereas seri-
 ous spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at
 the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet
 the very same occurrences shall please them in a
 well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the
 images are concealed, and those only which are
 pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is
 therefore not an art, but what we call a "knack;"
 it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon hu-
 mour; and I will add, that it is not perfect with-
 out proper gesticulations of the body, which natu-
 rally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I
 know very well, that a certain gravity of counte-
 nance sets some stories off to advantage, where the
 hearer is to be surpris'd in the end; but this is by
 no means a general rule; for it is frequently con-
 venient to aid and assist, by cheerful looks, and whim-
 sical agitations. I will go yet farther, and affirm
 that the success of a story very often depends upon
 the make of the body, and formation of the fea-
 tures of him who relates it. I have been of this
 opinion ever since I criticis'd upon the chin of Dick
 Dewlap; he is very often had the weakness to repine
 at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him

pais for a wit with the widow at the coffeehouse, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tolling up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he gained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his florid day. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those, who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation: I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories, but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate, or enliven it. Stories, that are very common, are generally inlame; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those, that are altogether new, should never be ushered in, without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned; because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance, in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sister's merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his story would not

have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one such narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly. So that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters, and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, "That's all!"

As the chusing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists; so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy,—he's gone!—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner, when such a thing happened; in what ditch his bay stone-horse had his forain at that time, and how his man John,—no! it was William, started a hare in the common field; that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and intermarriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed; and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions; insomuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode of him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history, and so on. He always

put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without stopping, so that after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceed in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow-chair. He was much affrighted at this, till I told him, "Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine."

But of all evils in story-telling, the humour of telling tales one after another, in great numbers, is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son gave my Lady Edward great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly, after supper, entertained with the Clatsbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, "Ay, but father," saith the son, "let us have the Spirit in the Wood." After that hath been laughed at, "Ay, but father," cries the booby again, "tell us how you served the robber." "Alack-a-day," saith Sir Harry, with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, "I have almost forgot that, but it is a pleasant conceit to be sure." Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the same independent order; and without the least variation, at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge ever since the Revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my Lady when he dines here. After dinner he strokes his belly,

and says, with a feigned concern in his countenance, "Madam, I have lost by you to-day." "How so?" "Sir Harry," he replies, "my Lady." "Madam," says "he," "I have lost an excellent stomach." At this his son and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that Sir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to conversation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in opposition to those gloomy mortals, who disdain every thing but matter of fact. Those grave fellows are my aversion, who list every thing with the utmost nicety, and find the malignity of a lye in a piece of badness, pushed a little beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those, who have got a trick of keeping a steady countenance; that cool their hats, and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, "Well! and what then?" Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence; and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgement.

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I HAD for some days observed something in a
 agitation, which was carried by smiles and
 whispers, between my Lady Lizard and her daugh-
 ters, with a professed declaration that Mr Ironside
 should not be in the secret. I could not express
 upon the integrity of the Sparkler so much as to
 solicit her to break her word even in a trifle; but
 I take it for an instance of her kindness to me, that
 as soon as she was at liberty, she was impatient to
 let me know it, and this morning sent me the fol-
 lowing billet.

SIR,

MY brother Tom waited upon us all last night
 to Cato; we sat in the first seats in the box
 of the eighteen-penny gallery. You must come
 hither this morning, for we shall be full of de-
 bates about the characters. I was for Marcia last
 night, but find that partiality was owing to the
 awe I was under in her father's presence; but
 this morning Lucia is my woman. You will tell
 me whether I am right or no when I see you;
 but I think it is a more difficult virtue to forbear
 going into a family, though she was in love with

the heir of it, for no other reason but because her happiness was inconsistent with the tranquillity of the whole house to which she should be allied. I say, I think it a more generous virtue in Lucia to conquer her love from this motive; than in Marcia to suspend hers in the present circumstances of her father and her country: but pray be here to settle these matters.

I am,

your most obliged and

obedient humble servant,

MARY LIZARD.

I made all the haste imaginable to the family, where I found Tom with the play in his hand, and the whole company with a sublime cheerfulness in their countenance, all ready to speak to me at once; and before I could draw my chair, my Lady herself repeated,

"Tis not a set of features or complexion,

"The tincture of a skin that I admire;

"Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,

"Fades in his eye, and falls upon the sense.

"The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex

"True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)

"But still the lovely maid improves her charms

"With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,

"And simplicity of manners."

I was going to speak, when Mrs Cornelia stood up, and with the most gentle accent and sweetest tone of voice succeeded her mother:

"So the paradisaic stream, when fall the rains

"Of rushing currents and descending rains,

"Works rich clear, and as it runs refines,

"Till by degrees the flowing mirror shines,

Vol. I.

T

"Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
 "And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows."
 I thought how they would have given me time
 to draw a chair, but the Sparkler took hold of
 me, and I heard her with the purest delight pur-
 sue her admiration of Lucia, in the words of
 Portius:

"Athwart the terror that thy voice has won
 "Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair, liv-
 "More amiable, and risest in thy charms,
 "Lovely 'st of women! Heav'n is in thy soul,
 "Beauty and Virtue shine for ever round thee,
 "Bright'ning each other; thou art all divine!"

When the ladies had done speaking, I took the
 liberty to take my place; while Tom, who, like a
 just courtier, thinks the interest of his prince and
 country the same, dwelt upon these lines:

"Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
 "The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down
 "From age to age by your renown'd forefathers,
 "(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood.)
 "Oh let it never perish in your hands;
 "But piously transmit it to your children."

Though I would not take notice of it at that
 time, it went to my heart that Annabella, for whom
 I have long had some apprehensions, said nothing
 on this occasion, but indulged herself in the sneer
 of a little mind, to see the rest so much affected.
 Mrs Betty also, who knows, forsooth, more than us
 all, overlooked the whole drama, but acknow-
 ledged the dresses of Syphax and Juba were very
 prettily imagined. The love of virtue, which has
 been so warmly roused by this admirable piece in
 all parts of the theatre, is an unsufferable instance
 of how great force the stage might be towards the
 improvement of the world, were it regarded and

encouraged as much as it ought. There is no medium in this case; for the advantage of action, and the representation of vice and virtue in an agreeable or odious manner before our eyes, are so irresistibly prevalent, that the theatre ought to be shut up, or carefully governed, in any nation that values the promotion of virtue or guard of innocence among his people. Speeches or sermons will ever suffer, in some degree, from the characters of those that make them; and mankind are so unwilling to reflect on what makes for their own mortification, that they are ever cavilling against the lives of those who speak in the cause of goodness, to keep themselves in countenance, and continue in beloved inhumanities. But in the case of the stage, envy and detraction are baffled, and none are offended, but all miserably won by personated characters, which they neither look upon as their rivals nor superiors; every man that has any degree of what is laudible in a theatrical character, is secretly pleased, and encouraged, in the prosecution of that virtue, without fancying any man about him has more of it. To this purpose I fell a talking at the tea-table, when my Lady Lizard, with a look of some severity towards Annabella and Mrs Betty, was pleased to say, that it must be from some trifling prepossession of mind that any one could be unmoved with the characters of this tragedy; nor do I yet understand to what circumstance in the family her Ladyship alluded, when she made all the company look serious, and rehearsed, with a tone more exalted, those words of the heroine,

"In spite of all the virtues we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost."

ADVERTISEMENT

Whereas Mr Pigeon of the Strand, has
 " cutter to the family of Lizards, has acquired a
 " great proficiency in his art, Mr Ironside advises
 " all persons of fine heads, in order to have justice
 " done them, to repair to that industrious the-
 " chanic."
 " N. B. Mr Pigeon has orders to talk with
 " and examine into the parts and characters of
 " young persons, before he takes the covering near
 " the seat of the brain."

N^o 44. FRIDAY, MAY 1.

I HAVE frequently observed in the walks be-
 longing to all the inns of court, a set of old
 fellows who appears to be humovills, and wrapped
 up in themselves; but have long been at a loss
 when I have seen them smile, and name my name
 as I passed by, and say, Old Ironside wears well.
 I am a mere boy to some of them who frequent
 Gray's Inn; but am not a little pleased to find they
 are even with the world, and return upon it its
 neglect towards them, which is all the defence we
 old fellows have against the petulance of young
 people: I am very glad to observe, that these sa-
 ges of this peripatetic sect study tranquillity and
 indolence of body and mind, in the neighbourhood

of so much contention as is carried on among the students of Littleton. The following letter gives us some lights into the manners and maxims of these philosophers.

To the GUARDIAN.
SIR,

AS the depredations of time and fortune have been lamented in all ages, those persons who have resisted and disputed the tyranny of either of these, have employed the sublimest speculations of the writers in all languages. As these deceased heroes have had their places judiciously assigned them already in the Temple of Fame, I would immortalize some persons now alive, who to me are greater objects of envy, both as their bravery is exercised with the utmost tranquillity and pleasure to themselves, and as they are substantially happy on this side the grave, in opposition to all the Greek and Latin scraps to the contrary.

As therefore I am naturally subject to cruel inroads from the spleen, as I affirm all evil to come from the East, as I am the weather-glass of every company I come into, I sometimes, according to Shakespeare,

Sit like my grandfather in a bawling
Sleep while I wake, and creep into the jaundies
By being peevish.

I would furnish out a table of merry fables, in envious admiration of those jovial blades, who disappoint the strokes of age and fortune with the same gallery of soul, as when through youth or affluence they were in their prime for fancy, frolic, and achievement. There are, you may observe, in all public walks, persons who by a

singular, that many of their attitudes, and their
 ridiculous appearance in the opinion of the French
 of that time. They are very slender and emaciated,
 and appear in such a state of distress and tribulation
 as to be thought inconsolable. They are
 generally of that complexion which was in fashion
 during the pleasurable reign of Charles the Se-
 cond. Some of them, indeed, are of a lighter
 brow, whose fortunes fell with that of King
 James. Now these, who are the least of such as
 take themselves, and the world usually takes to
 be in prosperity, are the very persons whose hap-
 piness, were it understood, would be looked up-
 on with burning envy. I fell into the discovery
 of them in the following manner. One day last
 summer, being particularly under the dominion
 of the spleen, I resolved to seek for melancholy
 in the company of such whose appearance pro-
 mised a full return of any complaint I might pos-
 sibly utter. Living near Gray's Inn Walk, I
 went thither in search of the persons above de-
 scribed, and found some of them seated upon a
 bench, where, as I then imagined, they were
 hidden. However, when I approached them, they really
 were not so. I squeezed in among them, and they did not
 receive my meanings with equal humani-
 ty, but gave me all possible encouragement to
 enlarge them. If the blackness of my spleen
 raised any imaginary distemper of body, some
 one of them immediately sympathized with me.
 If I spoke of any disappointment in my fortune,
 another of them would abate my sorrowing by
 recounting to me his own defeat upon the very
 same circumstances. If I touched upon over-

• Styl; and that when I should look upon these
 • personages as divers instances of the outrage of
 • Time and Fortune, as the disallies, their compare
 • with such miserable slavery, and Sings of these
 • are pretty good classical scholars, and they fol-
 • low these studies always walking, upon a point
 • of a certain sentence in Pliny's Epistles to the fol-
 • lowing effect, "It is inconceivable how much
 • the understanding is condensed by the exercise
 • of the body." If therefore their author is
 • a little difficult, you will see them setting with
 • a very precipitate pace, and when it has been
 • very perplexed and abstruse, I have seen a couple
 • of these students prepare their apprehensions by
 • still quicker motions, till they run into wisdom.
 • These courses do not only make them go through
 • their studies with pleasure and profit, but there
 • is more spirit and vigour in their analogies, after
 • the heat and hurry of these perambulations. This
 • place was chosen as the peculiar resort of those
 • sages, not only upon account of its air and situ-
 • ation, but in regard to certain edifices and seats
 • therein raised with great magnificence and con-
 • venience; and here, after the toils of their walks,
 • and upon any streis of weather, these blessed in-
 • habitants assemble themselves. There is one
 • building particularly, in which, if the day per-
 • mit, they have the most frequent conferences;
 • not so much because of the loveliness of its emi-
 • nence, as a sentence of literature encircling the
 • extremities of it, which I think is as follows:
 • "Franciscus Bacon Eques Auratus Executor Tes-
 • tamenti Jeremie Bettenham Hujus Hospiti Vi-
 • ri Abstemii & Contemplativi Hanc Sedem posuit
 • in Memoriam Eiusdem." Now this structure being
 • erected in honour able memory of the abstemious;

the contemplative Mr. Battenham they take the
 frequent occasion to rally this urbane, which is
 to contain the remembrance of a person, who,
 according to their translation of the words, being
 confessed to have been of most splendid memory,
 ought rather to be buried in oblivion. And with
 all this they do not flag in their own way of con-
 versation, they admit a fair one to relieve them
 with hers. There are two or three thin existences
 among them, which I think I may call the ghosts
 of departed beauties, who pay their court more
 particularly to this lady, though their passion ne-
 ver rises higher than a kiss, which is always

filled with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.

As it is the character of this fraternity to turn
 their seeming misfortunes to their advantage,
 they affirm it to be the greatest indulgence ima-
 ginable in these amours, that nature perpetuates
 their good inclinations to the fair, by an inabi-
 lity to extinguish them.

During my year of probation, I am to prepare
 myself with such parts of history as have engaged
 their application during the leisure of their ill
 fortune: I am therefore to read *Rushworth*
 and *Clarendon*, in the perusal of which
 authors I am not obliged to enter into the just-
 nels of their reflections and characters, but am
 desired to read, with an eye particularly curious,
 the battles of Marston-moor and Edge-hill, in
 one of which every man of this assembly has lost
 a relation: and each has a story which none who
 has not read those battles is able to tell.

I had almost forgot to mention a most unex-
 amples piece of their gallantry. Some time

Since, in a prodigious foggy morning, I went in search of these persons to their usual place of resort, and perhaps shall hardly be believed, when I affirm, that notwithstanding they sucked in so condensed and poisonous an ether, I found them enjoying themselves with as much vivacity, as if they had breathed in the serenity of Montpellier.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. W.

N° 45. SATURDAY, MAY 2.

I DO not know that I have been more intimately moved with pity in my whole life, than when I was reading a letter from a young woman, not yet nineteen, in which there are these lamentable words, "Alas! whither shall I fly? he has deceived, ruined, and left me." The circumstances of her story are only those ordinary ones, that her lover was a man of greater fortune than she could expect would address to her upon honourable terms; but she said to herself, "She had wit and beauty, and such charms as often captivate so far as to make men forget those meaner considerations, and innocent freedoms were not to be denied: a gentleman of condition is not to be humbled purely for being such: and they who took notice of it, did it only out of malice, because they were not used by him with the same distinction." But I would have young women,

who are orphans, or unguarded with powerful alliances, consider with horror the insolence of wealth; Fortune does in a great measure denominate what is vice and virtue; or, if it does not go so far, innocence is helpless, and oppression unpunished without its assistance; for this reason it is, that I would strictly recommend to my young females not to dally with men whose circumstances can support them against their falsehood, and have the fashion of a base self-interested world on their side, which instead of avenging the cause of an abused woman will proclaim her dishonour; while the person injured is shunned like a pestilence, he who did the wrong sees no difference in the reception he meets with, nor is he the less welcome to the rest of the sex, who are still within the pale of honour and innocence.

What makes this circumstance the more lamentable, is, that it frequently falls upon those who have greatest merit and understanding. Gentleness of disposition and taste of polite conversation, I have often known shares toward vice in some, whilst fullness and disrelish of any thing that was agreeable have been the only defences of virtue in others. I have my unhappy correspondent's letter before me; and she says she is sure he is so much a gentleman, and he has that natural softness, that if he reads any thing moving on this subject in my paper, it will certainly make him think, "Poor girl! "Cesar ashamed! has not he seen Phaulstina?" Does the poor creature imagine that a scrap of paper, a collection of sentences, and an old man's talk of pleasures which he is past, will have an effect upon him who could go on in a series of falsehood; let drop ambiguous sentences in her absence, to give her false hope from the repetition of them.

by some friend that heard them; that could pass as much time in the pursuit of her, as would have attained some useful art or science; and that only to attain a short revel of his senses under a flag of faith, honour and conscience? No; the destruction of a well-educated young woman is not accomplished by the criminal, who is guilty of it, in a sudden start of desire; he is not surprised into it by frailty; but arrives at it by care, skill and meditation. It is no small aggravation of the guilt, that it is a thousand times conquered and resisted, even while it is prosecuted. He that waits for fairer occasions, for riper wishes, for the removal of a particular objection, or the conquest of any certain scruple, has it in his power to obey his conscience, which often calls him, during the intrigue, a villain and a destroyer. There can be nothing said for such an evil; but that the restraints of shame and ignominy are broken down by the prevalence of custom. I do not indeed expect that my *PERCAUTIONS* will have any great weight with men of mode; but I know not, but they may be some way efficacious on those who have not yet taken their party as to vice and virtue for life; but I know not how it is, but our sex has usurped a certain authority to exclude chastity out of the catalogue of masculine virtues, by which means females adventure all against those who have nothing to lose; and they have nothing but empty sighs, tears and reproaches against those who reduced them to real sorrow and misery. But as I am now talking to the world yet uninitiated, I will venture to recommend Chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is methinks very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits is what makes them honourable, but in this case the very

attempt is become ridiculous. But in spite of all the railing of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should upon this occasion bring examples of heroic chastity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the foolish part of the town, who go no farther, at best, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather unapproachable than praise-worthy. In this particular, a gentleman, in the court of Cyrus, reported to his majesty the charms and beauty of Panthea, and ended his panegyric by telling him, that since he was at leisure he would carry him to visit her; but that prince, who is a very great man to this day, answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality, without roughness, and said with a smile, "If I should visit her upon your introduction now I have leisure, I do not know but I might go again upon her own invitation, when I ought to be better employed." But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my readings, I find not one so generous, so honest, and so noble, as that of Joseph in holy writ: When his master had trusted him so unreservedly, (to speak it in the emphatical manner of the scripture) "He knew not ought he had save the bread which he did eat," he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress; but, when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer! "Behold my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand, there is none greater in the house than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art his wife." The same argument, which a base mind would have made to itself for committing the evil, was to this

brave man the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity: the malice and falsehood of the disappointed woman naturally arose on that occasion, and there is but a short stop from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, cheerful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A loose behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulance, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety, I will not say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pert boys and suppliant girls are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners: all that I pretend to, is, to enter my protest that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraiture which I would propose as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr Dryden did on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleomenes, told him in rail- lery against the continency of his principal character, If I had been alone with a lady I should not have passed my time like your Spartan; That may

“be,” answered the bard with a very grave face, “but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero.”

N^o 46. MONDAY, MAY. 4.

Solent coelestis digna reperita troæ.
Odin. Ep. 7. l. 13. de morte, v. 118.
 Alone found worthy a celestial bed.

YESTERDAY, at my Lady Lizard’s tea-table, the discourse happened to turn upon women of renown; such as have distinguished themselves in the world by surprising actions, or by any great and shining qualities, so as to draw upon themselves the envy of their own sex, and the admiration of ours. My lady has been curious in collecting the lives of the most famous, of which she has a considerable number, both in print and manuscript. This naturally led me to speak of Madam Maintenon; and, at the request of my lady and her daughters, I have undertaken to put together such circumstances of her life, as I had formerly gathered out of books, and picked up from conversation in my travels.

Madam Maintenon was born a gentlewoman, her name is Frances Daubigné. Monsieur Daubigné, her grandfather, was not only a person of condition, but likewise of great merit. He was born in the year 1550, and died in 1630, the 80th year of his age. A little before his death he wrote his own epitaph, which is engraven upon his tomb.

stone in the cloister of St Peter's church at Geneva, and may be seen in Spou's history of that republic. He was a leading man among the Protestants in France, and much courted to come over to the opposite party. When he perceived there was no safety for him any longer in his own country, he fled for refuge to Geneva, about the year 1619. The magistrates, and the clergy there received him with great marks of honour and distinction, and he passed the remaining part of his life amongst them in great esteem. Mezeray (the French historian) says, that he was a man of great courage and boldness, of a ready wit, and of a fine taste in polite learning, as well as of good experience in matters of war.

The son of this Daubigné was father to the present Madam Maintenon. This gentleman was thrown into prison when he was but a youth, for what reason I cannot learn; but his life, it seems, was in question, if the keeper of the prison's daughter (touched with his misfortunes and his merit) had not determined with herself to set him at liberty. Accordingly a favourable opportunity presenting itself she set the prisoner at large, and accompanied him herself in his flight. The lovers finding themselves now in no danger of being apprehended, Monsieur Daubigné acquitted himself of the promise he had given his fair deliverer, and married her publicly. To provide against their immediate want in a strange place, she had taken with her what she found at home most valuable and easy to be carried off. All this was converted into money; and while their little treasure lasted, our new-married couple thought themselves the happiest persons living. But their provision now began to fail, and Monsieur Daubigné, who plainly saw the straits to

which they must be in a little time reduced; not withstanding all his love and tenderness, thought he should soon be in a far worse condition, than that from which he had so lately escaped. But what most afflicted him was to see that his wife, whom he loved so tenderly, must be reduced to the utmost necessity, and that too at a time when she was big with child.

Monsieur Daubigné, pressed with these difficulties, formed to himself a very hazardous resolution; and since the danger he saw in it was only to his person, he put it in execution, without ever consulting his wife. The purpose he entered upon, was to venture back into France, and to endeavour there to get up some of his effects; and in a short time to have the pleasure of returning to his wife with some little means of subsistence. He flattered himself, that he was now no longer thought of in his own country, and that, by the help of a friend, he might continue there unknown for some time. But upon trial it happened quite otherwise, for he was betrayed by those in whom he confided; so that he was a second time cast into prison. I should have mentioned, that he left his wife without ever taking leave; and that the first notice she had of his design was by a letter, which he sent her from the place where he lay the first night. Upon the reading of it, she was immediately alarmed for the life of a husband so very dear to her; but she fell into the last affliction when she received the news of his being imprisoned again, of which she had been apprehensive from the beginning. When her concern was a little abated, she considered that the afflicting of herself could give him no relief; and despairing ever to be able a second time to bring about the delivery of her husband, and likewise

finding it impossible for her to live long separated from him, she resolved to share in his misfortunes, and to live and die with him in his prison. Therefore, without the least regard to the danger of a woman's travelling in her condition (for she was now far gone with child) she entered upon her journey, and having found out her husband, voluntarily gave herself up to remain a prisoner with him. And here it was that she was delivered of that daughter, who has since proved the wonder of her age.

The relations of Monsieur Daubigné, dissatisfied with his conduct and his marriage, had all of them abandoned him, excepting Madam Villeret his sister, who used to visit him. She could not but be touched with the condition in which she found him, entirely destitute of all the conveniences, and almost the very necessaries of life. But that which most moved her compassion was, to see, in the arms of a disconsolate mother, the poor helpless infant exposed amidst her cries, to cold, to nakedness and hunger. In this extremity Madam Villeret took the child home with her, and gave her to the care of her daughter's nurse, with whom she was bred up for some time, as a foster-sister. Besides this, she sent the two prisoners several necessities. Some time after, Monsieur Daubigné found means, by changing his religion, to get out of prison, upon condition he would quit the kingdom, to which he consented.

Monsieur Daubigné, knowing he was never like to see France more, got together what little substance he could, in order to make a long voyage; and so with a small family, he embarked for America; where he and his wife lived in quiet, and

made it their principal care to give their children (a son and a daughter) good education.

These unfortunate parents died both in their exile, leaving their children very young. The daughter, who was elder than her brother, as she grew up began to be very desirous of seeing her native country; this, together with the hopes she had of recovering something of that which once belonged to her father, made her willing to take the first opportunity of returning into France. Finding therefore a ship that was ready to sail thither, she went on board, and landed at Rochelle. From thence she proceeded directly to Poitou, and there made it her business first to enquire out Madam Villette her aunt, who she knew very well was the person to whom she owed her life. Madam Villette received her with great marks of affection, and after informing her, that she must not expect to recover any thing of what had belonged to her father, since that was all irreparably lost and dissipated by his banishment, and the proceedings against him; she added, that she should be welcome, if she thought fit, to live with her; where at least she should never be reduced to want a subsistence.

Mademoiselle Daubigné accepted the offer which her aunt made her, and studied by all means imaginable to render herself necessary and agreeable to a person upon whom she saw that she must entirely depend for every thing. More especially she made it her business to insinuate herself into the affections of her cousin, with whom she had one common nurse. And to omit nothing that might please them, she expressed a great desire to be instructed in the religion of her ancestors; she was impatient to have some conversation with ministers, and to

frequent their sermons; so that in a short time she began to take a great liking to the Protestant religion. And it is not to be doubted, but that she would have openly professed this way of worship, if some of her father's relations that were papists, and who forsook him in his adversity, had not, to make their own court, been busy in advertising some great men of the danger Mademoiselle Daubigné was in as to her salvation, and in demanding thereupon an order to have her put into the hands of catholics. This piece of zeal was acceptable to the ruling party, and orders were immediately given that she should be taken from her aunt Villette, and put into the hands of her officious relations. This was soon executed, and Mademoiselle Daubigné was in a manner forced by violence from Madam Villette, who was the only relation that ever had taken any care of her. She shed abundance of tears at parting, and assured her aunt, and her cousin (who was now married to Monsieur Saint Hermine) that she should always preserve, with the remembrance of their kindness, the good impressions she had received of their religion, and never fail to acknowledge both the one and the other, when she found a time and occasion proper for it.

N^o 47. TUESDAY, MAY 5.

MADEMOISELLE Daubigné was conducted from Madam Villette's to a relation, who had a law-suit then depending at Paris; and being for that reason obliged to go thither, the

carried Mademoiselle Daubigne with her. This lady hired apartments in the same house where the famous Scaron was lodged; she made an acquaintance with him; and one day, being obliged to go abroad alone upon a visit, she desired he would give her cousin leave, in the mean time, to come and sit with him; knowing very well that a young lady was in no danger from such a person, and that perhaps it might turn to her advantage. Monsieur Scaron was, of all men living, the most unhappy in an untoward frame of body, being not only deformed, but likewise very infirm; in consideration of his wit and parts, he had a yearly pension from the court of five hundred crowns. Scaron was charmed with the conversation of Mademoiselle Daubigne; and her kinswoman took frequent opportunities of leaving her with him. This gave Scaron an occasion to discover still new beauties in her from time to time. She would sometimes entertain him with the story of her adventures and her misfortunes, beginning even with what she suffered before she was born; all which, she knew how to describe in so expressive and moving a manner, that he found himself touched with a strong compassion towards her; and resolved with himself, if not to make her happy, at least to set her at ease, by placing her in a nunnery at his own expence. But upon farther deliberation, he found himself very much inclined to lay before her an alternative, which, in all likelihood, she never expected. One day therefore, when she was left alone with him, as usual, he opened his intentions to her (as it is said) much after the following manner. I am, Mademoiselle (says he) not a little moved with your misfortunes, and the great sufferings you have undergone: I am likewise very

sensible of the uneasy circumstances under which you labour at present; and I have now for some days been contriving with myself how to extricate you out of all your difficulties; at last I have fallen upon two ways of doing what I so much desire; I leave you to determine according to your inclinations, in the choice of the one or the other; or, if neither of them please you, to refuse them both. My fortunes are too narrow to enable me to make yours answerable to your merit; all that I am capable of doing, is, either to make you a joint partaker with myself of the little I have, or to place you, at my own expence, in any convent you shall chuse. I wish it were in my power to do more for you. Consult your own inclinations, and do what you think will be most agreeable to yourself. As for my person, I do not pretend to recommend it to you; I know I make but an ungaily figure; but I am not able to new-mould it; I offer myself to you such as I am; and yet, such as you see me. I do assure you that I would not bestow myself upon another; and that I must have a very great esteem for you, ever to propose a marriage, which, of all things in the world, I have had the least in my thoughts hitherto. Consider, therefore, and take your final resolutions, either to turn nun, or to marry me, or to continue in your present condition, without repining, since these do all of them depend upon your own choice.

Mademoiselle Daubigné returned Monsieur Scaron the thanks he so well deserved. She was too sensible of the disagreeableness of a dependent state not to be glad to accept of a settlement that would place her at least above want: finding therefore in herself no call towards a nunnery, she answered Monsieur Scaron without hesitation, that she had

too great a sense of her obligations to him not to be desirous of that way of life, that would give her the most frequent occasions of shewing her gratitude to him. Scaron, who was prepossessed with the flattering hopes of passing his life with a person he liked so well, was charmed with her answer. They both came to a resolution, that he should ask her relation's consent that very evening: she gave it very frankly; and this marriage, so soon concluded, was, as it were, the inlet to all the future fortunes of Madam Maintenon. She made a good wife to Scaron, living happily with him, and wanted no conveniencies during his life; but losing him she lost all; his pension ceased upon his death, and she found herself again reduced to the same indigent condition in which she had been before her marriage.

Upon this, she retired into the convent in the Place Royale, founded for the relief of necessitous persons; where the friends of her deceased husband took care of her. It was here the friendship between her and Madam Saint Basile (a nun) had its beginning, which has continued ever since, for she still goes to visit her frequently in the convent de la Raquette, where she now lives. And to the honour of Madam Maintenon, it must be allowed, that she has always been of a grateful temper, and mindful in her high fortunes, of her old friends, to whom she had formerly been obliged.

Her husband's friends did all they could to prevail upon the court to continue to her the pension which Monsieur Scaron had enjoyed; in order to this, petitions were frequently given in, which began always with, "The widow Scaron most humbly prays your Majesty," &c. But all these petitions signified nothing; and the King was so

weary of them that he has been heard to say, Must I always be pestered with the widow Scaron? Notwithstanding which, her friends were resolved not to be discouraged in their endeavours to serve her.

After this, she quitted the convent, and went to live in the Hôtel d'Albert, where her husband had always been very much esteemed. Here (it is said) something very remarkable happened to her, which I shall relate, because I find it so confidently affirmed upon the knowledge of a certain author. There were masons at work in the Hôtel d'Albert, not far from the apartment of Madam Scaron: one of them came into her chamber, and finding two or three virgins of her own sex, desired he might speak with her in private; she carried him into her closet, where he took upon him to tell her all the future events of her life. But whence he drew this knowledge (continues my author) which time has so wonderfully verified, is a mystery still to me. As to Madam Scaron, she saw then so little appearance of probability in his predictions, that she hardly gave the least heed to them. Nevertheless the company, upon her return, remarked some alteration in her countenance; and one of the Ladies said, surely this man has brought you some very pleasing news, for you look with a more chearful air than you did before he came in. There would be sufficient reason for my doing so, replied she, if I could give any credit to what this fellow has promised me. And I can tell you (says she, smiling) that if there should be any thing in it, you will do well to begin to make your court to me before hand. These Ladies could not prevail upon her to satisfy their curiosity any farther; but she communicated the whole secret to a bosom

friend after they were gone; and it is from that lady it came to be known, when the events foretold were come to pass, and so scrupulous a secrecy in that point did no longer seem necessary.

Some time after this, she was advised to seek all occasions of insinuating herself into the favour of Madam Mountespan, who was the king's mistress, and had an absolute influence over him. Madam Scaron therefore found the means of being presented to Madam Mountespan, and at that time spoke to her with so good a grace, that Madam Mountespan, pitying her circumstances, and resolving to make them more easy, took upon her to carry a petition from her to the king, and to deliver it with her own hands. The king, upon her presenting it to him, said, "What, the widow Scaron again? Shall I never see any thing else?" Indeed, Sir, says Madam Mountespan, it is now a long time since you ought not to have had her name mentioned to you any more, and it is something extraordinary that your Majesty has done nothing all this while for a poor woman, who, without exception, deserves a much better condition, as well upon the account of her own merit, as of the reputation of her late husband. The king, who was always glad of an opportunity to please Madam Mountespan, granted the petitioner all that was desired. Madam Scaron came to thank her patroness; and Madam Mountespan took such a liking to her, that she would by all means present her to the king, and after that proposed to him, that she might be made governante to their children. His majesty consented to it; and Madam Scaron, by her address and good conduct, won so much upon the affections and esteem of Madam

Mountespan, that in a little time she became her favourite and confidante.

It happened one night that Madam Mountespan sent for her, to tell her, that she was in great perplexity. She had just then, it seems, received a billet from the king, which required an immediate answer; and though she did by no means want wit, yet in that instant she found herself incapable of writing any thing with spirit. In the mean time, the messenger waited for an answer, while she racked her invention to no purpose. Had there been nothing more requisite, but to say a few tender things, she needed only to have copied the dictates of her heart; but she had over and above the reputation of her style and manner of writing to maintain, and her invention played her false in so critical a juncture. This reduced her to the necessity of desiring Madam Scaron to help her out, and giving her the King's billet, she bid her make an answer to it immediately. Madam Scaron would, out of modesty, have excused herself; but Madam Mountespan laid her absolute commands upon her: so that she obeyed, and writ a most agreeable billet, full of wit and tenderness. Madam Mountespan was very much pleased with it, she copied it, and sent it. The King was infinitely delighted with it. He thought Madam Mountespan had surpassed herself; and he attributed her more than ordinary wit upon this occasion to an increase of tenderness. The principal part of his amusement that night was to read over and over again this letter, in which he discovered new beauties upon every reading. He thought himself the happiest and the most extraordinary man living, to be able to inspire his mistress with such surprising sentiments and turns of wit.

Next morning, as soon as he was dressed, he went directly to make a visit to Madam Mountespan. What happy genius, Madam, says he, upon his first coming into the chamber, influenced your thoughts last night? Never, certainly, was there any thing so charming, and so finely writ, as the billet you sent me! and if you truly feel the tenderness you have so well described, my happiness is complete. Madam Mountespan was in confusion with these praises, which properly belonged to another, and she could not help betraying something of it by her blushes. The King perceived the disorder she was in, and was earnest to know the cause of it. She would fain have put it off; but the King's curiosity still increasing, in proportion to the excuses she made, she was forced to tell him all that had passed, lest he should of himself imagine something worse. The King was extremely surprised: though in civility he dissembled his thoughts at that time, nevertheless he could not help desiring to see the author of the letter that had pleased him so much; to satisfy himself whether her wit in conversation was equal to what it appeared in writing. Madam Scaron now began to call to mind the predictions of the mason; and from the desire the King had to see her, conceived no small hopes: notwithstanding she now had passed the flower of her age, yet she flattered herself that her destiny had reserved this one conquest in store for her, and this mighty monarch to be her captive. She was exactly shaped, had a noble air, fine eyes, and a delicate mouth, with fresh ruddy lips. She has, besides, the art of expressing every thing with her eyes, and of adjusting her looks to her thoughts, in such a manner, that all she says goes directly to the heart. The King was already prepossessed in her favour; and, after three or four

times conversing with her, began visibly to cool in his affections towards Madam Mountefpan.

The King in a little time purchased for Madam Scaron those lands that carry the name of Maintenon, a title which she from that time has taken. Never was there an instance of any favourite having so great a power over a prince, as what she has hitherto maintained. None can obtain the least favour, but by immediate application to her. Some are of opinion, that she has been the occasion of all the ill treatment which the Protestants have met with, and consequently of the damage the whole kingdom has received from those proceedings. But it is more reasonable to think that whole revolution was brought about by the contrivances of the Jesuits; and she has always been known to be too little a favourer of that order of men to promote their intrigues. Besides, it is not natural to think, that she who formerly had a good opinion of the reformed religion, and was pretty well instructed in the protestant faith and way of worship, should ever be the author of a persecution against those innocent people, who never had in any thing offended her.

N^o 48. WEDNESDAY, MAY 6.

IT is the general opinion, that Madam Maintenon has of late years influenced all the measures of the court of France. The King, when he has taken the air after dinner, never fails of going to sit with her till about ten o'clock; at which time he leaves her to go to his supper. The comptroller-general

of the finances likewise comes to her apartments to meet the King: while they are in discourse, Madam Maintenon sits at her wheel towards the other end of the room, not seeming to give the least attention to what is said. Nevertheless, the Minister never makes a proposition to the King, but his Majesty turns towards her, and says, "What think you, Madam, of this?" She expresses her opinion after a modest manner; and whatsoever she says is done. Madam Maintenon never appears in public, except when she goes with the King to take the air; and then she sits on the same seat with the King, with her spectacles on, working a piece of embroidery, and does not seem to be so much as sensible of the great fortunes and honours to which she has raised herself. She is always very modestly dressed, and never appears with any train of servants. Every morning she goes to St Cyr, to give her orders there, it being a kind of a nursery founded by herself for the education of young ladies of good families, but no fortune. She returns from thence about the time the King rises, who never fails to pay her a morning visit. She goes to mass always by break of day, to avoid the concourse of people. She is rarely seen by any, and almost inaccessible to every body, excepting three or four particular acquaintance of her own sex. Whether it be, that she would by this conduct avoid envy, as some think; or, as others would have it, that she is afraid the rank which she thinks due to her, should be disputed in all visits and public places, is doubtful. It is certain that, upon all occasions, she declines the taking of any rank; and the title of Marquise (which belongs to the lands the King purchased for her) is suppressed before her name; neither will she accept of the title of a duchess, aspi-

ring in all probability at something still higher, as will appear by what follows. From several particulars in the conduct of the French king, as well as in that of Madam Maintenon, it has for some years been the prevailing opinion of the court that they are married. And it is said, that her ambition of being declared queen broke out at last; and that she was resolved to give the king no quiet till it was done. He for some time resisted all her solicitations upon that head, but at length, in a fit of tenderness and good nature, he promised her, that he would consult his confessor upon that point. Madam Maintenon was pleased with this, not doubting but that father La Chaise would be glad of this occasion of making his court to her; but he was too subtle a courtier not to perceive the danger of engaging in so nice an affair; and for that reason evaded it, by telling the King, that he did not think himself a casuist able enough to decide a question of so great importance, and for that reason desired he might consult with some man of skill and learning, for whose secrecy he would be responsible. The King was apprehensive lest this might make the matter too public; but as soon as father La Chaise named Monsieur Fenelon, the archbishop of Cambray, his fears were over; and he bid him go and find him out. As soon as the confessor had communicated the business he came upon to the bishop, he said, "What have I done, father, that you should ruin me?" "But it is no matter; let us go to the King." His majesty was in his closet, expecting them. The bishop was no sooner entered, but he threw himself at the King's feet, and begged of him not to sacrifice him: the King promised him that he would not; and then proposed the case to him. The

bishop, with his usual sincerity, represented to him the great prejudice he would do himself by declaring his marriage, together with the ill consequences that might attend such a proceeding. The King very much approved his reasons, and resolved to go no farther in this affair. Madam Maintenon still pressed him to comply with her; but it was now all to no purpose; and he told her it was not a thing to be done. She asked him, if it was Father La Chaise who dissuaded him from it. He for some time refused to give her any answer; but at last, overcome by her importunities, he told her every thing as it had passed. She upon this disguised her resentment, that she might be the more able to make it prove effectual. She did by no means think the Jesuit was to be forgiven; but the first marks of her vengeance fell upon the archbishop of Cambray. He and all his relations were, in a little time, put out of all their employments at court; upon which he retired to live quietly upon his bishopric; and there have no endeavours been spared to deprive him even of that. As a farther instance of the incontrollable power of this great favourite, and of her resenting even the most trivial matters that she thinks might tend to her prejudice, or the diminution of her honour, it is remarkable, that the Italian comedians were driven out of Paris, for playing a comedy called "la Fausse Prude," which was supposed to reflect upon Madam Maintenon in particular.

It is something very extraordinary, that she has been able to keep entire the affections of the King so many years, after her youth and beauty were gone, and never fall into the least disgrace, notwithstanding the number of enemies she has had, and the intrigues that have been formed against

her from time to time. This brings into my memory a saying of King William's, that I have heard on this occasion; "That the King of France was, in his conduct, quite opposite to other princes; since he made choice of young ministers, and an old mistress." But this lady's charms have not lain so much in her person, as in her wit and good sense. She has always had the address to flatter the vanity of the King, and to mix always something solid and useful with the more agreeable parts of her conversation. She has known how to introduce the most serious affairs of state into their hours of pleasure; by telling his majesty, that a monarch should not love, nor do any thing, like other men; and that he, of all men living, knew best how to be always a King, and always like himself, even in the midst of his diversions. The King now converses with her as a friend, and advises with her upon his most secret affairs. He has a true love and esteem for her; and has taken care, in case he should die before her, that she may pass the remainder of her life with honour, in the abbey of St. Cyr: there are apartments ready fitted up for her in this place; she and all her domestics are to be maintained out of the rents of the house, and she is to receive all the honours due to a foundress. This abbey stands in the park of Versailles: it is a fine piece of building, and the King has endowed it with large revenues. The design of it (as I have mentioned before) is to maintain and educate young ladies, whose fortunes do not answer to their birth. None are accounted duly qualified for this place, but such as can give sufficient proofs of the nobility of their family on the father's side for an hundred and forty years; besides which, they must have a certificate of their poverty under the

hand of their bishop. The age at which persons are capable of being admitted here is from seven years old until twelve. Lastly, it is required, that they should have no defect or blemish of body or mind; and for this reason there are persons appointed to visit and examine them before they are received into the college. When these young ladies are once admitted, their parents and relations have no need to put themselves to any farther expence or trouble about them. They are provided with all necessaries for maintenance and education: they style themselves of the order of St Lewis. When they arrive to an age to be able to chuse a state of life for themselves, they may either be placed as nuns in some convent at the King's expence, or be married to some gentleman, whom Madam Maintenon takes care, upon that condition, to provide for, either in the army or in the finances; and the lady receives, besides, a portion of four hundred pistoles. Most of these marriages have proved very successful, and several gentlemen have by them made great fortunes, and been advanced to very considerable employments.

I must conclude this short account of Madam Maintenon with advertising my readers, that I do not pretend to vouch for the several particulars that I have related. All I can say is, that a great many of them are attested by several writers; and that I thought this sketch of a woman so remarkable all over Europe, would be no ill entertainment to the curious, until such a time as some pen, more fully instructed in her whole life and character, shall undertake to give it to the public.

No 49. THURSDAY, MAY 7.

—“Quæ possit facere et servare beatum.”

Hor. Ep. 6. l. i. v. 2.

To make men happy, and to keep them so.

Cicero.

IT is of great use to consider the pleasures which constitute human happiness, as they are distinguished into natural and fantastical. Natural pleasures I call those, which not depending on the fashion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are suited to human nature in general, and were intended by providence as rewards for the using our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantastical pleasures are those which having no natural fitness to delight our minds, presuppose some particular whim or taste accidentally prevailing in a set of people, to which it is owing that they please.

Now I take it, that the tranquillity and cheerfulness with which I have passed my life, are the effect of having, ever since I came to years of discretion, continued my inclinations to the former sort of pleasures. But as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a stronger motive to induce others to the same scheme of life, if they would consider that we are prompted to natural pleasures by an instinct impressed on our minds by the author of our nature, who best understands our frames, and consequently best knows what those pleasures are, which will give us the

least uneasiness in the pursuit, and the greatest satisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural desires are cheap or easy to be obtained, it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole system of created beings, "that nothing is made in vain," much less the instincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence as well as wisdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of those objects less pleasing, than the acquisition is easy; and the pleasure is heightened by the sense of having answered some natural end, and the consciousness of acting in concert with the supreme governor of the universe.

Under natural pleasures I comprehend those which are universally suited, as well to the rational as the sensual part of our nature. And of the pleasures which affect our senses, those only are to be esteemed natural that are contained within the rules of reason, which is allowed to be as necessary an ingredient of human nature as sense. And, indeed, excesses of any kind are hardly to be esteemed pleasures, much less natural pleasures.

It is evident, that a desire terminated in money is fantastical; so is the desire of outward distinctions, which bring no delight of sense, nor recommend us as useful to mankind; and the desire of things merely because they are new or foreign. Men, who are indisposed to a due exertion of their higher parts, are driven to such pursuits as these from the restlessness of the mind, and the sensitive appetites being easily satisfied. It is, in some sort, owing to the bounty of Providence, that disdaining a cheap and vulgar happiness, they frame to themselves imaginary goods, in which there is nothing can raise desire, but the difficulty of obtaining them.

Thus men become the contrivers of their own misery, as a punishment on themselves for departing from the measures of nature. Having by an habitual reflection on these truths made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of persons who have debauched their natural taste, see things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the false notions instilled by custom and education.

The various objects that compose the world were by nature formed to delight our senses; and as it is this alone that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be said naturally to possess them, when he possesseth those enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is usual with me to consider myself as having a natural property in every object that administers pleasure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my residence, and to which I have access, I regard as mine. The same I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muse on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantastical pleasure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a stranger to fresh air and rural enjoyments. By these principles I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my acquaintance, who being men of business chuse to live near the court.

In some great families, where I chuse to pass my time, a stranger would be apt to rank me with the other domestics; but in my own thoughts, and natural judgement, I am master of the house, and he who goes by that name is my steward, who eases me of the care of providing for myself the conveniences and pleasures of life.

When I walk the streets, I use the foregoing maxim (viz. that he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it) to convince myself that I have a property in the gay part of all the gay characters that I meet, which I regard as amusements designed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind people who sit in them gaily attired only to please me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleasure from their exterior embellishments. Upon the same principle, I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered cloaths, which I see at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the spectator than to those that wear them. And I look on the beaux and ladies as so many paroquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet or library that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richest men in Great-Britain, with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The same principles I find of great use in my private economy. As I cannot go to the price of history-painting, I have purchased at easy rates several beautifully designed pieces of landscape and perspective, which are much more pleasing to a natural taste than unknown faces or Dutch gambols, though done by the best masters; my couches, beds, and window-curtains are of Irish stuff, which those of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of China in my house; but I have glasses of all sorts,

and some tinged with the finest colours, which are not the less pleasing, because they are domestic; and cheaper than foreign toys. Every thing is neat, entire and clean, and suited to the taste of one who had rather be happy than be thought rich.

Every day, numberless innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow-creatures labouring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of trifles; one, that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of ribband that has an agreeable effect on my sight, but is so far from supplying the place of merit where it is not, that it serves only to make the want of it more conspicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my soul; about noon I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy daffies of light which adorns the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am lost among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great croud at his levee. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moon-light, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who, in their race through life, overlook the real enjoyments of it.

But the pleasure which naturally affects a human mind with the most lively and transporting touches I take to be the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here, with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls. This is a perpetual spring of gladness in the mind. This lessens our calamities,

and doubles our joys. Without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise. What unnatural wretches then are those who can be so stupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavouring to rob virtue of her support, and a man of his present as well as future bliss! But as I have frequently taken occasion to animadvert on that species of mortals, so I propose to repeat my animadversions on them, till I see some symptoms of amendment.

No. 50. FRIDAY, MAY 8.

"O rus, quando ego te aspiciam?" — *Hor. Sat. 6. l. 2. v. 604.*
Oh! when shall I enjoy my country seat? *Cicero.*

THE perplexities and diversions, recounted in the following letter, are represented with some pleasantry; I shall therefore make this epistle the entertainment of the day.

To NASTOR IRONSIDES, Esq;

SIR,

THE time of going into the country drawing near, I am extremely enlivened with the agreeable memorial of every thing that contributed to my happiness when I was last there. In the recounting of which, I shall not dwell so much upon the verdure of the fields, the shade of woods, the trilling of rivulets, or melody of birds, as upon some particular satisfactions, which,

though not merely rural, must naturally create a desire of seeing that place, where only I have met with them. As to my passage, I shall make no other mention, than of the pompous pleasure of being whirled along with six horses, the easy grandeur of sitting in an handsome chariot, the reciprocal satisfaction the inhabitants of all towns and villages received from, and returned to, passengers of such distinction. The gentleman's seat (with whom, among others, I had the honour to go down) is the remains of an ancient castle which has suffered very much for the loyalty of its inhabitants. The ruins of the several turrets and strong holds, gave my imagination more pleasant exercise than the most magnificent structure could, as I look upon the honourable wounds of a defaced soldier with more veneration than the most exact proportion of a beautiful woman. As this desolation renewed in me a general remembrance of the calamities of the late civil wars, I began to grow desirous to know the history of the particular scene of action in this place of my abode. I here must beseech you not to think me tedious in mentioning a certain barber, who for his general knowledge of things and persons, may be had in equal estimation with any of that order among the Romans. This person was allowed to be the best historian upon the spot; and the sequel of my tale will discover, that I did not chuse him so much for the soft touch of his hand, as the abilities to entertain me with an account of the Deagener Time, as he calls it, the most authentic relations of which, through all parts of the town, are derived from this person. I found him, indeed, extremely loquacious, but withal a man of

as much veracity as an impetuous speaker could be. The first time he came to shave me, before he applied his weapon to my chin, he gave a flourish with it, very like the salutation the prize-fighters give the company with theirs, which made me apprehend incision would as certainly ensue. The dexterity of this overture consists in playing the razor, with a nimble wrist, mighty near the nose without touching it: convincing him therefore of the dangerous consequence of such an unnecessary agility, with much persuasion I suppressed it. During the perusal of my face he gives me such accounts of the families in the neighbourhood, as tradition and his own observation have furnished him with. Whenever the precipitation of his account makes him blunder, his cruel right hand corresponds, and the razor discovers on my face, at what part of it he was in the peaceable, and at what part in the bloody incidents of his narrative. But I had long before learned to expose my person to any difficulties that might tend to the improvement of my mind. His breath, I found, was very pestilential, and being obliged to utter a great deal of it, for the carrying on his narrations, I beseeched him, before he came into my room, to go into the kitchen and mollify it with a breakfast. When he had taken off my beard, with part of my face, and dressed my wounds in the capacity of a barber-surgeon, we traversed the out-works about the castle, where I received particular information in what places any of note among the besiegers, or the besieged, received any wound, and I was carried always to the very spot where the fact was done, howsoever dangerous (scaling part of the walls, or stumbling over loose stones)

my approach to such a place might be, it being conceived impossible to arrive at a true knowledge of these matters without this hazardous explanation upon them; infomuch that I received more confusions from these speculations, than I probably could have done, had I been the most bold adventurer at the demolition of this castle. This, as all other his informations, the barber so lengthened and husbanded with digressions, that he had always something new to offer, wisely concluding that when he had finished the part of an historian, I should have no occasion for him as a barber.

Whenever I looked at this ancient pile of building, I thought it perfectly resembled any of those castles, which in my infancy I had met with in romances, where several unfortunate knights and ladies were, by certain giants, made prisoners irrecoverably, until the Knight of the Burning Pestle, or any other of equal hardiness, should deliver them from a long captivity. There is a park adjoining, pleasant beyond the most poetical description, one part of which is particularly private by being inaccessible to those that have not great resolution. This I have made sacred to love and poetry, and after having regularly invoked the goddess I adore, I here compose a tender couplet or two, which, when I come home, I venture to shew my particular friends, who love me so well as to conceal my follies. After my poetry sinks upon me, I relieve the labour of my brain by a little manuscript with my penknife; while, with Rochester,

"Here on a beech, like amorous for,
I sometime carve a true-love's knot;
There a tall oak her name does bear,
"In a large spreading character."

I confess since whilst I was engraving one of my most curious notions upon a delicate smooth bark, my feet in the tree which I had gained with much skill, deserted me; and the lover, with much amazement, came plump into the river. I did not recover the true spirit of amour under a week, and not without applying myself to some of the softest passages in *Cassandra* and *Cleopatra*. These are the pleasures I meet without doors; those within were as follow. I had the happiness to lie in a room that had a large hole opening from it, which, by unquestionable tradition, had been formerly continued to an abbey two miles from the castle, for a communication betwixt the austere creatures of that place, with others not altogether so contemplative. And the keeper's brother assures me, that when he formerly lay in this room, he had seen some of the spirits of this departed brotherhood enter from the hole into this chamber, where they continued with the utmost civility to flesh and blood, until they were oppressed by the morning air. And if I do not receive his account with a very serious and believing countenance, he ventures to laugh at me as a most ridiculous infidel. The most unaccountable pleasure I take is with a fine white young owl, which strayed one night in at my window, and which I was resolved to make a prisoner, but withal to give all the indulgence that its confinement could possibly admit of. I so far insinuated myself into his favour, by presents of fresh provisions, that we could be very good company together. There is something in the eye of that creature, of such merry lustre, something of such human cunning in the turn of his

visage, that I found vast delight in the survey of it. One objection indeed I at first saw, that this bird being the bird of Pallas, the choice of this favourite might afford curious matter of raillery to the ingenious, especially when it shall be known, that I am as much delighted with a cat as ever Montaigne was. But notwithstanding this, I am so far from being ashamed of this particular humour, that I esteem myself very happy in having my odd state of pleasure provided for upon such reasonable terms. What heightened all the pleasures I have spoke of was the agreeable freedom with which the gentleman of the house entertained us; and every one of us came into, or left the company, as he thought fit; dined in his chamber or the parlour, as a fit of spleen or study directed him; nay, sometimes every man rode or walked a different way, so that we never were together, but when we were perfectly pleased with ourselves and each other.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient

humble servant,

R. B.

THE GUARDIAN'S POSTSCRIPT.

I had just given my orders for the press, when my friend Mrs Bicknell made me a visit. She came to desire I would shew her the wardrobe of the Lizards, (where the various habits of the ancestors of that illustrious family are preserved) in order to furnish her with a proper dress for the WIFE OF BATH. Upon sight of the little ruffs, she snatched one of them from the pin, clapt it

round her neck, and turning briskly towards me, repeated a speech out of her part in the comedy of that name. If the rest of the actors enter into their several parts with the same spirit, the humorous characters of this play cannot but appear excellent on the theatre. For very good judges have informed me, that the author has drawn them with great propriety, and an exact observation of the Manners.

Nestor Laetitia

unpublished

from the

№ 5X. SATURDAY, MAY 9.

of the

Res antiquae lapidis & artis

Ingressor, fatis a sacris reclusus fontibus

And venture to unlock the sacred spring.

IT is probable the first poets were found at the altar, that they employed their talents in adorning and animating the worship of their gods; the spirit of poetry and religion reciprocally warmed each other; devotion inspired poetry, and poetry exalted devotion; the most sublime capacities were put to the most noble use; purity of will, and firmness of understanding, were not such strangers as they have been in latter ages, but were most frequently lodged in the same breast, and went, as it were, hand in hand to the glory of the world's great Ruler, and the benefit of mankind. To reclaim our modern poetry, and turn it into its due and primitive channel, is an endeavour altogether

worthy a far greater character than the Guardian of a private family. Kingdoms might be the better for the conversion of the muses from sensuality to natural religion, and princes on their thrones might be obliged and protected by its power.

Were it modest, I should profess myself a great admirer of poesy: but that profession is in effect telling the world that I have a heart tender and generous, a heart that can swell with the joys, or be depressed with the misfortunes of others, nay more, even of imaginary persons; a heart large enough to receive the greatest ideas, nature can suggest, and delicate enough to relish the most beautiful; it is desiring mankind to believe that I am capable of entering into all those subtle graces, and all that divine elegance, the enjoyment of which is to be felt only, and not expressed.

All kinds of poesy are amiable, but sacred poesy should be our most special delight: other poetry leads us through flowery meadows or beautiful gardens, refreshes us with cooling breezes or delicious fruits, soothes us with the murmur of waters, or the melody of birds, or else conveys us to the court or camp; dazzles our imagination with crowns and sceptres, embattled hosts, or heroes shining in burnished steel: but sacred numbers seem to admit us into a solemn and magnificent temple, they encircle us with every thing that is holy and divine, they superadd an agreeable awe and reverence to all those pleasing emotions we feel from other lays; an awe and reverence that exalts, while it chastises: its sweet authority restrains each undue liberty of thought, word, and action; it makes us think better and more nobly of ourselves, from a consciousness of the great presence we are in, where

saints surround us; and angels are our fellow-worshippers.

"O let me glory, glory in my choice!

Whom should I sing, but him who gave me voice!

This theme shall last, when Homer's shall decay,

When arts, arms, kings and kingdoms melt away.

And can it, Powers, immortal, can it be,

That this high province was reserv'd for me?

Whate'er the new, the rash adventure cost,

In wide eternity I dare be lost.

I dare launch out, and shew the muses more,

Than e'er the learned sisters saw before.

In narrow limits they were wont to sing,

To teach the swain, or celebrate the king:

I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,

I lift my voice, and sing to human-kind:

I sing to men and angels; angels join

(While such the theme) their sacred hymns with mine."

But besides the greater pleasure which we receive from sacred poesy, it has another vast advantage above all other; when it has placed us in that imaginary temple (of which I just now spoke) methinks the mighty genius of the place covers us with an invisible hand, secures us in the enjoyments we possess. We find a kind of refuge in our pleasure, and our diversion becomes our safety. Why then should not every heart that is addicted to the muses, cry out in the holy warmth of the best poet that ever lived, "I will magnify thee, O Lord, my King, and I will praise thy name for ever and ever!"

That greater benefit may be reaped from sacred poesy than from any other is indisputable; but is it capable of yielding such exquisite delight? Has it a title only to the regard of the serious and aged? Is it only to be read on Sundays, and to be bound in black? Or does it put in for the good esteem of the gay, the fortunate, the young? Can

in a rival a ball or a theatre, but give pleasure to those who are conversant with beauty, and have their palates set high with all the delicacies and poignancy of human wit.

That poetry gives us the greatest pleasure which affects us most, and that affects us most, which is on a subject in which we have the deepest concern; for this reason it is a rule in epic poetry, that the tale should be taken from the history of that country to which it is written, or at farthest from their distant ancestors. Thus Homer sung Achilles to the descendents of Achilles; and Virgil to Augustus that hero's voyage.

— "Genus unde Latinum
"Albanique patres, altae moenia Romae." *Aen. l. vi. 6.*

"From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
"And the long glories of majestic Rome."
Dryden.

Had they changed subjects, they had certainly been worse poets at Greece and Rome, whatever they had been esteemed by the rest of mankind; and in what subjects have we the greatest concern, but in those at the very thought of which "This world grows less and less, and all its glories fade away?"

All other poetry must be dropt at the gate of death, this alone can enter with us into immortality; it will admit of an improvement only, not (strictly speaking) an entire alteration from the converse of Cherubim and Seraphim: It shall not be forgotten, when the sun and moon are remembered no more; it shall never die, but (if I may so express myself) be the measure of eternity, and the laudable ambition of heaven.

How then can any other poetry come in competition with it?

" Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
 " Within the view of conscious stars or sun,
 " Is far beneath my daring! I look down
 " On all the splendors of the British crown;
 " This globe is for my verse a narrow bound:
 " Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around;
 " Oh all ye spirits, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
 " Of every various order, place and kind,
 " Hear and assist a feeble mortal's lays:
 " 'Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise."

These verses, and those quoted above, are taken out of a manuscript poem on the Last Day, which will shortly appear in public.

To the GUARDIAN.

S I R,

WHEN you speak of the good which would
 arise from the labours of ingenious men,
 if they could be prevailed upon to turn their
 thoughts upon the sublime subjects of religion, it
 should, methinks, be an attractive to them, if you
 would please to lay before them, that noble ideas
 aggrandise the soul of him who writes with a
 true taste of virtue. I was just now reading Da-
 vid's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, and
 that divine piece was peculiarly pleasing to me,
 in that there was such an exquisite sorrow expres-
 sed in it without the least allusion to the difficul-
 ties from whence David was extricated by the
 fall of these great men in his way to empire.
 When he received the tidings of Saul's death, his
 generous mind has in it no reflection upon the
 merit of the unhappy man who was taken out of
 his way, but what raises his sorrow, instead of
 giving him consolation.

VOL. I.

Z

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon: lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

"Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul as though he had not been anointed with oil.

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

"Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel."

How beautiful is the more amiable and noble parts of Saul's character, represented by a man whom that very Saul pursued to death! But when he comes to mention Jonathan, the sublimity ceases, and not able to mention his generous friendship, and the most noble instances ever given by man, he sinks into a fondness that will not admit of high language or allusions to the greater circumstances of their life, and turns only upon their familiar converse.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

In the mind of this admirable man, grandeur, majesty and worldly power were despicable considerations, when he cast his eye upon the merit of him who was so suddenly snatched from them:

• And when he began to think of the great friend-
• ship of Jonathan, his panegyric is uttered only
• in broken exclamations, and tender expressions of
• how much they both loved, not how much Jona-
• than deserved.

• Pray pardon this, which was to hint only that
• the virtue, not the elegance of fine writing, is the
• thing principally to be considered by a Guardian.

• I am, S^r,

• Your humble servant,

• C. F.

N^o 52. MONDAY, MAY 11.

• *Caesar liber erit* •

• Caesar alone, of all mankind, is free. •

I SHALL not assume to myself the merit of
every thing in these papers: Wheresoever in
reading or conversation, I observe any thing that
is curious and uncommon, useful or entertaining,
I resolve to give it to the public. The greatest part
of this very paper is an extract from a French ma-
nuscript, which was lent me by my good friend
Mr Charwell: he tells me he has had it about these
twenty years in his possession; and he seems to me
to have taken from it very many of the maxims he
has pursued in the new settlement. I have hereto-
fore spoken of, upon his lands. He has given me

Z 2

full liberty to make what use I shall think fit; either to publish it intire, or to retail it out by penny-worths. I have determined to retail it, and for that end I have translated divers passages, rendering the words *Libre*, *Sous*, and many others of known signification in France, into thier equivalent sense, that I may be the better understood by my English readers. The book contains several memoirs concerning Monsieur Colbert, who had the honour to be secretary of state to his most Christian Majesty, and superintendant or chief director of the arts and manufactures of his kingdom. The passage for to-day is as follows.

It happened that the King was one day expressing his wonder to this minister, that the United Provinces should give him so much trouble, that so great a monarch as he was should not be able to reduce so small a state with half the power of his whole dominions. To which Monsieur Colbert is said to have made the following answer.

Sir, I presume upon your indulgence to speak what I have thought upon this subject with that freedom which becomes a faithful servant, and one who has nothing more at heart than your Majesty's glory and the prosperity of your whole people. Your territories are vastly greater than the United Netherlands; but, Sir, it is not land that fights against land, but the strength and riches of one nation against the strength and riches of another. I should have said only riches, since it is money that feeds and clothes the soldier, furnishes the magazine, provides the train of artillery, and answers the charge of all other military preparations. Now the riches of a prince or state, are just so much as they can levy upon

“their subjects, still leaving them sufficient for
“their subsistence. If this shall not be left, they will
“desert to other countries for better usage; and I
“am sorry to say it, that too many of your Ma-
“jesty's subjects are already among your neigh-
“bours in the condition of footmen and valets for
“their daily bread; many of your artisans too are
“fled from the severity of your collectors, they are
“at this time improving the manufactures of your
“enemies. France has lost the benefit of their
“hands for ever, and your Majesty all hopes of
“any future excises by their consumption. For
“the extraordinary sums of one year, you have
“parted with an inheritance. I am never able
“without the utmost indignation, to think of that
“minister, who had the confidence to tell your
“father, his subjects were but too happy, that
“they were not yet reduced to eat grass; as if
“starving his people were the only way to free
“himself from their seditions. But people will
“not starve in France, as long as bread is to be
“had in any other country. How much more
“worthy of a prince was that saying of your Grand-
“father of glorious memory, that he hoped to see
“that day, when every housekeeper in his domi-
“nions should be able to allow his family a capon
“for their Sunday's supper. I lay down this
“therefore as my first principle, that your taxes
“upon your subjects must leave them sufficient for
“their subsistence, at least as comfortable a sub-
“sistence as they will find among your neigh-
“bours. Upon this principle I shall be able to make
“some comparison between the revenue of your
“Majesty and those of the States-general. Your

55 territories are near thirty times as great, your
 56 people more than four times as many, yet your
 57 revenues are not thirty, no, nor four times as
 58 great, nor indeed as great again as those of the
 59 United Netherlands. *Beidungave lo sonqxe*
 60 In what one article are you able to raise twice
 61 as much from your subjects, as the States can do
 62 from theirs? Can you take twice as much from
 63 the rents of the lands and houses; what are the
 64 yearly rents of your whole kingdom? and how
 65 much of these will your Majesty be able to take
 66 without ruining the landed interest? You have,
 67 Sir, above a hundred millions of acres, and not
 68 above thirteen millions of subjects, eight acres to
 69 every subject; how inconsiderable must be the
 70 value of land, where so many acres are to pro-
 71 vide for a single person; where a single per-
 72 son is the whole market for the produce of so
 73 much land? And what sort of customers are your
 74 subjects to these lands? What clothes is it that
 75 they wear? What provisions do they consume?
 76 Black bread, onions, and other roots, are the
 77 usual diet of the generality of your people; their
 78 common drink the pure element; they are dress-
 79 ed in canvas and wooden shoes, I mean such
 80 as most of them are not bare-foot and half-naked.
 81 How very mean must be the eight acres which
 82 will afford no better subsistence to a single person?
 83 Yet so many of your people live in this despicable
 84 manner, that four pounds will be easily believed
 85 to exceed the annual expences of every one of
 86 them at a medium. And how little of this ex-
 87 pence will be coming to the land-owner for his
 88 rent; or, which is the same thing, for the mere
 89 product of his land? Of every thing that is con-

If summed, the greatest part of the value is the price
 of labour that is bestowed upon it; and it is not
 at a very small part of their price that is paid to
 your Majesty in your excises. Of the four pounds
 expence of every subject, it can hardly be thought
 that more than four and twenty shillings are
 paid for the mere product of the land. Then, if
 there are eight acres to every subject, and every
 subject for his consumption pays no more than
 four and twenty shillings to the land, three shil-
 lings at a medium must be the full yearly value
 of every acre in your kingdom. Your lands se-
 parated from the buildings cannot be valued
 higher. And what then shall be thought the yearly
 value of the houses, or, which is the same thing,
 of the lodgings of your thirteen millions of sub-
 jects? What numbers of these are begging their
 bread throughout your kingdom? If your Ma-
 jesty were to walk incognito through the very
 streets of your capital, and would give a farthing
 to every beggar that asks you alms in a walk of
 one hour you would have nothing left of a pistole.
 How miserable must be the lodgings of these
 wretches? Even those that will not ask by your
 charity, are huddled together four or five fami-
 lies in a house. Such is the lodging in your
 capital. That of your other towns is yet less
 valuable; but nothing can be more ruinous than
 the cottages in the villages. Six shillings for the
 lodging of every one of your thirteen millions of
 subjects at a medium must needs be the full
 yearly value of all the houses. So that at four
 shillings for every acre, and six shillings for the
 lodging of every subject, the rents of your whole

kingdom will be less than twenty millions, and yet a great deal more than they were ever yet found to be by the most exact survey that has been taken.

The next question then is, how much of these rents your Majesty will think fit to take to your own use. Six of the twenty millions are in the hands of the clergy; and little enough for the support of three hundred thousand Ecclesiastics, with all their necessary attendants; it is no more than twenty pence a year for every one of the masters. These, Sir, are your best guards; they keep your subjects loyal in the midst of all their misery. Your Majesty will not think it your interest to take any thing from the church. From that which remains in the hands of your lay subjects, will you be able to take more than five millions to your own use? This is more than seven shillings in the pound; and then, after necessary reparations, together with losses by the failing of tenants, how very little will be left to the owners? These are gentlemen, who have never been bred either to trade or manufactures; they have no other way of living than by their rents, and when these shall be taken from them, they must fly to your armies, as to an hospital for their daily bread.

Now, Sir, your Majesty will give me leave to examine what are the rents of the United Netherlands, and how great a part of these their governors may take to themselves without oppression of the owners. There are in those provinces three millions of acres, and as many millions of subjects, a subject for every acre.

“ Why should not then the single acre there be
“ as valuable as the eight acres in France, since
“ it is to provide for as many mouths? Or if
“ great part of the provisions of the people are
“ fetched in by their trade from the sea or fo-
“ reign countries, they will end at last in the im-
“ provement of their lands. I have often heard,
“ and am ready to believe, that thirty shillings,
“ one with another, is less than the yearly value
“ of every acre in those provinces.
“ And how much less than this will be the year-
“ ly value of lodging, for every one of their sub-
“ jects? There are no beggars in their streets;
“ scarce a single one in a whole province. Their
“ families in great towns are lodged in palaces, in
“ comparison with those of Paris: even the houses
“ in their villages are more costly than in many of
“ your cities. If such is the value of their three
“ millions of acres, and of lodging for as many
“ millions of subjects, the yearly rents of lands and
“ houses are nine millions in those provinces.
“ Then how much of this may the states take
“ without ruining the land-owners, for the de-
“ fence of their people? Their lands, there, by the
“ custom of descending in equal shares to all the
“ children, are distributed into so many hands, that
“ few or no persons are subsisted by their rents;
“ land-owners, as well as others, are chiefly sub-
“ sisted by trade and manufactures; and they can
“ therefore with as much ease part with half of
“ their whole rents, as your Majesty’s subjects can
“ a quarter. The States-General may as well take
“ four millions and a half from their rents, as your
“ Majesty can five from those of your subjects.
“ It remains now only to compare the expenses of

“ both countries. And what excises can your Ma-
“ jesty hope to receive by the consumption of the
“ half-starved and half-naked beggars in your
“ streets? how great a part of the price of all that
“ is ate or drunk or consumed by those wretched
“ creatures; how great a part of the price of carvass
“ cloth and wooden shoes, that are every way worn
“ throughout the country? how great a part of
“ the price of their water, or their black bread and
“ onions, the general diet of your people? If your
“ Majesty were to receive the whole price of those
“ things, your Exchequer would hardly run over.
“ Yet, so much the greatest part of your subjects
“ live in this despicable manner that the annual
“ expence of every one at a medium, can be no
“ more than I have mentioned. One would al-
“ most think they starve themselves to defraud your
“ Majesty of your revenues. It is impossible to
“ conceive that more than an eighth part can be
“ excised from the expences of your subjects, who
“ live so very poorly; and then for thirteen millions
“ of people, your whole revenue by excises will
“ amount to no more than six millions and a half.
“ And how much less than this sum will the
“ States be able to levy by the same tax upon their
“ subjects? There are no beggars in that country.
“ The people of their great towns live at a vastly
“ greater charge than yours. And even those in
“ their villages are better fed and clothed than
“ the people of your towns. At a medium, every
“ one of their subjects live at twice the cost of those
“ of France. Trade and manufactures are the
“ things that furnish them with money for this ex-
“ pence. Therefore if thrice as much shall be ex-
“ cised from the expence of the Hollanders, yet

" still they will have more left than the subjects of
 " your Majesty, though you should take nothing
 " at all from them. I must believe therefore that
 " it will be as easy to levy thrice as much by ex-
 " cises upon the Dutch subject as the French, thirty
 " shillings upon the former, as easily as ten upon
 " the latter, and consequently four millions and
 " a half of pounds upon their three millions of
 " subjects; so that in the whole, by rents and ex-
 " cises, they will be able to raise nine millions with-
 " in the year. If of this sum, for the maintenance
 " of their clergy, which are not so numerous as
 " in France, the charge of their civil list, and the
 " preservation of their dikes, one million is to be
 " deducted; yet still they will have eight for their
 " defence, a revenue equal to two thirds of your
 " Majesty's.
 " Your Majesty will now no longer wonder that
 " you have not been able to reduce these provinces
 " with half the power of your whole dominions,
 " yet half is as much as you will be ever able to
 " employ against them. Spain and Germany will
 " be always ready to espouse their quarrel, their
 " forces will be sufficient to cut out work for the
 " other half; and I wish too you could be quiet
 " on the side of Italy and England.
 " What then is the advice I would presume to
 " give your Majesty? To disband the greatest part
 " of your forces, and save so many taxes to your
 " people. Your very dominions make you too
 " powerful to fear any insult from your neigh-
 " bours. To turn your thoughts from war, and
 " cultivate the arts of peace, the trade and manu-
 " factures of your people; this shall make you
 " the most powerful prince, and at the same time

" your subjects the richest of all other subjects. In
" the space of twenty years they will be able to
" give your Majesty greater sums with ease, than
" you can now draw from them with the greatest
" difficulty. You have abundant materials in your
" kingdom to employ your people, and they do not
" want capacity to be employed. Peace and trade
" shall carry out their labour to all the ports of
" Europe, and bring back yearly treasures to your
" subjects. There will be always fools enough to
" purchase the manufactures of France, though
" France should be prohibited to purchase those of
" other countries. In the mean time your Ma-
" jesty shall never want sufficient sums to buy now
" and then an important fortress, from one or
" other of your indigent neighbours. But above
" all, peace shall ingratiate your Majesty with the
" Spanish nation, during the life of their crazy
" king, and after his death, a few seasonable pre-
" sents among his courtiers should purchase the
" reversion of his crowns, with all the treasures of
" the Indies, and then the world must be your
" own."

" This was the substance of what was then said
" by Monsieur Colbert. The King was not at all
" offended with this liberty of his minister. He
" knew the value of the man, and soon after made
" him the chief director of the trade and manu-
" factures of his people.

TUESDAY, MAY 12.

It happens that the letter, which was in one of my papers concerning a lady ill-treated by the Examiner, and to which he replies by taxing the Tatler with the like practice, was written by one Steele, who put his name to the collection of papers called *LUCUBRATIONS*. It was a wrong thing in the Examiner to go any farther than the Guardian for what is said in the Guardian; but since Steele owns the letter, it is the same thing. I apprehend, by reading the Examiner over a second time, that he intinuates, by the words close to the Royal Stamp, he would have the man turned out of his office. Considering he is so malicious, I cannot but think Steele has treated him very mercifully in his answer, which follows. This Steele is certainly a very good sort of a man, and it is a thousand pities he does not understand politics; but if he is turned out, my Lady Lizard will invite him down to our country-house. I shall be very glad of his company, and I'll certainly leave something to one of his children.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq.

SIR,

I AM obliged to fly to you for refuge from severe usage; which a very great author, the Examiner, has been pleased to give me for what you have lately published in defence of a young lady. He does not put his name to his writings, and therefore he ought not to reflect upon the characters of those who publicly answer for what they have produced. The Examiner and the Guardian might have disputed upon any particular they had thought fit, without having introduced any third person, or making any allusions to matters foreign to the subject before them. But since he has thought fit, in his paper of May the 8th, to defend himself by my example, I shall beg leave to say to the town, (by your favour to me, Mr Ironside) that our conduct would still be very widely different, though I should allow that there were particular persons pointed at in the places which he mentions in the TARNER. When a satirist feigns a name, it must be the guilt of the person attacked, or his being notoriously understood guilty before the satire was written, that can make him liable to come under the fictitious appellation. But when the licence of printing letters of peoples real names is used, things may be affixed to mens characters which are in the utmost degree remote from them. Thus it happens in the case of the Earl of Nottingham, whom that gentleman asserts to have left the church; though nothing is more evident than that he deserves better of all men in holy orders, or those who have any respect for them, or religion itself,

• than any man in England can pretend to. But
 • as to the instances he gives against me, OLD
 • DOWNER is a fine piece of railery, of which I
 • wish I had been author. All I had to do in it,
 • was to strike out what related to a gentleman
 • about the Queen, whom I thought a woman free
 • from ambition, and I did it out of regard to in-
 • nocence. POWELL of the Bath is reconciled to
 • me, and has made me free of his show. TUN-
 • GUN and PISTON from Wapping laughed at the
 • representation which was made of them, and were
 • observed to be more regular in their conduct af-
 • terwards. The character of LORD TIMON is no
 • odious one; and to tell you the truth, Mr Iron-
 • side, when I writ it, I thought it more like me
 • myself, than any other man; and if I had in my
 • eye any illustrious person, who had the same faults
 • with myself, it is no new, nor very criminal self-
 • love to flatter ourselves, that what weaknesses we
 • have, we have in common with great men. For
 • the exaltation of style, and embellishing the cha-
 • racter, I made Timon a lord, and he may be
 • a very worthy one for all that I have said of him.
 • I do not remember the mention of Don Diego,
 • nor do I remember that ever I thought of Lord
 • Nottingham, in any character drawn in any one
 • paper of Bickerstaff. Now as to POLYPRAGMON,
 • I drew it as the most odious image I could paint
 • of ambition; and Polypragmon is to men of bu-
 • siness what Sir Fopling Flutter is to men of fa-
 • shion; "He's knight of the shire, and represents
 • you all." Whosoever seeks employment for his
 • own private interest, vanity, or pride, and not
 • for the good of his prince and country, has his
 • share in the picture of Polypragmon; and let this

1 be the rule, in examining this description, and I
2 believe the Examiner will find others to whom
3 he would rather give a part of it, than to the
4 person on whom I believe he bestows it, because
5 he thinks he is the most capable of having his
6 vengeance on me. But I say not this from terrors
7 of what any man living can do to me; I speak it
8 only to show, that I have not, like him, fixed
9 odious images on persons, but on vices. Alas;
10 what occasion have I to draw people, whom I
11 think ill of, under feigned names? I have want-
12 ed and abounded, and I neither fear poverty,
13 nor desire riches; if that be true, why should I
14 be afraid, whenever I see occasion, to examine
15 the conduct of any of my fellow-subjects? I should
16 scorn to do it but from plain facts, and at my
17 own peril, and from instances as clear as the day.
18 Thus would I, and I will (whenever I think it
19 my duty) inquire into the behaviour of any man
20 in England, if he is so posed, as that his errors
21 may hurt my country. This kind of zeal will
22 expose him who is prompted by it to a great deal
23 of ill-will, and I could carry any points I aim at
24 for the improvement of my own little affairs,
25 without making myself obnoxious to the resent-
26 ment of any person or party; but alas, what is
27 there in all the gratifications of sense, the accom-
28 modations of vanity, or any thing that fortune
29 can give to please a human soul, when they are
30 put in competition with the interests of truth and
31 liberty? Mr Ironside, I confess I writ to you that
32 letter concerning the young lady of quality, and
33 am glad that my awkward apology (as the Exa-
34 miner calls it) has produced in him so much re-
35 morse as to make "any reparation to offended

beauty. Though, by the way, the phrase of
 offended beauty is romantic, and has little of the
 compassion which should rise in a man that is
 begging pardon of a woman for saying of her
 unpolly, that she had affronted her God and
 her sovereign. However, I will not bear hard
 upon his contrition; but am now heartily sorry
 I called him a miscreant, that word I think, sig-
 nifies an unbeliever. *Meseroyant*, I take it, is the
 old French word. I will give myself no manner
 of liberty to make guesses at him, if I may say
 him; for though sometimes I have been told by
 my familiar friends, that they saw me such a time
 talking to the Examiner; others, who have ral-
 lied me for the sins of my youth, tell me it is
 credibly reported that I have formerly lain with
 the Examiner. I have carried my point, and re-
 scued innocence from calumny; and it is nothing
 to me, whether the Examiner writes against me
 in the character of an estranged friend, or an ex-
 asperated mistress.

He is welcome from henceforward to treat me
 as he pleases; but as you have begun to oppose
 him, never let innocence or merit be traduced by
 him. In particular, I beg of you, never let the
 glory of our nation; who made France tremble,
 and yet has that gentleness to be unable to bear
 opposition from the meanest of his own country-
 men, be calumniated in so impudent a manner,
 as in the insinuation that he affected a perpetual
 dictatorship. Let not a set of brave, wise, and
 honest men, who did all that has been done to
 place their Queen in so great a figure, as to shew
 mercy to the highest potentate in Europe, be

The Duke of Marlborough.

treasted by ungenerous than as traitors and be-
trayers. To prevent such evils is a task worthy
the Guardian. These are exercises worthy the
spirit of a man, and you ought to condemn all
that sit in the world against you, when you have
the consolation that you sit upon these honest
mountains. If you ever shrink from them, get Bar-
Pidgeon to comb your noddle, and whip-lashes
on the smites of the Sparkler, but never call your-
self Guardian more in a nation full of the senti-
ments of honour and liberty.

I am, Sir,
Your most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.
P. S. I know nothing of the letter at Morphew's.

N^o 54. WEDNESDAY, MAY 13.

It has been observed very often, in authors di-
vine and profane, that we are all equal after
death, and this by way of consolation for that de-
plorable superiority which some among us seem to
have over others; but it would be a doctrine of
much more comfortable import, to establish an
equality among the living; for the propagation of

which paradox I shall hazard the following con-
 ceits. I must here lay it down, that I do not pretend
 to satisfy every barren reader, that all persons that
 have hitherto apprehended themselves extremely
 miserable shall have immediate success from the
 publication of this paper; but shall endeavour to
 show that the diseasing shall be fully convinced of
 the truth of this assertion, and thereby obliterate all
 the impertinent accusations of providence for the
 unequal distribution of good and evil.

If all men had reflection enough to be sensible of
 this equality of happiness; if they were not made
 uneasy by appearances of superiority, there would
 be none of that subordination and subjection of
 those that think themselves less happy, to those
 they think more so, which is so very necessary for
 the support of business and pleasure.

The common turn of human applications may
 be divided into love, ambition and avarice; and
 whatever victories we gain in these our particular
 pursuits, there will always be some one or other in
 the paths we tread, whose superior happiness will
 create new uneasiness, and employ us in new con-
 trivances; and so through all degrees there will
 still remain the insatiable desire of some seeming
 unacquired good, to imbitter the possession of what-
 ever others we are accommodated with: and if we
 suppose a man perfectly accommodated, and trace
 him through all the gradations betwixt necessity
 and superfluity, we shall find that the slavery which
 occasioned his first activity is not abated, but only
 diversified.

Those that are distressed upon such chances as
 the world allows, so warrant the heretofore application,

are too apt, in the comparison of themselves with others, to conclude, that where there is not a single kind of cause, there cannot be of affliction; and forget to relieve themselves with this consideration, that the little disappointments in a life of pleasure, are as terrible as those in a life of business; and if the end of one man is to spend his time and money as agreeably as he can, that of the other to save both, an interruption in either of these pursuits is of equal consequence to the pursuers. Besides, as every trifle raiseth the mirth and gaiety of the men of good circumstances, so do others as inconsiderable expose them to spleen and passion; and as Solomon says, "According to their riches, their anger riseth."

One of the most bitter circumstances of poverty has been observed to be, that it makes men appear ridiculous; but I believe this affirmation may with more justice be appropriated to riches, since more qualifications are required to become a great fortune, than even to make one; and there are several pretty persons about town, ten times more ridiculous upon the very account of a good estate, than they possibly could have been with the want of it.

I confess, having a mind to pay my court to fortune, I became an adventurer in one of the late lotteries: in which, though I got none of the great prizes, I found no occasion to envy some of those that did; comforting myself with this contemplation, that nature and education having disappointed all the favours fortune could bestow upon them, they had gained no superiority by an unenvied affluence.

It is pleasant to consider, that whilst we are la-

menting our particular affections to each other, and repining at the inequality of condition, were it possible to throw off our present miserable state, we could not blame the person whose condition in every particular we would embrace and prefer, and an impartial inquiry into the pride, ill nature, ill health, guilt, spleen, or particularity of behaviour of others, generally ends in a reconciliation to our dear selves.

This way of thinking is warranted by Shakspeare in a very extraordinary manner, where he makes Richard the Second, when deposed and imprisoned, debating a matter, which would soon have been discussed by a common capacity, whether his prison or palace was most eligible, and with very philosophical hesitation leaving the preference undetermined, in the following lines:

Sometimes am I a king,
Then Treason makes me with myself a beggar,
And so I add I am. Then trailing Pennon,
Persuader me I was better when a king,
Then am I king'd again."

Prior says very prettily,
Against our peace we arm our will,
"Amidst our plenty something still
For horses, houses, pictures, plantings
To thee, to me, to him is wanting
That craves something impossible,
Corrodes and leaves all the rest.
That something if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain."

Give me leave to fortify my unlearned reading with another bit of wisdom from Juvenal by Dryden:

"Not round the habitable world, how far we go,
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue!"

How cold of reason are our hopes and fears! qu
 What in the conduct of our life appears
 so well design'd, so luckily begun
 But, when we have our wish, we wish undone

Even the men that are distinguished by, and en-
 vied for, their superior good sense and delicacy of
 taste, are subject to several uneasinesses upon this
 account, that the men of less penetration are utter
 strangers to; and every little absurdity ruffles these
 fine judgments, which would never disturb the
 peaceful state of the less discerning.

I shall end this essay with the following story.
 There is a gentleman of my acquaintance, of a
 fortune, which may not only be called easy, but
 superfluous; yet this person has, by a great deal
 of reflection, found out a method to be as uneasy
 as the worst circumstances could have made him.
 By a free life he had swelled himself above his na-
 tural proportion, and by a restrained life had shrunk
 below it, and being by nature splenetic, and by
 leisure more so, he began to bewail this his loss of
 flesh (though otherwise in perfect health) as a very
 melancholy diminution. He became therefore the
 reverse of Caesar, and as a lean hungry-looking
 rascal was the delight of his eyes, a fat sleek-head-
 ed fellow was his abomination. To support him-
 self as well as he could, he took a servant, for the
 very reason every one else would have refused him,
 for being in a deep consumption; and whilst he
 has compared himself to this creature, and with a
 face of infinite humour contemplated the decay of
 his body, I have seen the master's features propor-
 tionably rise into a boldness, as those of his slave
 sunk and grew languid. It was his interest there-
 fore not to suffer the too hasty dissolution of a be-

have at heart above the rest of mankind. But supposing those who make that profession to carry on a good design in the simplicity of their hearts, and according to their best knowledge, yet it is much to be feared, those well-meaning souls, while they endeavour to recommend virtue, have in reality been advancing the interests of vice, which as I take to proceed from their ignorance of human nature, we may hope, when they become sensible of their mistake, they will, in consequence of that beneficent principle they pretend to act upon, reform their practice for the future.

The sages, whom I have in my eye, speak of Virtue as the most amiable thing in the world; but at the same time that they extol her beauty, they take care to lessen her portion. Such innocent creatures are they, and so great strangers to the world, that they think this a likely method to increase the number of her admirers.

Virtue has in herself the most engaging charms; and Christianity, as it places her in the strongest light, and adorned with all her native attractions, so it kindles a new fire in the soul, by adding to them the unutterable rewards which attend her votaries in an eternal state. Or if there are men of a saturnine and heavy complexion, who are not easily lifted up by hope, there is the prospect of everlasting punishments to agitate their souls, and frighten them into the practice of virtue and an aversion from vice.

Whereas your sober Free-thinkers tell you, that virtue indeed is beautiful, and vice deformed; the former deserve your love, and the latter your abhorrence; but then, it is for their own sake, or on account of the good and evil which immediately

attend them, and are inseparable from their respective pictures. As for the immortality of the soul, or eternal punishments and rewards, those are openly ridiculed, or rendered suspicious by the most fly and laboured artifice.

I will not say, those men act treacherously in the cause of virtue; but, will any one deny, that they act foolishly, who pretend to advance the interest of it by destroying or weakening the strongest motives to it, which are accommodated to all capacities, and fitted to work on all dispositions, and enforcing those alone which can affect only a generous and exalted mind?

Surely they must be destitute of passion themselves, and unacquainted with the force it hath on the minds of others, who can imagine that the mere beauty of fortitude, temperance and justice is sufficient to sustain the mind of man in a severe course of self-denial against all the temptations of present profit and sensuality.

It is my opinion, that Free-thinkers should be treated as a set of poor ignorant creatures, that have not sense to discover the excellency of religion; it being evident those men are no witches, nor likely to be guilty of any deep design, who proclaim aloud to the world, that they have less motives to honesty than the rest of their fellow-subjects: who have all the inducements to the exercise of any virtue which a Free-thinker can possibly have, and besides that, the expectation of never-ending happiness or misery as the consequence of their choice.

Are not men actuated by their passions? and are not hope and fear the most powerful of our passions? and are there any objects which can rouse

and awaken our hopes and fears, like those prospects that warm and penetrate the heart of a Christian, but are not regarded by a Free-thinker.

It is not only a clear point, that a Christian breaks through stronger engagements whenever he surrenders himself to commit a criminal action, and is stung with a sharper remorse after it, than a Free-thinker; but it should even seem that a man who believes no future state, would act a foolish part in being thoroughly honest. For what reason is there why such a one should postpone his own private interest or pleasure to the doing his duty? If a Christian foregoes some present advantage for the sake of his conscience, he acts accountably, because it is with the view of gaining some greater future good; but he that, having no such view, should conscientiously deny himself a present good in any incident where he may save appearances, is altogether as stupid as he that would trust him at such a juncture.

It will, perhaps, be said, that virtue is its own reward; that a natural gratification attends good actions, which is alone sufficient to excite men to the performance of them. But although there is nothing more lovely than virtue, and the practice of it is the surest way to solid natural happiness, even in this life; yet titles, estates, and fantastical pleasures, are more ardently sought after by most men, than the natural gratifications of a reasonable mind; and it cannot be denied, that virtue and innocence are not always the readiest methods to attain that sort of happiness. Besides, the fumes of passion must be allayed, and reason must burn brighter than ordinary, to enable men to see and relish all the native beauties and delights of a vir-

trious life! And though we should grant our Free-thinkers to be a set of refined spirits, capable only of being enamoured of virtue, yet what would become of the bulk of mankind who have gross understandings, but lively senses and strong passions? What a deluge of lust and fraud, and violence would in a little time overflow the whole nation, if these wise advocates for morality were universally hearkened to! Lastly, opportunities do sometimes offer, in which a man may wickedly make his fortune, or indulge a pleasure, without fear of temporal damage, either in reputation, health or fortune. In such cases, what restraint do they ly under who have no regards beyond the grave? the inward compunctions of a wicked, as well as the joys of an upright mind, being grafted on the sense of another state.

The thought that our existence terminates with this life, doth naturally check the soul in any generous pursuit, contract her views, and fix them on temporary and selfish ends. It dethrones the reason, extinguishes all noble and heroic sentiments, and subjects the mind to the slavery of every present passion. The wise heathens of antiquity were not ignorant of this; hence they endeavoured, by fables and conjectures, and the glimmerings of nature, to possess the minds of men with the belief of a future state, which has been since brought to light by the gospel, and is now most inconsistently decried by a few weak men, who would have us believe that they promote virtue by turning religion into ridicule.

of the company I despised; when two men, who had overheard me, made up on either hand. These I observed had many features in common, which might occasion the mistake of one for the other in those to whom they appear single; but I, who saw them together, could easily perceive, that though there was an air of severity in each, it was tempered with a natural sweetness in the one, and by turns constrained or ruffled by the designs of malice in the other. I was at a loss to know the reason of their joining me so briskly, when he whose appearance displeased me most, thus addressed his companion; Pray, brother, let him alone, and we shall immediately see him transformed into a tiger. This struck me with horror, which the other perceived, and pitying my disorder, bid me be of good courage, for though I had been savage in my treatment of mankind, (whom I should rather reform than rail against) he would, however, endeavour to rescue me from my danger. At this I looked a little more cheerful, and while I testified my resignation to him, we saw the angry brother sling away from us in a passion for his disappointment. Being now left to my friend, I went back with him at his desire, that I might know the meaning of those words which had so frightened me.

As we went along, To inform you, says he, with whom you have this adventure, my name is Reproof, and his Reproach, both born of the same mother, but of different fathers. Truth is our common parent. Friendship, who saw her, fell in love with her; and she being pleased with him, he begat me upon her; but a while after Enmity lying in ambush for her, became the father of him whom you saw along with me. The temper of

our mother inclines us to the same sort of passions; the informing mankind of their faults; but the different complexions of our fathers make us differ in our designs and company. I have a natural benevolence in my mind which engages me with friends; and he a natural impetuosity in his, which casts him among enemies.

As he thus discoursed, we came to a place where there were three entrances into as many several walks, which lay aside of one another. We passed into the middlemost, a plain straight regular walk, set with trees, which added to the beauty of the place, but did not so close their boughs overhead as to exclude the light from it. Here as we walked I was made to observe, how the road on one hand was full of rocks and precipices, over which Reproach (who had already gotten thither) was furiously driving unhappy wretches; the other side was all laid out in gardens of gaudy tulips, amongst whose leaves the serpents wreathed; and at the end of every grassy walk, the enchantress Flattery was weaving bowers to lull souls asleep in. We continued still walking on the middle way, until we arrived at a building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by Truth for a watch-tower, from whence she took a view of the earth, and as she saw occasion, sent out Reproof, or even Reproach, for our reformation. Over the door I took notice that a face was carved with a heart upon the lips of it, and presently called to mind that this was the ancient emblem of Sincerity. In the entrance I met with Freedom of Speech and Complaisance, who had for a long time looked upon one another as enemies; but Reproof has so happily brought them together, that they now act

and fellow appears in the same family
Before I attended the trials, I had my eyes pur-
sued by a water which made me see chronically clear
and I think they said it sprang from a pit, from whence
(as Democritus had reported) they formerly brought
up Plautus, who had hid herself in it. I was then
admitted to the upper chamber of prospect, which
was called the Knowledge of Mankind; here the
window was no sooner opened, but I perceived the
clouds to roll off and part before me, and a scene
of all the variety of the world presented itself
But how different was mankind in this view from
what it used to appear! Methought the very shape
of most of them was lost; some had the heads of
dogs, others of apes or parrots, and in short, where-
ever any one took upon him the inferior and less
worthy qualities of other creatures, the change of
his soul became visible in his countenance. The
frustrating pride of him who is endued with intellect
instead of courage, made his face shoot out into the
form of a horse's; his eyes became prominent, his
nostrils widened, and his wig untied, flowed down
on one side of his neck in a waving manner. The
talkativeness of those who love the ill nature of con-
versation made them turn into assemblies of geese;
their lips hardened to bills by eternal using, they
gabbled for diversion; they killed in scandal, and
their ruffles falling back on their arms, a succession
of host feathers appeared, which formed wings for
them to fluster with from one visit to another. The
envious and malicious lay on the ground with the
heads of different sorts of serpents, and not endea-
vouring to meet themselves, but meditating mischief
to others, they sucked the poison of the earth,
sharpened their tongues to sting upon the stones,

and rolled their trains unperceptibly beneath their
 hanks. The hypocritical oppressors were the faces
 of crocodiles; their mouths were instruments of
 cruelty; their eyes of deceit; they committed wic-
 kedness, and bewailed that there should be so much
 of it in the world; they devoured the unwary, and
 wept over the remains of them. The covetous had
 so hooked and worn their fingers by counting interest
 upon interest, that they were converted to the claws
 of harpies, and these they still were stretching out
 for more, yet still seemed unsatisfied with their ac-
 quisitions. The sharpers had the looks of camellions;
 they every minute changed their appearance, and
 fed on swarms of flies which fell as so many gullies
 amongst them. The bully seemed a dunghill cock,
 he crested well, and bore his comb aloft; he was
 beaten by almost every one, yet still sung for tri-
 umph; and only the mean coward pricked up the
 ears of a hare to fly before him. Critics were turn-
 ed into cats, whose pleasure and grumbling go
 together. Fops were apes in embroidered jackets.
 Flatterers were curled spaniels, fawning and crouch-
 ing. The crafty had the face of a fox, the sloth-
 ful of an ass, the cruel of a wolf, the ill-bred of a
 bear; the leechers were goats, and the gluttons
 swine. Drunkenness was the only vice that did not
 change the face of its professors into that of ano-
 ther creature; but this I took to be far from a pri-
 vilege; for these two reasons; because it sufficiently
 deforms them of itself, and because none of the
 lower rank of beings is guilty of so foolish an in-
 temperance. As I was taking a view of these representations
 of things, without any more order than is usual in
 a dream, or in the confusion of the world itself, I

perceived a concern with it, and for what I said. My eyes began to moisten, as if the sight of that water with which they were purged was lost for a time; by their being touched with that which arose from passion. The clouds immediately began to gather again, and close from my hand upon the prospect. I then turned towards my guide, who addressed himself to me after this manner. You have seen the condition of mankind when it descends from its dignity; now therefore guard yourself from that degeneracy by a modest greatness of spirit on one side, and a conscious shame on the other. Endeavour also with a generosity of goodness to make your friends aware of it; let them know what defects you perceive are growing upon them; handle the matter as you see reason, either with the airs of severe or humorous affection; sometimes plainly describing the degeneracy in its full proper colours, or at other times letting them know, that if they proceed as they have begun, you give them to such a day, or so many months, to turn bears, wolves, or foxes, &c. Neither neglect your more remote acquaintance, where you see any worthy and susceptible of admonition. Expose the faults whose qualities you see them pursuing, where you have no mind to engage with their persons. The possibility of their applying this is not obnoxious. The Egyptians saw it so clearly, that they made the pictures of animals explain their minds to one another instead of writing; and indeed, it is hardly to be missed, since Esop took them out of their mute condition, and taught them to speak for themselves with relation to the actions of mankind.

I dream'd or in the confusion of the world itself,

My guide had thus concluded, and I was promising to write down what was shown me for the service of the world, when I was awakened by a zealous old servant of mine, who brought me the Examiner, and told me, with looks full of concern, he was afraid I was in it again.

My wife had thus concluded, and I was pro-
ceeding to write down what was shown me for the
purpose of the world, when I was awakened by a
series of events of mine, who brought me the
Examiner, and told me, with looks full of concern,
he was afraid I was in danger.

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